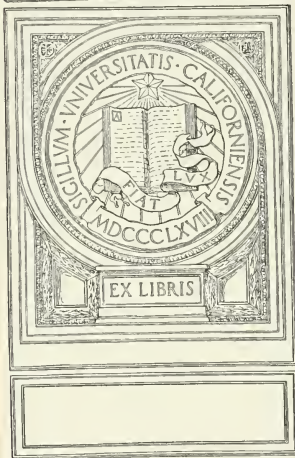


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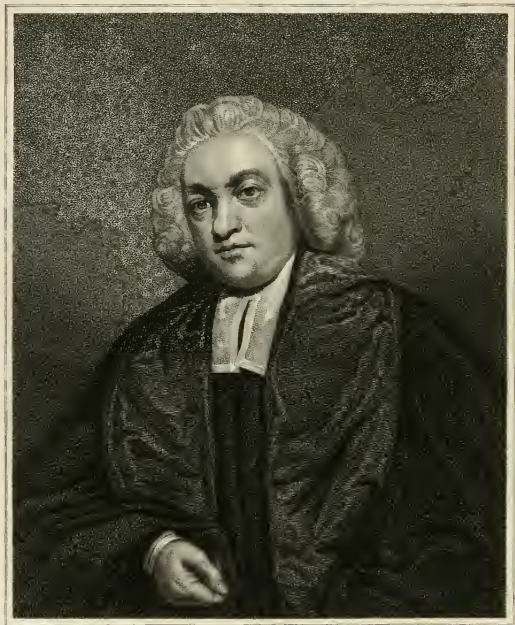
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES











Sc. J. Reynolds pinx.

J. Gordon sculp.

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

Published June 1 1806 by Galt & Davison Strand

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

REV^d JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

MASTER OF ST. MARY WINTON COLLEGE;
PREBENDARY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL; AND RECTOR OF
THE PARISHES OF WICKHAM AND UPHAM, HANTS:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A SELECTION FROM HIS WORKS;

AND A LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN EMINENT PERSONS,

RESERVED BY HIM FOR PUBLICATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN WOOLL, A.M.

LATE FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD;

RECTOR OF BLACKFORD, SOMERSET; AND MASTER OF THE
FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF MIDBURST, SUSSEX.

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divini, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem. Hor.

Non Austeritas ejus tristes, non dissoluta sit comitas, In laudandis discipulorum dictionibus nec
malignus nec effusus; In emendando, quas corrigenda erunt, non acerbus, minimeque contu-
meliosus.

QUINTILIAN.

LONDON:

Printed by Luke Hansard, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields,

FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.

1806.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

GEORGE ISAAC LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER,

AND

WARDEN OF St. MARY WINTON COLLEGE

NEAR WINCHESTER.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT more consistently unite the claims of public propriety with those of private friendship, than by requesting your notice and patronage of the following work.

That Wykeham's Sons were taught by WAR-
TON, we recollect with an equal degree of exultation ; our sentiments of the high pre-eminence on which he stood as a Poet, a Critic, and a Master, are perfectly congenial: no tribute of respect therefore can I pay to his memory, unfelt or unacknowledged by you.

To

292183

To the Wykehamical body permit me to record a second source of triumph, by reminding them, that the Man who successfully dedicated the prime of an active and studious life to Winchester School is now its Governor; and that his virtues, highly cultivated talents, and relative duties (so liberally fulfilled) have, by raising him to the highest professional rank, not only reflected a dignified respectability on himself, but the Society over which he presides.

That the life of such a man may be long and prosperous, is the heartfelt wish of,

MY DEAR LORD,

Your much obliged and
respectfully affectionate Friend,

John Wooll.

Midhurst School,
June 1806.

P R E F A C E.

A PERIOD of more than six years having elapsed since the death of Dr. WARTON, and no pen yet employed in rescuing from oblivion the excellence of his moral and intellectual attainments; the Editor feels himself acquitted of presumption in attempting what many others might have more successfully accomplished: of these, some have probably been deterred by a dread of committing their own fame in the endeavour to perpetuate that of their Author: and this fear should perhaps have weighed with the present Writer. But if he has succeeded in accurately displaying the extensive and highly endowed mind; if he has given to the world an ampler knowledge and juster ideas of the lively imagination, the classical taste, the didactic qualifications so peculiarly calculated to foster the dawning of juvenile talent; and the thousand warm and benevolent traits of disposition which eminently characterized his revered friend and master; he will rest contented with having performed a duty, though he may not have entitled himself to a reward: in a word, if he has not tarnished the reputation or lowered the name of WARTON, he will quietly submit to the imputation of not having exalted his own.

The

The motives which have induced him to print only a selection of Dr. WARTON'S poetical works are too evident, he trusts, to need an elaborate justification. It is not a necessary consequence that the productions of a youthful poet, however valued at that time by himself or favourably received by the world, should bear the deliberate test of experience, or be sanctioned by the mellow judgement of maturer years: and certain it is, that some pieces, though perfectly congenial with the glow of fancy and spirited force of poetical imagery which so strongly marked all the efforts of his mind, were consigned by the wishes of Dr. W. himself to oblivion! To revive such in a posthumous publication would be the height of cruelty.

From considerations of a similar nature, many letters on family topics, whose contents would do the highest honour to the heart of the writer, are suppressed; as not only foreign to the intent of a work which delineates him as a Poet, a Critic, and an Instructor, but as including in their publication the unpardonable breach of a most sacred confidence. "I cannot forbear to think (says an ingenious Commentator* on Shakespear) that such posthumous publications are injurious to society; a man conscious of literary reputation will grow in time afraid to write with tenderness to his sister, or with fondness to his child; or to remit on the slightest occasion or most pressing exigence the rigour of critical choice or grammatical severity. That esteem

* See Mr. Steevens's Advertisement to Johnson and Steevens's Shakespear.

which

which preserves his letters, will at last produce his disgrace, when that which he wrote only to his friend, or his daughter, shall be laid before the public."

The reader will be disappointed also, should he expect a detail of those peculiarities and trifling incidents which are by some indiscriminately termed strokes of character. It surely cannot be the province of Biography to perpetuate a singularity of gait, or casual indulgence of attitude; or to raise a laugh

- - - - - quòd
 Rusticiùs tonso toga defluit, et malè laxus
 In pede calceus hæret.

Much less to hand down to posterity those trivial weaknesses too often inseparable from the most cultivated minds, or to provoke unfeeling ridicule under the mask of professed and unequivocal attachment. An impartial comment on the character in which a person is specifically represented, the public has a right to claim—fulsome and unqualified panegyric is a satire on biography—but an irrelative display of childish circumstances, and an unnecessary exposure of private and particular habits, unconnected with those specific characters, convey neither instruction or rational amusement; and constitute (it may be presumed) a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.

This opinion, in the present instance, is most sensibly strengthened by the flattering encouragement and assistance experienced from the family; and the kind approbation
 they

they have uniformly expressed of the person to whose zeal and exertions the fame of such a Husband, Father, and Brother has been entrusted. Should no feelings of regret or repentance arise to them from a review of the publication, the Editor will derive a consolation capable of blunting in some degree the shafts of criticism, and of compensating the incidental deprivation of literary fame, by the consciousness of fidelity and affection.

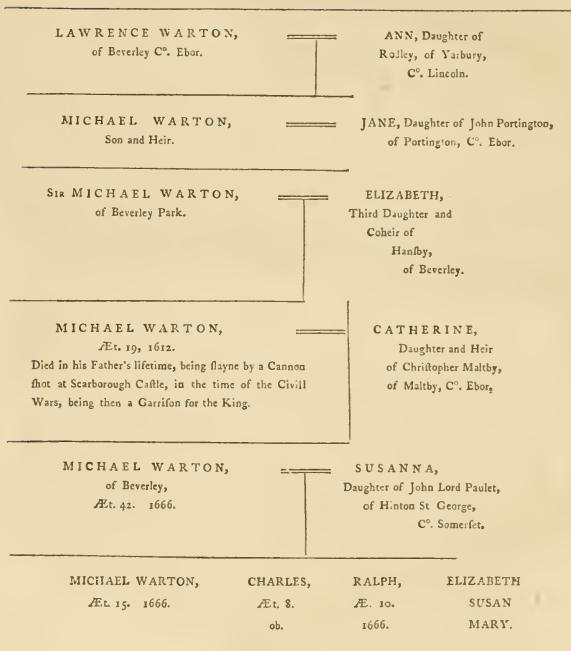
Amongst many acknowledgements due to the assistance and attention of others, the Editor has to offer his hearty and respectful gratitude to Lord Malmesbury; whose kind and condescending zeal has been highly flattering, and truly indicative of the affectionate interest he feels in the fame and memory of WARTON. He takes the liberty also of adding his thanks to Lord Sidmouth, for his polite and ready notice of his application; and to Drs. Sandby, Sturges, and Lawrence, for their obliging communications. The anxious exertions of his friends, Mr. Hayley and Mr. Charles Powlett, can never be forgotten. Nor must he omit the voluntary and handsome present of the pedigree from Mr. Dallaway; or the numerous kindnesses he has experienced, during the prosecution of the work, from the friend and companion of Dr. WARTON's retirement*, who, in addition to a thousand amiable and pleasant qualities, obtained from the Doctor this characteristic distinction, "Mr. Garnier is the most scholar-like country gentleman I ever encountered."

* G. Garnier, Esq; of Wickham, Hants.

P E D I G R E E.

PEDIGREE OF WARTON OF BEVERLEY, Co. EBOR.


Visitation 1612, MSS. Coll. Arm.
C. 13; & 1666. C. 40.




THE preceding is an Extract from the Books of the College of Arms, according to Reference, with which it is presumed a Connection from a collateral Branch may be thus made.


WARTON, 
of Beverley.

MICHAEL WARTON,
of Beverley,
1666.

ANTHONY WARTON, LL. B. 
Vicar of Breamer, Hants.
and Godalming, Surrey,
1673.

THOMAS WARTON, 
Fellow of Magd. Coll. Oxon. Poetry Professor;
Vicar of Basingstoke, Hants. and
Chobham, Surrey.

ELIZABETH,
Daughter of Joseph Richardson,
Rector of Dunsfold.

JOSEPH WARTON, 
D. D.

THOMAS WARTON,
B. D. &c. ob. S. P.

JANE WARTON,
op. Cael.

JOSEPH, THOMAS,
ob. S. P. ob. S. P.

JOHN WARTON.

MARY, Wife of
Colonel Morgan.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,
Wife of Mr. Jacob Hollet.

In the books of the Herald's College, there is no entry of Warton, of Warton Hall, Co. Lancast.; and those of Beverley were so impoverished, by the confiscation alluded to in p. 2, that they no longer could maintain the rank of gentry in Yorkshire.

The Arms of WARTON are, "Or, on a Chevron azure, a Martlet between two Pheons of the Field." Mr. Dallaway well remembers to have seen them so engraved on Mr. T. Warton's Seal.

C O N T E N T S.

| | Page |
|--------------------------------|------|
| BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS - - - - - | 1 |

SELECTION FROM DR. WARTON'S POETICAL WORKS:

| | |
|--|-----|
| Sappho's Advice - - - - - | 107 |
| Beauty and Innocence - - - - - | 109 |
| Sonnet - - - - - | 110 |
| The Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature - - - - - | 111 |
| Verses on a Butterfly - - - - - | 124 |
| Ode to Fancy - - - - - | 125 |
| Ode to Health - - - - - | 131 |
| Ode to a Gentleman on his Travels - - - - - | 133 |
| Ode against Despair - - - - - | 136 |
| Ode to Evening - - - - - | 139 |
| Ode to Content - - - - - | 140 |
| Ode to the Nightingale - - - - - | 142 |
| Ode to a Lady on the Spring - - - - - | 143 |
| Ode to a Lady who hates the Country - - - - - | 145 |
| Ode to Solitude - - - - - | 147 |
| Ode to Mr. West, on his Translation of Pindar - - - - - | 148 |
| Stanzas on taking the Air after a long Illness - - - - - | 153 |
| Verses written at Montauban, in France, 1750 - - - - - | 155 |

| | Page |
|--|------|
| The Dying Indian - - - - - | 156 |
| Revenge of America - - - - - | 158 |
| Epistle from Thomas Hearne, Antiquary to the Author of the <i>Companion</i> to the <i>Oxford Guide</i> - - - - - | 159 |
| From Shakespear's Twelfth Night - - - - - | 160 |
| Ode to Music - - - - - | 161 |
| Lines written extempore on seeing some Soldiers at Wickham, who were going to form a Settlement near Senegambia - - - - - | 162 |
| Verses on Dr. Burton's Death - - - - - | 163 |
| Verses (by Dr. Warton) spoken to the King by Lord Shaftesbury - - <i>ibid.</i> | |
| To Mr. Seward, on his Verses to Lady Young - - - - - | 164 |
| Answer, by W. F. Esq. to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 165 |
| On not being able to write Verses to Delia - - - - - | 166 |
| Ode to Sleep - - - - - | 167 |
| Verses written on passing through Hackwood Park, Aug. 1779 - - | 168 |
| Ode on the Death of the Rev. T. Warton, Vicar of Basingstoke; by his Daughter - - - - - | 169 |
| Ode on the same Occasion; by Dr. Warton - - - - - | 172 |

Ranelagh House: a Satire in Prose, in the Manner of Mons. Le Sage - 174

| | |
|---|-----|
| In Obitum Viri Reverendi Josephi Warton, S. T. P. &c. by W. S. Goddard - - - - - | 191 |
| Elegy written and spoken by Mr. Lipscomb, Fellow of New College, then a Præpostor of Winchester School - - - - - | 196 |

LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS:

left by Dr. Warton for publication.

Letter

| | |
|--|-----|
| I. From Mr. Fenton to Mr. Warton, Professor of Poetry at Magdalen College, Oxford - - - - - | 203 |
| II. Dean | |

C O N T E N T S.

| Letter | Page |
|---|------|
| II. Dean Swift to ——— - - - - - | 204 |
| III. Mr. Harris to Mr. Upton - - - - - | 206 |
| IV. From the same to the same - - - - - | 210 |
| V. From Mr. Warton to his Son Joseph - - - - - | 212 |
| VI. From Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 214 |
| VII. Chancellor Hoadly to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 216 |
| VIII. From Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 217 |
| IX. Dr. Young to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 218 |
| X. From Dr. Johnson to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 219 |
| XI. From Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 220 |
| XII. From the same to the same - - - - - | 221 |
| XIII. Mr. Dodsley to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 224 |
| XIV. Mr. Spence to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 226 |
| XV. From Mr. Dodsley to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 227 |
| XVI. Dr. Wise to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 228 |
| XVII. Dr. Johnson to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 229 |
| XVIII. Mr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 230 |
| XIX. Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 233 |
| XX. Dr. Willis to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 235 |
| XXI. Dr. Young to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 236 |
| XXII. Mr. Dodsley to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 237 |
| XXIII. Dr. Johnson to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 238 |
| XXIV. Mr. Garrick to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 240 |
| XXV. Mr. Campbell to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 241 |
| XXVI. Lord Lyttleton to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 242 |
| XXVII. From Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 243 |
| XXVIII. Mr. Bedingfield to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 244 |
| XXIX. Chancellor Hoadly to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 246 |
| XXX. Dr. Lowth to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 249 |
| XXXI. From Dr. Murdoch to Mr. Millar - - - - - | 252 |
| XXXII. Mr. Coleman to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 258 |

| Letter | Page |
|---|------|
| XXXIII. Dr. Blackstone to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 259 |
| XXXIV. Mr. Harris to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 260 |
| XXXV. Dr. Lowth to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 261 |
| XXXVI. Dr. King to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 262 |
| XXXVII. Mr. Campbell to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 263 |
| XXXVIII. Chancellor Hoadly to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 265 |
| XXXIX. Mr. Harris to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 267 |
| XL. Mr. Bonnel Thornton to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 268 |
| XLI. Mr. Cobden to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 269 |
| XLII. Dr. Birch to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 270 |
| XLIII. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 272 |
| XLIV. Dr. Lowth to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 274 |
| XLV. Mr. Wheeler to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 275 |
| XLVI. The same to the same - - - - - | 276 |
| XLVII. Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 278 |
| XLVIII. The same to the same - - - - - | 279 |
| XLIX. Hon. Horace Walpole to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 281 |
| L. Extract of a Letter from Bishop Warburton to Dr. Balguy, Prebendary of Winchester - - - - - | 283 |
| LII. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 284 |
| LII. Dr. Balguy to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 286 |
| LIII. Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 288 |
| LIV. The same to the same - - - - - | 289 |
| LV. The same to the same - - - - - | 290 |
| LVI. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 291 |
| LVII. Mr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 292 |
| LVIII. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 293 |
| LIX. Horace Walpole to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 295 |
| LX. From Mr. Spence to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 296 |
| LXI. Mr. Gerard Hamilton to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 298 |
| LXII. Mr. H. Walpole to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 300 |
| LXIII. Mr. | |

CONTENTS.

| Letter | Page |
|---|--------------|
| LXIII. Mr. Gerard Hamilton to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 302 |
| LXIV. From Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 308 |
| LXV. Dr. Johnson to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 309 |
| LXVI. Mr. Merrick to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 310 |
| LXVII. Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 312 |
| LXVIII. Dr. Fanner to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 313 |
| LXIX. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 316 |
| LXX. Mr. Toop to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 318 |
| LXXI. The same to the same - - - - - | 319 |
| LXXII. Lord Lyttleton to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 321 |
| LXXIII. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 323 |
| LXXIV. Horace Walpole to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 325 |
| LXXV. Mr. Merrick to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 326 |
| LXXVI. Dr. Morell to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 328 |
| LXXVII. Dr. Hawkesworth to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 330 |
| LXXVIII. Dr. Barnard to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 331 |
| LXXIX. Mr. Phelps to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 332 |
| LXXX. Horace Walpole to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 335 |
| LXXXI. Duke of Grafton to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 337 |
| LXXXII. Duke of Grafton to Bishop Warburton - - - - - | <i>ibid.</i> |
| LXXXIII. Bishop Warburton to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 338 |
| LXXXIV. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 339 |
| LXXXV. Mr. Harris to Chancellor Hoadly - - - - - | 341 |
| LXXXVI. Dr. Balguy to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 343 |
| LXXXVII. Mr. Garrick to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 346 |
| LXXXVIII. Dr. Warton to his Brother - - - - - | 347 |
| LXXXIX. Dr. Hurd to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 348 |
| XC. Mr. Garrick to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 350 |
| XCI. Bishop Warburton to the Archbishop of Canterbury - - - - - | <i>ibid.</i> |
| XCII. Bishop Lowth to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 351 |
| XCIII. Bishop Warburton to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 353 |
| XCIV. Bishop | |

| Letter | Page |
|--|--------------|
| XCIV. Bishop Lowth to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 354 |
| XCv. Dr. Balguy to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 355 |
| XCVI. Dr. Balguy to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 357 |
| XCvII. Dr. Farmer to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 358 |
| XCvIII. Bishop Warburton to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 359 |
| XCIX. The same to the same - - - - - | 360 |
| C. Dr. Barnard to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 361 |
| CI. Bishop Warburton to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 363 |
| CII. Bishop Lowth to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 364 |
| CIII. Mr. Toup to Mr. Warton - - - - - | <i>ibid.</i> |
| CIV. Mr. Granger to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 366 |
| CV. Bishop Lowth to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 368 |
| CVI. Bishop Thomas to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 369 |
| CVII. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 370 |
| CVIII. Mr. Colman to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 371 |
| CIX. Dr. Balguy to Dr. Warton - - - - - | <i>ibid.</i> |
| CX. Bishop Warburton to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 374 |
| CXI. Mr. Harris to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 375 |
| CXII. Mr. Toup to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 377 |
| CXIII. Mr. Garrick to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 378 |
| CXIV. Mr. Mickle to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 379 |
| CXV. Mr. Garrick to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 380 |
| CXVI. Dr. Burney to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 382 |
| CXvII. Bishop Lowth to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 385 |
| CXvIII. Dr. Musgrave to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 387 |
| CXIX. Mr. Garrick to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 388 |
| CXX. Dr. Johnson to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 390 |
| CXXI. Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 391 |
| CXXII. Mr. Burke to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 392 |
| CXXIII. Mrs. Montagu to Dr. Warton - - - - - | 393 |
| CXXIV. Mr. Steevens to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 398 |
| CXXV. Mr. | |

C O N T E N T S.

| Letter | Page |
|--|------|
| CXXV. Mr. Bowle to Mr. Warton - - - - - | 399 |
| CXXVI. The same to the same - - - - - | 402 |
| CXXVII. Dr. Warton to Mr. Hayley - - - - - | 403 |
| CXXVIII. The same to the same - - - - - | 405 |
| Concluding NOTE by EDITOR - - - - - | 407 |

E R R A T A

| Page | |
|------|---|
| 2 | line 8, <i>for</i> Cobham <i>read</i> Chobham. |
| 25 | In note (<i>r</i>) line 4, <i>for</i> ἡ τοι <i>read</i> ἦ τοι. |
| 37 | line 7, <i>for</i> on <i>read</i> at. |
| 47 | — 7, <i>for</i> ab horrentibus <i>read</i> abhorrentibus. |
| 48 | 3d line from bottom, <i>for</i> exannalibus <i>read</i> ex annalibus. |
| 55 | line 4, <i>for</i> Chorley <i>read</i> Thorley. |
| 83 | In note (<i>k</i>) 4th line from bottom, <i>after</i> volume <i>insert</i> there. |
| 87 | In the two last lines, <i>for</i> opu-saleæ <i>read</i> opus aleæ. |
| 90 | In 11th line of note, <i>for</i> ex politus <i>read</i> expolitus. |
| 98 | line 4, <i>dele comma after</i> miseratione, <i>and insert it at</i> constant. |
| 109 | In note, 3d line from bottom, <i>for</i> least <i>read</i> last. |

Directions to the Bookbinder.

PORTRAIT of DR. WARTON - *to face the* Title Page.
SKETCH of his MONUMENT in Winchester Cathedral p. 89.
FAC-SIMILE of his HANDWRITING - *to face* p. 202.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

THE learned and amiable Subject of the following MEMOIRS, whose exalted imagination and literary knowledge were only equalled by the warmth and benevolence of his heart, was born in the house of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. JOSEPH RICHARDSON, rector of Dunsfold in the county of Surrey; and baptized in the church of that parish on the 22d of April, in the year 1722. (a) His father, a man of considerable scholarship

(a) The Rev. T. WARTON, vicar of Basingstoke, died in 1745; and soon after his decease, a volume of his poems was published by subscription, under the direction of his eldest son, Joseph. At the close of the publication are two elegies on his death, which that son thus criticised to the editor of these Memoirs: "When my father died, my sister and I wrote on the occasion, and by the way her poem was the best of the two." They are inserted in this work, and the reader will determine whether fraternal affection or unbiassed judgment guided so amiable a decision. Amongst other poetical pieces contained in this volume, are translations of Greek epigrams; to which is prefixed an advertisement so truly indicative of the Doctor's taste and opinions, that it must not be passed over:—"The following Pieces are a pattern of the simplicity so much admired in the Grecian writings, so foreign to the present prevailing taste, to the love of modern witticifm and Italian conceit."

and sound orthodoxy, had been Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford; in which place he had not only, by his talents and opinions, but by his intimacy with Dr. King, and other celebrated Tories of that day, rendered himself so conspicuous as to become a very prominent character in the "Terræ filius" of Amherst. He was afterwards presented, by his college, to the vicarage of Basingstoke in Hampshire, and held with it Cobham in Surrey; to the former of which benefices he retired, and dedicated his time to the instruction of private pupils. The sketch of this ancient and loyal family, to be found in Mr. Mant's valuable edition of the late Laureat's works, would have rendered any farther record unnecessary, had not a misrepresentation of one of the brightest ornaments of the pedigree inadvertently (*b*) crept into his account. We there read of a Sir MICHAEL WARTON, baronet, of Warton Hall, in the county of Lancaster, who in fact was knighted only in the civil wars (as will be discovered by the annexed extract from the Heralds' College), and was both the proprietor and inhabitant of Beverley Park, in the county of York. If the deprivation of paternal happiness, added to the oppressive horrors of confiscation, could challenge gratitude,

(*b*) Mr. John Warton, on whose authority Mr. Mant naturally relied, kindly informed me that he certainly had imparted such particulars to Mr. M., but that he was not correct, as to regular descent, beyond Mr. A. Warton, rector of Breanore, in the New Forest, and author of "Refinement on Zion," an inimitable satire on the Antinomians. It is to the voluntary and valuable exertions of the ingenious Mr. Dallaway, secretary to the Earl Marshal, that I owe the accuracy of my information.

and lay claim to reward, his distinction of knighthood was richly earned. His eldest son, a blooming youth of nineteen, fell in the defence of his sovereign; for his whole property he was necessitated to compound by a grievous tax with the commissioners of parliament; and at no great distance of time, his grandson, yet a minor, experienced, by the total ruin of his fortune, the unrelenting severity of fanatic intolerance and republican revenge. From the period of this shock to the prosperity and consequence of the family,

“ Res fluere et retro sublapsa referri
Spes.”

If, then, the late Mr. WARTON'S *Strictures on Milton* and the levelling party be tinged with a faint colouring of spleen; if sometimes in the language of unqualified reproof (*c*) he laments that the vigorous portion of that man's life, whose epic fame could alone challenge the superiority of Greece and Rome, was unworthily and unprofitably wasted, in the defence of innovation and anarchy; and that, smit with the deplorable polemics of puritanism, he had suddenly ceased “to gaze on such sights as youthful poets dream;” we must in candour reflect on these melancholy distinctions, probably handed down as an heir-loom, in the family, and acknowledge that they were calculated to make on the strong mind of Mr. WARTON an indelible impression.

From the earliest period of his boyish days, till he entered

(*c*) See Warton's *Preface to his Milton*.

into his fourteenth year, Dr. WARTON was chiefly (*d*) indebted to his excellent father for knowledge and instruction. On the 2d of August 1736, he was admitted on the foundation of Winchester College; (*e*) and, whilst under the tuition and discipline of that school,

“Where Bigg presided, and where Burton taught,” exhibited the most evident marks of strong intellectual powers. During his Wykehamical education, he, in conjunction with his friend Collins and another boy, sent to the Gentleman’s Magazine three poetical pieces of such sterling value as called forth a most flattering critique from Johnson; and I have seen, though in too imperfect a state to warrant insertion, a genuinely humorous poem penned by him when a Præpositor, and spoken by one of his pupils from the rostrum, then usually introduced into the school. Nor can I pass over in silence the following letter, from a boy not fifteen, to his sister; a pleasant and playful specimen, it must be allowed, of good-humoured raillery and lively imagination :

“Dear Sister,

“Since my amusements by day would not be greatly relished by a young lady, if I could give an account of

(*d*) He was for a short time at New College School.

(*e*) He was at first placed under the care of the present venerable Chancellor of Norwich, Dr. Sandby, then at the head of the school. It is rather singular, that both the tutor and pupil became editors of Virgil.

them,

them, I shall tell you in the following medley an imaginary entertainment by night.

“ Methought I was conducted by my good genius (a constant attendant on all such occasions) through a perfumed grove to the palace of the Goddess of Vanity. It would be endless to describe the superfluous ornaments which decked the outside of the building, or the glittering furniture within. This I observed, that it was all very shewy, yet nothing was truly noble. While I was surveying the glare of this palace, and wishing to see the mistress of so extraordinary a seat, my ears were suddenly grated by the sound of hinges, on which a large pair of folding doors opened, and discovered, seated on a most magnificent and radiant throne, the *Goddess herself!* She was attended by great numbers, who surrounded her on all sides, the majority of which I observed were of the female sex, and most of them French ladies; though it was with no small concern that I observed several English also, who seemed highly delighted with the favour of being *maids of honour* to the goddess. It will be too tedious to particularize every piece of furniture of this state room; I must just however take notice, that amongst her votaries I could distinguish Mrs. and Miss ——, and Mrs. Vanett with the pattern of the new-fashioned steel machine of the hoop (*f*) petticoat in her hand. After the goddess had granted several of the

(*f*) A most ridiculous fashion at that time in vogue.

petitioners'

petitioners' suits, on a sudden, at the sound of a trumpet, a great concourse approached, who cried, Hail! thrice, in a loud shout to a lady, who, by the picture I had before seen, and by the whispers of the company, I found to be this same Mrs. Vanett, holding in her hand what had the appearance of a mathematical instrument of steel, as above mentioned, and the use of which, to a lady, I could not conceive: it had indeed the appearance of a mystery. At length the goddess descended from her throne, and desired her votaries to prefer their prayers; which they did, desiring they might be favoured with new decorations for their persons. She, without the least hesitation, smiled a pleasing assent, and distributed an amazing quantity of ribands, gauzes, feathers, rouge, and tinsel frippery in abundance. I had almost discovered myself (for I was all the time incog.) by a loud laugh, to see what ridiculous figures the goddess had made of her votaries; as, old hags with painted faces, and young girls patched and powdered and enclosed in their vast steel machines; and fell soon after into a long contemplation how that sex whom Nature has so lavishly indulged with all her graces, could thus, by disguising their persons with false ornaments, instead of beautifying themselves (as they think), entirely destroy their greatest beauties: for, be assured, the studied fopperies of art can impart no real elegance. In the midst of these contemplations, amongst the other favourers of the goddess, I caught sight of you. Moved with indignation, I was, in the heat of anger,

anger, going to reprove you, and tear off your false ornaments; when the six o'clock peal awoke me, and changed the scene from glittering palaces, tinsel frippery, feathers, rouge, flounces and furbelows, to black gowns, dirty juniors, and a lonely college (*g*).

Your affectionate brother,

Jos. WARTON."

The style of wit and humour, however, was not always that in which he addressed his sister. His goodness of heart and quickness of understanding discovered themselves in the most anxious enquiries and affectionate advice — "Tell me," says one of his letters, "of your improvements, what you are learning, and that you are acquiring every useful and elegant accomplishment (you will, I particularly hope, excel in music). Remember you are now laying a foundation for all the comforts and pleasures of your life; remember this is worthy your good parents—worthy you—and the hearty desire of your affectionate brother."

In the month of September, 1740, being superannuated, he was removed from Winchester; and, as few vacancies occurred, in the course of the current year, at New

(*g*) This letter may perhaps by some be deemed foreign to the intent of the work, as expressed in the preface; but, when I reflected on the period at which it was written, and the amiable anxiety that Mrs. Jane Warton, at the age of eighty-two, has expressed, lest any proof of her dear brother's affection for her should be suppressed, I could not deny myself the pleasure of inserting it.

College,

College, Oxford, it was the involuntary misfortune of that society not to reckon amongst its fellows the editor of Virgil and commentator on Pope: he, therefore, about this time commenced his residence at Oriel College, of which he had been admitted a commoner in the preceding January, and very soon gave ample proofs that he had not neglected the blessing of a mind so highly gifted.—I can form no idea of the “*laudis arrecta cupido*,” fostered by the sacred ardour of gratitude and filial piety, exhibiting a more highly finished portrait than in the following letter :

“ Hon. Sir,

“ I hop'd to have found a thousand kindly severe criticisms on Wintonia, when I opened your's ; but, alas, am quite deceived ! I believe “*Bellositum Wintoniense*” (*h*) may be a more proper name, and even more suitable to the verses already made. Let me only observe one thing, that I have purposely avoided saying more of the college, because it is so trite and common a subject : but perhaps I have said too little—this your judgment will determine. But have I not kept too near home, and not sought over the country for seats, antiquities, and such like ? This is owing to my ignorance on these points. If you would have had me mention these, perhaps even Abbotstone, Stratton, Lord Peterborough's, &c. might claim a place. The *Bellositum Oxoniense* has taken in Whitcham, Islip (as

(*h*) No correct copy of the *Bellositum Wintoniense* remains.

you

you know) and others; but these are more remarkable than those I mentioned. As to the time, if I receive it again (as the present situation of affairs are, and nothing unusual happen) by the 20th or 21st of May, it is soon enough. I have applied to several of my friends for Themes, and cannot by any means get any from them, so that I am obliged still to send you my own stuff; but from them perhaps you may perceive the manner of others, which consist of short turns and such affected puerilities as I am afraid you by no means approve of. This I can affirm, that the old way of composing them by explanation, example, simile, inference, conclusion, &c. is, nor has been (as far as I can learn) ever made use of here.—To help me in some parts of my last collections from Longinus, I have read a good part of Dyonisius Halicarnassus: so that I think by this time I ought fully to understand the structure and disposition of words and sentences. I shall read Longinus as long as I live: it is impossible not to catch fire and raptures from his glowing style. The noble causes he gives (at the conclusion) for the decay of the sublime amongst men, to wit—the love of pleasure, riches, and idleness, would almost make one look down upon the world with contempt, and rejoice in, and wish for toils, poverty, and dangers, to combat with. For me, it only still serves to give me a greater distaste, contempt, and hatred of the profanum vulgus, and to tread under foot this ἀγεννέστατον μέρος, as thoroughly below and unworthy of man. It is the

freedom you give me of unburdening my soul to you, that has troubled you so long: but so it is, that the next pleasant thing to conversing with you, and hearing from you, is writing to you: I promise myself a more exalted degree of pleasure next vacation, by being in *some* measure better skilled to converse with you than formerly. Happy shall I be if I am not only found

^b April 10th. a dutiful and affectionate,
 Tuesday. but a diligent son too.

J. WARTON."

" A great many thanks for the token."

During his residence in Oxford he composed the *Enthusiast*, or *Lover of Nature*; a poem replete with the happiest efforts of imagination, and truly worthy of

(i) That bard who rapture found
 In ev'ry rural sight, or sound;
 Whose genius warm, and rapture chaste
 No genuine charm of nature past.

His inimitably characteristic piece entitled the *Dying Indian*, and the elegant satire of *Ranelagh House*, after the manner of *Le Sage*, made their appearance also about this time. Nor were his vacations passed in indolence and dissipation. Did no other proof exist of his genuinely poetical mind, of his capacity as a *maker* and *inventor*, the following sketch, laid out by him as a subject for verse,

(i) See Mr. Warton's seventh Ode.

at

at eighteen (the year in which he left Winchester school), and dated from his father's house, would be sufficient to establish his reputation.

“ The Subjects of Reason having lately rebelled against him, he summons them to his court, that they may pay their obedience to him ; whilst he sits on his throne, attended by the Virtues, his handmaids. The first who made her appearance was *Fear*, with *Superstition*, a pale-faced, trembling virgin, who came from Gallia, and was ever present at earthquakes, fires, sieges, storms, and shuddered at every thing she saw. Not so *Anger*, whose harbinger was *Cruelty*, with dishevelled hair ; and whose charioteer, *Revenge*, drove wheels reeking with blood. He himself stood upright, brandishing a sword, and bearing a shield on which was engraven Achilles dragging the carcass of Hector, with Priam and Andromache lamenting on the walls ; round his girdle he tied the head of an enemy just slaughtered, and his chariot was drawn by tigers. Next came *Joy*, chanting a song, crowned with vine leaves, waving a rod in his hand, at whose touch every thing smiled ; he was attended by *Mirth* and *Pleasure*, two nymphs more light than Napæans : he was the institutor of feasts and dances amongst shepherds, at a vintage, at marriages and triumphs. Then came *Sorrow*, with a dead babe in her arms :—she was often seen in charnels and by graves, listening to knells, or walking in the dead of night, and lamenting aloud ; nor was she absent from

dungeons and galley slaves. After her *Courage*, a young man riding a lion, that chafed with indignation, yet was forced to submit—not a fiercer roars in Ægypt whilst the pyramids reecho to his voice: naked, like an Englishman, blowing an horn, he was seen to attend Regulus to Carthage, Henry the Fifth to Agincourt, Moluc, Charles of Sweden, Kouli Khan, &c. He led *Cowardice* chained, who shuddered violently whenever he heard the horn, and would fain run away—so the beasts run when they hear the rattle-snake. Next came *Emulation*, with harp and sword: he followed a phantom of *Fame*, that he might snatch the crown she wore: he was accompanied by a beautiful Amazon, called *Hope*, who with one hand pointed to the heavens, and in the other held an optic which beautified and magnified every object to which it was directed. *Pity* led her old father *Despair*, who tore his grey locks, and could scarce move along for extreme misery; she nursed him with her own milk, and supported his steps, whilst bats and owls flew round his head. She frequents fields of battle, protects the slain, and stanches their wounds with her veil and hair. Next came *Love*, supported on each side by *Friendship* and *Truth*, but not blind, as the poets feign. Behind came his enemies, *Jealousy*, who nursed a vulture to feed on his own heart. *Hatred* also, and *Doubt* shaking a dart behind *Love*, who, on his turning round, immediately vanish'd. *Honour*, twin'd round about with a snake, like
Laocoon.

Laocoon. Then *Ambition* in a chariot of gold, and white horses, whose trappings were adorned with jewels, led by *Esteem* and *Flattery*. *Envy* viewed him passing, and repined like a pard with a dart in his side. *Contempt*, too, like a satyr, beheld, and pointed with his finger; but he too often reviled Heaven, whence plagues, pestilences, wars, and famines. When these were all met, Reason (sitting grander than Solomon), on whom the man *Justice*, and the woman *Temperance*, attended, thus addressed them."

Were (*k*) the passions ever more happily personified? or the *vidua vis animi* more unquestionably portrayed in a boy of eighteen? On taking his (*l*) Bachelor's degree, for which he determined in Lent 1744, he was ordained on his father's curacy, and officiated in that church till February 1746; at which period he removed to the duty of Chelsea, and within three months caught the small pox. Tenderly nursed by the mother he idolized, he soon recovered, and went to Chobham, for change of air. A return to his last curacy being rendered unpleasant, by disagreeable altercations in the parish, and the want of that sup-

(*k*) When the intimacy between Collins and Warton is recollected, it is no improbable surmise that the above sketch furnished the former with the idea of writing an Ode on the Passions.

(*l*) The editor is aware that in strict propriety he should not have used the term Dr. Warton before that degree was conferred; but as in the course of the work he may have frequent occasions to mention the brothers together, he has at once adopted the distinction, to prevent the possibility of confusion,

port from his rector which his situation claimed, he, after a few months spent in discharging the ministerial duties of Chawton and Droxford, returned to Basingstoke; and in the year 1747-8 was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Wynslade, when he immediately married Miss Daman of that neighbourhood, to whom he had for some time been most enthusiastically attached. At the close of the former year he had published a volume of exquisite Odes; to which he prefixed the following characteristic preface: "The public has been so much accustomed of late to didactic poetry alone, and essays on moral subjects, that any work, where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain, lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful and descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralizing in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon invention and imagination to be the chief faculties of a poet, so he will be happy if the following Odes may be looked upon as an attempt to bring back poetry into its right channel." (*m*)

Such

(*m*) These Odes, or a part of them, I conjecture to have been likewise published together with some pieces of Collins and his brother; but the volume, after a diligent search, I have not been able to discover. This idea is suggested by the following letter:

"Dear Tom,

"You will wonder to see my name in an advertisement next week, so I thought I would apprise you of it. The case was this. Collins met me in Surrey, at Guildford Races, when I wrote out for him my Odes, and he lik-

Such of these Odes as I am inclined to think he in a more advanced stage of life reflected on with pride and perused with satisfaction, I have selected as a part of this work.

In the year 1751, he was called from the indulgence of connubial happiness, and the luxury of literary retirement, to attend his patron to the south of France; for which invitation the Duke had two motives, the society of a man of learning and taste, and the accommodation of a Protestant clergyman, who, immediately on the death of his Dutchess, then in a confirmed dropsy, could marry him to the lady with whom he lived, and who was universally known and distinguished by the name of Polly Peachum.

wise communicated some of his to me: and being both in very high spirits we took courage, resolved to join our forces, and to publish them immediately. I flatter myself that I shall lose no honour by this publication, because I believe these Odes, as they now stand, are infinitely the best things I ever wrote. You will see a very pretty one of Collins's, on the death of Colonel Ross before Tournay. It is addressed to a lady who was Ross's intimate acquaintance, and who by the way is Miss Bett Goddard. Collins is not to publish the Odes unless he gets ten guineas for them.

"I returned from Milford last night, where I left Collins with my mother and sister, and he sets out to-day for London. I must now tell you that I have sent him your imitation of Horace's Plandusian Fountain, to be printed amongst ours, and which you shall own or not as you think proper. I would not have done this without your consent, but because I think it very poetically and correctly done, and will get you honour.

 "You will let me know what the Oxford critics say.

Adieu, dear Tom.

I am your most affectionate brother,

J. WARTON."

Without a date of time or place.

The

The opportunity of visiting the Continent, and the introduction to every species of acquirement and information brought within his reach by the rank and connections of his patron, must have offered to a mind like Dr. WARBTON'S the most refined and pleasurable sensations ; but the brightness of the prospect was clouded by circumstances attendant on the expedition, not the most eligible in a professional view, but which are unnecessary to point out to my reader, and by a heart-wounding separation from the wife of his unabating tenderness, an infant family, and a mother to whom he was most piously attached, and who was then in the College of Clergymen's Widows at Winchester, bending under the weight of age and infirmities. Strong was the conflict of opposing principles. The laudable wish however of improving the condition of those who by every tie divine and human were the objects of his most anxious love, at length prevailed ; and with a view to rescue them, at no very distant period, from the struggles and deprivations of a straitened income, he acceded to the plan. He embarked at Greenwich on the 26th of April, in one of the king's yachts ; and after a tedious and stormy passage, landed at Calais on the 8th of May. To those who have enjoyed the rich and varied treasures of his conversation, who have been dazzled by the brilliancy of his wit, and instructed by the acuteness of his observations, I need not suggest how truly enviable was the journey which his fellow-travellers accomplished through the French provinces

vines to Montauban; at which place it was their intention to take up their residence. As the Duke travelled with his own horses, and consequently by short and easy stages, the Doctor had sufficient leisure to visit churches, convents, and every other public building worthy the notice of an inquisitive traveller. But as in those days the knowledge of modern languages seldom or ever formed a part of scholastic education or collegiate reading, his total ignorance of the French tongue was pregnant with continual obstacles; to overcome which he had recourse to Latin; yet, alas! the bald, unclassical, and monkish style in which a few, and very few Irish friars in the convents were enabled to converse, imparted but at best disjointed information, and furnished a very broken and imperfect correspondence. In a letter written early in August from La Mole near Montauban to his brother, is the following paragraph: "I am very sorry to tell you I greatly fear Mr. Powlett (*n*) and I shall never visit Italy, which will be a sad mortification." This disappointment arising from some private causes, united to his impatience of being restored to his family, induced him to wave every consideration of intellectual improvement and additional preferment, and to quit his situation. During the month of September he set out for Bourdeaux in a courier's cart, such as is used for the conveyance of the mail; but found the machine so rough and inconvenient, that within five or six leagues he was obliged to quit

(*n*) Rev. Charles Powlett, mentioned in the preface.

it, and submit to a day's rest ere he proceeded. Not impeded in resolution by this obstacle, he joined himself to some carriers who were travelling in Brittany, and with them reached St. Malo's; from whence he obtained a passage by Guernsey to Southampton. Thus ended his tour; and the month subsequent to his arrival presented one of the great objects for which it was undertaken. The Dutchess of Bolton died. Upon this event he immediately wrote to the Duke, and asked his permission to return to him. Mr. Devisme, however, chaplain to the embassy at Turin, had been sent for to perform the marriage ceremony, and was already on his route to Aix in Provence, to which place the parties had removed.

He now dedicated his whole attention to the accomplishment of a work he had for some time been engaged in, and to the success of which he fondly looked forward, not only with a view of compensating his recent disappointment, but with the hope also of deservedly claiming from the public an advantageous and permanent share of patronage and protection. He edited Virgil in Latin and English, the *Æneid* translated by Pitt, the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, with notes on the whole by himself. Into this publication he introduced Warburton's *Dissertation on the Sixth Æneid*, a *Commentary on the Character of Iapis by Atterbury*, and on the *Shield of Æneas by Whitehead*; to which he added, as composed by himself, three *Essays on pastoral, didactic, and epic poetry*.

Unqualified

Unqualified as might have been the praises bestowed on his detached pieces, and gratifying as probably were the fleeting laurels reaped by the casual ebullitions of fancy, or the momentary effusions of poetical genius; yet nothing he had hitherto given to the world was calculated to establish a lasting reputation, or hand down his name as a critic and scholar to posterity. True it is, that the author of the *Enthusiast*, and *Ode to Fancy*, would ever have been dear to those who were capable of relishing the unaffected charms and genuine fire of a vivid and highly inspired imagination; but within the bosoms of such, and such only, would the remembrance have probably existed; whilst the editor of *Virgil*, from the very nature of the undertaking, and the general utility arising from the varied and combined merits of the work, had solid pretensions to an exalted and permanent rank in the republic of letters, and claimed from scholars of every age and description the memorial of grateful admiration. In proportion to the value of success, will ever be, in great and feeling minds, the dread of failure; and to such an union of poetry and criticism, to so ample a confession of his creed in point of both taste and scholarship, our author naturally deemed it requisite to apply the whole vigour of his genius, and vigilantly to exercise all his accuracy of judgment: hence was it that he anxiously wrote from Montauban lest Dodsley should set a sheet to the press (though the far greater part was finished, and already in his hands) ere he

returned from the Continent (*o*). Of the "limæ labor et mora," it is evident he knew the full value.

His reason for preferring the translation of Pitt to that of Dryden, he thus openly in his dedication declares to his friend Sir George Lyttleton: "Give me leave to intrude on your patience a moment longer, to speak of Mr. Pitt's version of the *Æneid*. I am very well informed, that Mr. Pope, notwithstanding his just affection, and even veneration for Mr. Dryden, regarded Mr. Pitt's as an excellent translation. It is lucky for me, that some of Mr. Dryden's errors, in this part of the work, have been lately pointed out by a very candid writer, and one who entertains the highest opinion of his genius, to whom, says he, our English poetry is more indebted for its improvements than any other writer, Mr. Pope only excepted. What I hint at is one of the chapters on allegory in Mr. Spence's *Polymetis*; where that gentleman hath endeavoured to shew, how very little our poets have understood the allegories of the ancients, even in their translations of them; and has chosen to instance Mr. Dryden's translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, as he thought him one of our most celebrated poets. The mistakes are very numerous, and some of them unaccountably gross: upon this I was desirous to examine Mr. Pitt's translation of the same passages, and was surprized to find, that in near fifty instances which Mr. Spence has given of

(*o*) The work was begun in 1748-9, and made its appearance in June 1753.

Mr. Dryden's mistakes of that kind, Mr. Pitt had not fallen into above three or four." After mentioning (*p*) the specimens, and commenting on them with candid and judicious accuracy, he adds, "In fine, if my partiality for Mr. Pitt does not mislead me, I should think he has executed his work with great spirit; that he has a fine flow of harmonious versification; and has rendered his author's sense with faithfulness and perspicuity; but my testimony can be of little consequence in this case, and there is no reason to doubt but that he will stand by his own intrinsic merit, which the public hath already sufficiently approved." The editor of the Lives of the Poets does not however give Mr. Pitt credit for the great spirit discovered by Dr. WARTON. He asserts that, if the versions were compared, the result would be, that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him, to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet; that Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languor of a cold and listless perusal; that Pitt pleases the

(*p*) Specimens.

| | | |
|----------|-------|-----|
| Æn. 4th, | Verse | 250 |
| 7th, | — | 26 |
| Do. | — | 582 |
| 10th, | — | 253 |
| 2d, | — | 829 |
| 7th, | — | 179 |
| 8th, | — | 228 |
| Do. | — | 258 |

critics,

critics, and Dryden the people; that Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.

But with the translation alone of the Eclogues and Georgics are we at present concerned; and with every degree of veneration and love for the name and writings of Dryden, I feel that passages may be brought forward, calculated to prove that there was room for a more correct and simple representation of Virgil, in his pastoral and didactic poems; and that Dr. WARTON, without losing sight of the free and manly vigour of poetry, has afforded such a representation: and this may be done with no view of depreciating what Pope termed the most noble and spirited translation in any language, but as an apology or rather justification of a subsequent author pursuing the steps and venturing on the ground once trod by so distinguished a character. It is not (*q*) (as has been well observed) by comparing line with line, that the merit of great works is to be estimated; but by their general effects and ultimate result: a weak line is easily noted, and a more vigorous written in its place. Equally unfair then in a writer, and tedious to a reader, would it be to extract the unsuccessful passages of one translator, as the foundation of a panegyric on the other; it is allowable, however, to state, that in the Eclogues there are (*r*) gross errors committed

(*q*) See Johnson's Life of Dryden.

(*r*) Of this description are the mistaken sense of "eui non risere Parentes" in the fourth; the careless error of putting the speech of one shepherd into

committed by Dryden, which are corrected by WARTON: though at the same time it is acknowledged (in the words of the above-mentioned panegyrist, on a similar occasion) that nothing could have made Dryden capable of such mistakes, but extreme haste in writing, which never ought to be imputed as a fault to him, but to those who suffered so noble a genius to lie under the necessity of it.

The incidental narratives and beautiful episodes which diversify and enliven the Georgics of Virgil, could not fail to strike his translators with the same degree of admiration. "He who reads over the pleasures of a country life (says Dryden in his essay on this poem), as they are described by Virgil, can scarcely be of Virgil's mind, in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it. There is a wonderful vigour of spirit in the description of the horse and the chariot race: the force of love is represented in noble instances and sublime expressions: the Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering: the murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give." No language can be well stronger than this; nor can any critical opinion be in my ideas more correct or conclusive than what is contained in the following observation of

the mouth of the other, in the celebration of the Apotheosis of Julius Cæsar, at the beginning of the 5th Eclogue; the loose and unbridled paraphrase (for it is not a translation) of the Pharmaceutria, and part of the 7th Eclogue; with many others of a similar nature, denoting no want of talent, but of time and attention.

Dr.

Dr. WARTON: " But although the poet delivers his precepts in the most artful manner imaginable, and renders them as palatable as possible; yet the reader will soon be disgusted with a continued series of instruction, if his mind be not relieved at proper intervals by pleasing digressions of various kinds, naturally arising from the main subject, and closely connected with it. If Virgil had confined himself merely to agriculture, and had never inserted in his poem the prodigies which attended the death of Julius Cæsar, the praises of Italy, the chariot race, the Scythian winter-piece, the happiness of a country life, the loves of the beasts, and the pathetic description of the plague amongst the cattle; his Georgics, though abounding in the most useful rules, delivered with dignity and grace united, would never have been the delight and admiration of his own and all succeeding ages."

The poet himself having succeeded, by the superior merit of these very passages, in exalting his didactic poem to the height of epic grandeur; and having in such instances given it a kindred resemblance of the *Æneid*; it was a natural consequence, that those who had undertaken to represent him in a modern language, should be more than commonly anxious to do justice to these favorite and acknowledged excellencies. Did I venture to hazard an opinion on their success, it would be, that Dryden particularly shines in recounting the prodigies attendant on the death of Cæsar, in the praises of Italy, and in the declination

delineation of that happiness which awaits a country life; but that he is on the whole surpassed by Dr. WARTON, in his description of the winter-piece, the pestilence, and the loves of the beasts. In pourtraying the latter, Dr. W. has kept his eye on Thomson's Spring, perhaps the happiest translation of this part of the Georgics.

The story of the Shepherd Aristæus also, and the episode of Orpheus and Eurydice arising from it, were highly calculated to draw forth the powers of the different translators. There are few happier imitations than the various changes of Proteus, evidently taken from the fourth book of the (*r*) *Odyssey*. The descent of Orpheus, and

(*r*) Eidothea, when she sends Telemachus to consult her father Proteus, warns him of the transformations of the Seer; and he relates to Menelaus, that the following attempts to evade his enquiry actually took place :

'Αλλ' ἦ τοι κερύθισσα λέων γένει ἠΰγένειος,
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ δράκων, καὶ πάρδαλις, ἠδὲ μέγας σῦς·
 Γένει δ' ἠγρὸν ὕδαρ, καὶ δένδρον ἰσχυρότερον
 Ἥμεις δ' ἀστεμφέως ἔρχομεν τετραπόλι θυμῷ.
 'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ β' ἀνίατ' ὁ γέρον δολοφάια εἰδὼς,
 Καὶ τότε δὴ μ' ἐπέεσσιν ἀνερέματος προσέειπεν.

The monsters which appear in the enchanted wood of Tasso, bear no small resemblance to these transformations :

Esce allor de la selva un suon repente
 Che par rimbombo di terren, che treme;
 E 'l mormorar de gli austri in lui si sente,
 E 'l pianto d'onda, che-fra scogli geme,
 Come rugge il leon, fischia il serpente,
 Come urla il lupo, e come l'orso freme,
 V'odi, e v'odi le trombe, e v'odi il tuono :
 Tanti, e sì fatti suoni esprime un suono.

Certain it is, that the enchanted enclosure of Chlorinda in the pine, and her wound, are taken from the history of Polydorus, in the third *Æneid*.

the prospect of the infernal shades, are finely given by Dryden; but it is rather extraordinary that he has entirely omitted the following characteristic line:

Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.

Which Warton thus happily renders

Obdurate hearts, to whom, unmov'd by woes,

Pray'rs plead in vain, and sorrow useless flows.

It is likewise singular that three contrary ideas have been attached to the following effect of the fatal forfeiture:

—*Terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.*

Dryden calls it thunder and lightning; other translators have deemed it the shout of ghosts, rejoicing at the return of Eurydice: but is not WARTON'S a more natural construction—

“ A groan thrice echo'd o'er Avernus' coast.”

More attention has also been paid by him than by Dryden to this inimitable simile:

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ

Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus Arator

Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa

Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen

Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet.

Of which perhaps it is not too much to say, that language cannot alter any one word so as to give additional force or feeling to the lines; every expression furnishes a

beauty peculiar to itself, and not to be replaced by another term.

Trifling however is any merit arising from translation, in comparison with that which is exhibited in other component parts of the work. It is not within my province, as the biographer of WARTON, to comment on the merits of Warburton, Atterbury, or Whitehead; the three Essays which are the production of the editor give evident proofs of the acute and discriminating talent which so peculiarly marks his every opinion. The division (s) of that on Epic Poetry, as illustrative of the *Æneid*, is indeed a masterly performance. When to these we add the intrinsic worth of the notes, derived not only from his own abundant store, but enriched by a most judicious selection from that of others (particularly the eminent critic Segrais), the edition could not fail to acquire that reputation its superior utility and united advantages had a right to claim. To every

(s) Dr. Warton divides his Essay on Epic Poetry into four sections—the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of the *Æneid*; in which is contained a treasure of useful and elegant criticism. In the second section, the superiority of *Æneas* over *Achilles*, as the hero of a poem, is finely drawn. It must indeed, I think, have struck every classical reader, that the amiable disposition, the domestic virtues, the undaunted courage, tempered with every milder quality, which mark the character of *Hector*, render him an object of far higher esteem and admiration than his conqueror: Whilst *Æneas*, by his religious and filial piety, his unreluctant submission to the will of the Gods, and his persevering labours to fulfil their decrees, upholds himself uniformly as the first character, and suffers no rival to carry away any share of that esteem and admiration due to his pre eminent situation.

classical reader, indeed, WARTON'S *Virgil* (*t*) will afford the richest fund of instruction and amusement; and as a professional man, I hesitate not to declare, that I scarcely know a work, to the upper classes of schools, so pregnant with the most valuable advantages; as it imparts information, without the encouragement of idleness; and crowns the exertions of necessary and laudable industry with the acquisition of a pure and unadulterated taste. The University of Oxford most handsomely paid their share of the debt due from the republic of letters, by granting, within a very short space of time, the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma, on the editor of *Virgil*.

During this year, a most flattering invitation was held out to Dr. WARTON to become a party in the *Adventurer*; a periodical paper then in the full zenith of publication. The highly respectable channel through which this request was made, rendered refusal impossible; nor were the motives of a nature less gratifying. He was told that the proprietors of the paper, having arranged their essays on imagination and descriptions of life, were particularly desirous to assign the province of criticism and literature to the commentator on *Virgil*. Neither the great character who made the request, or the public, who enjoyed the benefit of it, were disappointed. Dr. WARTON furnished twenty-four papers; amongst which are two most noble

(*t*) Respectable references are repeatedly made to this edition of *Virgil*, by Professor Heyne.—See his *Virgil*, London edition, in 1793.

essays on the superior grandeur and sublimity of the sacred over the profane writers; a truly humorous paper on the poverty of poets; two inimitable criticisms on the *Tempest*, and three on the *Lear* of Shakespear; two panegyrics on the *Odyssey*; some very shrewd and accurate observations on Milton's *Paradise Lost*; two very excellent treatises indicative of those branches of literature in which the ancients excelled, or were surpassed by the moderns; and an oriental tale entitled *Bozaldab*, not exceeded in purity of sentiment or strength of expression by the *Rambler*, or any periodical work.

Still captivated by that instinctive love of literature incorporated as it were in his very nature, it was the wish of Dr. WARTON to crown this year with an additional exertion of talent and criticism. He planned to unite in a volume, and publish, "Select Epistles of Angelus Politianus, Desiderius, Erasmus, Hugo Grotius, and others, with notes," on a scale sufficiently extensive to embrace an history of the revival of learning. This design, after some correspondence with his brother, who was to participate in the undertaking, was unfortunately laid aside (*u*).

In the course of the next year Dr. WARTON was instituted to the living of Tunworth, on the presentation of the Jer-

(*u*) His friend Collins published proposals also for a History of the Revival of Learning, with a life of Leo the Tenth; but the work never appeared. See Roscoe's preface to the Life of Leo X., where this plan for publishing an history of the revival of letters, not only in Italy, but in every country in Europe, is alluded to.

voise family: and during the summer months paid a visit to Mr. Spence, the author of *Polymetis*, and of the elegant and classical essay on Pope's *Odyssey*; under whose roof was laid the foundation of those critical disquisitions which proved his competency of deciding on the merits of modern, as his *Virgil* had before done on those of ancient poetry.

In the year 1755 he was, on the resignation of the Rev. Samuel Speed, (*v*) elected second master of Winchester school, with the management and advantages of a boarding house. It was now his lot to assume in some measure a new character, and turn his ideas principally to a very useful but dry channel of literature. He had engaged in a profession to the highest degree productive of pride and mortification; and capable of bestowing on a feeling mind the utmost excess of pleasure and of pain; a profession, the anxious responsibility of which nothing but the consciousness of duty willingly discharged can alle-

(*v*) A truly pious, learned, and benevolent man, who retired on the livings of Eling and Martyr-Worthy, in the diocese of Winchester, and died, universally beloved and lamented, at the parsonage of the latter rectory, on November the 5th, 1775. Dr. Burton, the head master, had been long inclined to resign his situation, could he have secured it to Mr. Speed; but parties at that time ran high in the Wykehamical Society. Speed was a Whig, and would certainly have been nominated to the vacant Wardenship, by the visitor Bidlop Hoadly, in the memorable contest, had Dr. Golding refused the appointment. The visitor and the society were at variance, and Mr. Speed consequently not very popular with the latter; Dr. Burton therefore, unable to carry his point, remained; Mr. Speed retired, and was succeeded by Dr. Warton.

viate;

viate ; and whose labour is softened only by the success of its exertions, and the almost parental attachments inseparable from an intercourse with youth. Gifted with a disposition to embrace heartily every pursuit, it would have been wonderful had he failed in one of so interesting a tendency. He entered on his honourable employment with all the energy a mind like his naturally conceived : but his zeal was tempered with judgement, and the eagerness of his expectations chastened by salutary patience. Ardent in provoking emulation, and rewarding excellence, he was at the same time aware that the standard of approved merit must not be placed too high, or the laudable industry which gradually invigorates mediocrity of talent, be crushed by disproportionate demands. He knew that the human mind developed itself progressively, but not always in the same consistent degrees, or at periods uniformly similar. He conjectured therefore that the most probable method of ensuring some valuable improvement to the generality of boys, was not to exact what the generality are incapable of performing. As a remedy for inaccurate construction, arising either from apparent idleness or inability, he highly approved, and sedulously imposed, translation. Modesty; timidity, or many other constitutional impediments, may prevent a boy from displaying before his master, and in the front of his class, those talents, of which privacy, and a relief from these embarrassments will often give proof. If Addison, in the prime of life and possession of the richest
mental

mental endowments, could confess, when speaking of his deficiency in conversation, that with respect to intellectual wealth "he could draw a bill for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket," it may be supposed that boys not really destitute of talent, or incapable of becoming scholars, are sometimes so oppressed by shyness or fear, as not to do themselves justice in the common routine of public construction, and to require a varied method of ascertaining their sufficiency of information and intellect. This important end Dr. WARTON thought happily answered by translation; nor did he deem lightly of its value as a general system. A habit of composition he imagined to be gradually acquired by it; and the style and sentiments of an author deeply engraven on the memory of the scholar. These sentiments were confirmed by that most infallible test, experience; as he declared (within a few years of his death) that the best scholars he had sent into the world were those whom, whilst second master, he had thus habituated to translation, and given a capacity of comparing and associating the idiom of the dead languages with their own.

Sir George Lyttleton was, in the course of the year 1756, advanced to a peerage; and one of his first acts was to confer a scarf on Dr. WARTON. To him were submitted his lordship's proposed alterations of Thomson, and under his critical eye was revised a part of the Life of Henry II. The anxious and fatiguing avocations of a schoolmaster did

did not however put a stop to his own literary career. In the spring of this year he published the first volume of his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, dedicated to one of Wykeham's most illustrious sons, "the Author of the *Night Thoughts*." As the doctrine contained in this treatise was deemed rather novel, and the rank assigned to Pope in the class of poets, not such as pleased the warm admirers of that writer, the publication naturally gave rise to a variety of opinion: a review under the professed direction of a sound critic and scholar, after particularizing his commentaries on the different poems, concludes with the following general observation: "Upon the whole, this *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* is a most entertaining and useful miscellany of literary knowledge and candid criticism; containing censure without acrimony, and praise without flattery; and abounding with incidents little known relating to celebrated writers, and instructive remarks upon their characters and works." (*x*)

This volume is divided into six sections, and treats of the following poems:

- 1st. The Pastorals, and the Messiah.
- 2d. Windsor Forest, and Lyric Pieces.
- 3d. Essay on Criticism.
- 4th. Rape of the Lock.

(*x*) The following stamp of merit was likewise affixed on the *Essay* by the same illustrious character: "A book which teaches how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight."

5th. Essay on an unfortunate Lady. Prologue to Cato, and Epilogue to Jane Shore.

6th. Sappho to Phaon, and Eloise to Abelard.

Our critic, in his dedication to Dr. Young, thus classes the English poets. In the first rank he places *Spenser*, *Shakspear*, and *Milton*. In the second, such as possessed the true poetical genius in a more moderate degree, but who had noble talents for moral, ethical, and panegyric poetry; at the head of these he classes *Dryden*, *Prior*, *Addison*, *Cowley*, *Waller*, *Garth*, *Fenton*, *Gay*, *Denham*, and *Parnell*. In the third rank he places men of wit, of elegant taste and lively fancy in describing familiar life, though not the higher scenes of poetry; such as *Butler*, *Swift*, *Rochester*, and others. In the fourth and last class, the mere versifiers; such as *Pitt*, *Sandys*, *Fairfax*, *Broome*, *Buckingham*, and *Lansdown*. To distinguish the class in which *Pope* deserves to be placed, he declares to be the intention of his essay.

It is clearly the prevalent impression on his mind, that *Pope* was not a poet of imagination and invention, but that he excelled in that species of poetry which was within the reach of his talent; and this species Dr. WARTON very openly defines to be "the art of making the most solid observations on human life, expressed with the utmost elegance and brevity, and decorated with a correct, smooth, and harmonious versification." This idea he had taken up very early in life. In his satire entitled *Ranelagh House*,

one of the first pieces of information the familiar spirit communicates to Philomides is, that “ Mr. Pope had taken his place in the Elysian fields, not amongst the poets, but the philosophers; and that he was more fond of Socrates’ company than Homer’s.”

This volume produced within a few years, a *Life of Pope* by Mr. Ruffhead, a gentleman at the bar, written expressly to defeat the statements, and correct, as he terms them, the misrepresentations of Dr. WARTON: a performance in which, it must be owned, censure becomes harsh, and at times trivially minute; whilst approbation half withheld, and reluctantly extorted, may be truly said to only “ damn with faint praise.” Johnson expressed himself very strongly, “ Ruffhead knows nothing of Pope or of poetry;” and the following letter from the very able and elegant author of *Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry, Painting, and Music*, will prove how little the commentator on Pope had to fear from his antagonist:

“ My dear Sir,

“ I cannot deny myself the pleasure of congratulating you on the feeble attack of the Junto. It was just what I expected, when the Muses were brought to the bar, and Criticism made her appearance in the shape of an advocate.

“ What a heavy and embarrass’d introduction; then that eternal However. What do you think of, “ the display of genius depends on the power of attention, attention on the strength of passion, the passion on certain constitu-

tional differences of our minds." Was there ever such stuff!—What a happy transition from the fruits of genius, matur'd by an assiduous culture, to parts producing a momentary blaze! "The refreshing showers of applause occasionally revived." "True genius, as is well observed by a critic, rarely resides in a cold phlegmatic constitution;"—a notable discovery!

"And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall."

I can discover nothing new in this idea but its extravagance. It puts me in mind of the fool, who, when his companion had made a great leap, took his spring from the place where the other had finished, and swore he had outleapt him! In the bee of Theocritus, I feel the simplicity of a shepherd; the captive bird of Pope is the smart thought of a citizen. What refined criticism on the word employ! "To illustrate the noblest objects in nature by the *frugal* management of colours." This it is to have a picturesque imagination!

"How strangely has he wheel'd in Pompey's theatre; was there ever such a machine so introduced? Then the *μυθος* of the story—What a fine thing it is to be learned! Ah! che bella cosa d'epere erudito!

"I have done, my good friend; I can go no farther; *curiosity, friendship, indignation*, are all overpower'd, and I sink under the weight of this parchment criticism.

Farewell, and believe me to be

Your ever faithful and affectionate humble servant,

DAN. WEBBE."

Dr. John Hoadly, a man of shrewd humour and acute understanding, prided himself not a little on having marked the very passages ridiculed by Webbe, and in a congratulatory letter compared Ruffhead's verbosity and dryness to his own *Statutes at Large*. Much is to be allowed to the force of private friendship, and the anger which the writers of these letters might feel on what they deemed an unwarrantable attack on WARTON. But what shall we say of Johnson's condemnation? who certainly did not thoroughly agree with WARTON in his ideas of Pope, and who thought most highly of Warburton, under whose immediate patronage Ruffhead's *Life* was known to be written. Let us bring forward those parts in which the Essayist, as he is there called, is supposed by this gentleman not to have done justice to Pope's genius; and see how far the facts will bear him out in his censure.

The two great objections brought against Dr. WARTON'S criticism on the *Pastorals* are, his denial of their claim to novelty, and his preference of Theocritus. The Biographer closes his objections with stating, that if the first charge were true, of there not being a novel image in the *Pastorals*, it is no more than what the Poet himself premises, with that candour and modesty which is ever attendant on genuine merit; for, in his excellent discourse prefixed to these *Pastorals*, he concludes with the following declaration: "But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old
authors,

authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate." Why then not fairly acknowledge what all know to be true, that pastoral poetry at this day must be imitative, and that novelty is not to be expected; instead of hunting for peculiar expressions to establish what I own strikes me as the weak foundation of an unstable structure.

The first instance of new imagery is the line which Webbe so severely ridicules:

“ And headlong streams hang list'ning as they fall.”

Which little deviates from the idea comprized in

“ Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.”

In the others,

“ The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,

Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath,”

and,

“ No more the mounting larks, while Daphnis sings,

Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings,”

it is not perhaps unjust to say that Mr. Ruffhead has confused a new combination of images, used before, with new imagery; every idea in these lines is to be found in other pastoral writers, though perhaps not exactly so combined, or forming precisely the same picture.

In preferring the Sicilian poet to his host of imitators, Dr. WARTON, I imagine, has the majority of the literary world with him. The language in which Theocritus wrote has in the first place all the advantages harmony can give.

The

The figs, honey, and clusters of grapes, owing to the facility of procuring them, are deemed by the biographer of Pope an improper reward for the contending shepherds; but, surely, they are most naturally and properly introduced in that climate which brings them to perfection, and gives them a value, from superior flavour, unattainable in any other. The prize is not to be estimated by its rarity, but its excellence. The sultry Sirius, properly introduced by the Sicilian, and improperly by the English poet in the opinion of Dr. WARTON, Mr. R. thinks equally beautiful in both, because during the dog-days we have sometimes weather in which a Grecian would feel warm: on such an argument the reader will fix his own estimate.—Of the sacred eclogue entitled the Messiah, little is said except to hold it up as a proof of the *SUBLIMITY* of Mr. Pope's genius. Dr. WARTON gives it an unqualified preference to the fourth Eclogue of Virgil. The subject in fact has the same relative superiority to the *Pollio*, that the *Paradise Lost* possesses over the *Iliad* and *Æneid*. But truly great as is the poetical merit which Mr. Pope derives from the composition, we must look for the sublimity in the Book of *Isaiah*. To have versified that sublimity with success, is the exclusive palm of the poet.

The next piece brought on the tapis is the *Windsor Forest*, where Mr. Ruffhead complains, that the *Essayist* prejudices his author, by asserting "that descriptive poetry was by no means his shining talent," and threatens to prove
his

his mistake by his own citations; but unfortunately the commentators disagree in their definition. Mr. Ruffhead certainly quotes passages beautifully descriptive, but they by no means contradict Dr. WARTON's statement, according to his own explanation; which is, that rural beauty and general delineations of landscape scenery, however excellent in themselves, are not sufficient; images should be brought forward peculiarly attached to the spot celebrated, and descriptive of grace inseparable from it; not those which are equally applicable to any place whatsoever (*y*).

In the Lyric Pieces Mr. Ruffhead observes, with respect to the following lines in the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,

“ By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low,”

that they certainly are flat, but that their flatness is a beauty. For to blame flatness in the beginning of this stanza, would be as if a learner in mathematics should censure the dryness of a theorem, because he does not im-

(*y*) The highly ingenious John Scott, in his Critical Essays, thus confirms and approves this opinion: “ Windsor Forest, the author's age when it was written considered, is really a good performance; it has much beautiful description and musical versification, but is not without defects. Dr. Warton has justly observed that it has too little matter peculiar to its subject. The digression on the Norman tyranny, the detail of rural sports, and the speech of Father Thames, employ a considerable portion of the poem; but they are extraneous parts that might have suited as well in another work.”

See Scott's Essays, with his Life by Hoole.

mediately

mediately perceive that fertility and abundance which spring up from it on profound cultivation!!! (z)

(z) It is rather remarkable, that Mr. Ruffhead takes no notice of Dr. Warton's judicious commentary on the choruses written for Buckingham's tragedy of Brutus, and the happy illustrations of a similar objection made by Aristotle to many choruses in Euripides, as being foreign and adventitious to the subject, and not sufficiently appropriated to the particular plot or action. The examples taken from the Phœnicians, the Troades, and the Iphigenia in Tauris, are much to the point; but I cannot help wishing that Dr. Warton had inserted, as a counterpoise, the two choruses in the Medea of the same poet, beginning "Ανω πειθακῶν κερῶν and "Ερωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγων; both of which are not only possessed of a high degree of abstract merit, but are specifically and strongly applicable to the feelings and situation of the heroine. What can be more pleasing or convincing than his preference of Sophocles? "On the other hand, the choruses of Sophocles never desert the subject of each particular drama, and all their sentiments and reflections are drawn from the situation of the principal personage of the fable. Nay, Sophocles hath artfully found a method of making those poetical descriptions, with which the choruses of the ancients abound, carry on the chief design of the piece; and has by these means accomplished what is a great difficulty in writing tragedy—has united poetry with propriety. In the Philoctetes the chorus takes a natural occasion, at verse 694, to give a minute and moving picture of the solitary life of that unfortunate hero; and when afterwards, at verse 848, pain has totally exhausted the strength and spirits of Philoctetes, and it is necessary for the plot of the tragedy, that he should fall asleep, it is then that the chorus breaks out into an exquisite ode to sleep—as in the Antigone, with equal beauty and decorum, in an address to the god of love, at verse 791 of that play. And thus, lastly, when the birth of Œdipus is doubtful, and his parents unknown, the chorus suddenly exclaims, Τίς σι, τέκνον, τίς σ' ἔλυσε των μακρῶωνων, &c. From which, O my son, of the immortal gods, didst thou spring? Was it some nymph, a favourite of Pan, that haunts the mountains; or some daughter of Apollo, for this god loves the remote rocks and caverns, who bore you? Or was it Mercury who reigns in Cyllene; or did Bacchus, Θεὸς ναίων ἐπ' ἀκρῶων ὄρων, a god who dwells on the tops of the mountains, beget you, on any of the nymphs that possess Helicon, with whom he frequently sports?" Warton on Pope, Vol. 1*li*.

The Essay on Criticism calls forth but one strong animadversion on Dr. WARTON, which arises from the following passage :

“ Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art ;
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its ends at once obtains.”

Here (says Dr. WARTON) is evidently a blamable mixture of metaphors, where the attributes of the horse and the rider are confounded ; the former may justly be said to take a nearer way, and to deviate from the track, but how can a horse snatch a grace or gain a heart ? Pegasus (replies Mr. Ruffhead) is here only used as a generic name for poetry. To this let it be said that the absurdity must exist on one side or the other : Poetry cannot be galloping the nearer way, and, vice versâ, the horse cannot snatch the grace, &c. (*a*)

I can-

(*a*) In a review, of June 1773, is the following explanation of this apparently absurd passage : “ Neither Mr. Warton’s criticism on that line of Pope,

“ And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,”

nor Q.’s vindication of it, bring any censure upon Pope, but only upon Warburton, who first caused that confusion of metaphors reproved by them, through his alteration of the disposition which Pope had originally given to the lines in question. It is wonderful that Mr. Ruffhead should have never observed this, which would have afforded him a better means of justifying

I cannot quit this part of the work without alluding to another attack to which Dr. WARTON was subjected by his commentary on the *Essay on Criticism*: he remarks on the passage

“ One science only will one genius fit,”

that some nicer virtuosi have observed, that in the serious pieces into which Hogarth has deviated from the natural bias of his genius, there are some strokes of the ridiculous discernible, which suit not with the dignity of his subject. In his *Preaching of St. Paul*, a dog snarling at a cat, and in his *Pharaoh's Daughter*, the figure of the infant Moses, who expresses rather archness than timidity, are alleged as instances that this artist, unrivalled in his own walk, could not resist the impulse of his imagination towards drollery.

With this remark Hogarth was violently and unnecessarily offended; he introduced a publication of WARTON'S into

ifying Pope, than the equivocation which he employs, unless indeed Ruffhead wrote his account of Pope under the direction of Warburton, of the truth of which this perhaps suggests a proof. I have now in my hands the seventh edition of the *Art of Criticism*, published by Lintott, before Warburton wrote his notes upon it; and in this, and all others by Pope himself, the passage in question is disposed after the following manner:

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the rules of art.”

one of his most ludicrous (*b*) prints, and vowed an “immortale odium;” by the interference however of Dr. Hoadly and Garrick, a reconciliation took place; the Doctor, by softening the observation, made the *amende honorable* in a subsequent edition of his work, and Hogarth apologized and was satisfied.

The Biographer remarks that the critics have esteemed, and some of them perhaps invidiously, the Rape of the Lock the piece in which Pope principally appears as a poet: if this idea alludes to Dr. WARTON, the subjoined note (*c*) will shew how far he is mistaken. With more justice perhaps, he complains that a claim of originality has not been sufficiently allowed, in the Essay, to the machinery of the Sylphs, which give such beautiful and various graces to this poem.

His elaborate panegyric on the following couplet I own strikes me as rather ludicrous :

“ But, speaking of the knave of diamonds, our poet still rises in excellence; and to the utmost elegance of description adds the nicest touches of oblique railery ;

(*b*) He was very fond of this littleness of revenge. A worthy and serious minded man at Windsor, whose name was Dalton, had by some means offended him. In the Harlot's Progress is to be seen over her bed, a wig-box, with this inscription, “ John Dalton, his wig-box.”

(*c*) I think one may venture to remark, that the reputation of Pope, as a poet, among posterity, will be principally owing to his Windsor Forest, his Rape of the Lock, and his Eloise to Abelard; whilst the facts and characters alluded to and exposed in his later writings will be forgotten and unknown, and their poignancy and propriety little relished; for wit and satire are transitory and perishable; but nature and passion are eternal.

“ The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh! shameful chance) the queen of hearts.”

Surely this smartness on diamonds and hearts has enlivened every Christmas table of Putt and All-fours from time immemorial.

It is needless, however, to bring forward every objection raised by a work which never has lowered the reputation of Dr. WARTON'S classical and entertaining volume, and which I have reason to think he considered “ *telum imbellè sine ictu.*” The Epistle of Eloise to Abclard is the production on which the sentiments of the two commentators are most congenial; they both deem this poem the most highly finished, and most interesting of his pieces; his “ *chef-d'œuvre,*” as to genuine feeling and pathetic composition. Let the reader turn to their several remarks on this poem, and he will soon discover which has the highest relish for poetry, and a judgment best calculated to estimate its merits and degrees.

The spring of 1766 gave the subject of these Memoirs, on the resignation of Dr. Burton, the literary superintendance of that school to the fame and welfare of which, during the last eleven years, he had sensibly contributed. On the 12th of May he was appointed Head Master, and was succeeded in the ushership by the Rev. Thomas Collins(*d*), who had
been

(*d*) To a noble spirit, and a mind superior to every selfish consideration, Mr. Collins added, in the highest degree, Christian piety and profound erudition. As a man, the liberality of his heart was unbounded; and his
contempt

been a fellow of New College, and to whose direction the free-school, under the patronage of that society, had been entrusted.

Dr. WARTON's inaugural speech, on taking possession of this situation, in answer to the senior boy's congratulatory address, I have been so fortunate as to procure :

“ *Aptè et ornate partes, in hoc consessu, tibi demandatas, Juvenis egregie! peregisti; mallet tamen, quòd in laudibus meis parcior fuisses, nec nimià prædicatione, magis certè ex officio, quam ex veritate, longè mihi majora, quàm*

contempt of money, such as to preclude the meanness of avarice, or the servile blandishments of sycophantic dependence. To a superiority of talents and virtue he conscientiously bowed, but, allured not by the corruptions, or terrified by the power of the great, he bowed to these only. As a master, he was sedulously accurate in imparting the first rudiments of classical learning, and in impressing the necessary foundation of grammar, without which, he well knew, no real scholarship could be obtained. He strictly and impartially inflicted those punishments productive only of present pain and degradation; but was feelingly averse to the more serious penalties, by which future prospects in life are affected. In the year 1784, he resigned this situation; and after many years of accumulated sorrow and anxiety, originating in the guilt of others, and arising from sources to which he naturally looked forward for comfort and felicity; after surviving three excellent daughters, who in the discharge of their relative duties had proved their descent from such a father, he died in his seventy-fifth year, at Bath; and with humble and pious fortitude resigned his spirit into the hands of that Saviour on whose merits he relied, and to whose precepts he had ever so laudably adhered.

Amid the numerous Wykehamical characters that at this day fill respectable situations in society, many are there who entirely owe their literary existence to the munificence of Mr. Collins. The Editor of these Memoirs with pride acknowledges, that much, very much is due from him to his noble-minded friend; and he is confident that others who have equal, some perhaps still greater obligations, to his unwearied liberality, will feel, that their reverence for the memory of such a guardian and guide, cannot be too sacred, or their gratitude too exemplary and cheerful.

merui,

merui, tribuisses. Sentio equidem quam arduum munus et difficultate plenum, cui vires meæ parum responsuræ sunt, a te custos colendissime! et a vobis, socii dig! mihi benignissimè concessum, hodierno die susceperim; quod tamen, licet anxio et sollicito animo certè gratissimo me accipere non dissimulo; neque enim ex iis sum, qui omnibus officiis, utcunque à studiis suis, et vitæ ratione ab horrentibus, sese pares putent, et idoneos. Hoc tantum profiteor; si quid in humanioribus literis unquam profecerim, id omne ad hanc provinciam, saltèm diligentèr, si forsàn exilitèr, administrandam, polliceor ac defero. Quod vero sollicitudine majori delegatum munus ineam, effecit Antecessoris mei Fama: Venerabilis illius Senis, a cujus optimâ disciplinâ, Wiccami! fere omnes literarum elementa hausimus; quique huic instituto per tot annos adeo cumulatè satisfecit, ut, omnibus post se venturis, quicquid aut docendi aut ingenia diversa investigandi, aut juveniles impetus cohibendi, laudis sit et gloriæ, facile præripuerit. Intereà, levari mihi hoc onus haud diffiteor, spesque novas subinde succrescere, cum mecum reputo, qualem in difficillimo hoc regiminis genere, quod nunc ingredior, adjutorem habuerim, Comitem, Ducem. Custodem illum admodum reverendum intelligo, qui summâ humanitate præditus, rerum usu ac prudentiâ instructissimus, nullâ non dote perornatus, quæ vel bonum virum vel gnarum rectorem ritè designare possit, rebus nostris tantâ cum dignitate præest; cujus amabilem suavissimamque indolem, a primâ pueritiâ, in hoc almo domicilio,

domicilio, Puer ipse unà nutritus jam olim cognovi et dilexi: cujus denique in hâc meâ provinciâ, fide uti, consiliis regi, auctoritate defendi, ut commodo mihi maximo, itâ maximo semper erit honori: Quinetiam fortunis meis jam gratulandum fore puto, quod laboris hujus et Palæstræ Participem mihi hodie suffectum viderim, qui non rudis et hospes ad hoc opus accedit, sed ingenii et industriæ laude spectatus, jamdudum quibusdam Wykehami filiis erudiendis operam felicissimè navavit. cum quo itaque, ut officii ratione arctè conjungor, arctiùs utinam amicitiam conjungar: Ad vos denique, dilectissimi Pueri! mea se ritè convertit Oratiuncula; supremum hoc in vos imperium me suscipientem, volo, revereamini, potiùs, quàm reformidētis. Amore enim potiùs quàm metu, longè tutiùs sustinetur Autoritas, longè certiùs Obedientia conciliatur. In pœnis et in præmiis æquam semper servabo legem. Factiosos, Arrogantes, Maleferiatos præsertim notabo: corripiam. Si quibus inest ingenii et virtutis indoles, quam vestrùm plurimis inesse perspexi, incitabo, adjuvabo, fovebo. In *Vobis* Wiccamitorum sodalitorum spes omnis et futura fama continentur; a *Vobis*, Alumni florentissimi! quorum præcipuè in gratiam et commoditatem mœnia hæc construxit, uberrimum atque optimum Munificentiae suæ fructum, Fundator vester expectat, qui de republicâ, de ecclesiâ, de patriâ deque humano genere tantum meritis est, ut illius nomen exanalibus nostris nulla unquam delebit Oblivio."

He likewise, in consequence of this highly honourable situation,

situation, once more visited Oxford, and proceeded by the regular method to the accumulated degrees of Batchelor, and Doctor in Divinity.

The fame of the school under such auspices could not be otherwise than great(*e*). Whilst a far larger number of com-
moners

(*e*) Dr. Warton had a decided and well-grounded partiality for public education; he had given indeed ample proofs, by his own talents and exertions, to what perfection the system of literature in a great school might be brought.—How animated is the following stricture on a couplet of Pope's *Dunciad*, ver. 150. [Words we teach alone.] “Here is a gross misrepresentation of a fact, easily confuted by a great cloud of witnesses. When he made this assertion, our poet must have been very ill-informed of what is constantly taught in our great schools. To read, to interpret, to translate the best poets, orators and historians, of the best ages; that is, those authors ‘that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, most examples of virtue and integrity, most materials for conversation;’ cannot be called confining youth to words alone, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. And as to plying the memory, and loading the brain, as in verse 157, it was the opinion of Milton, and is a practice in our great seminaries, ‘that if passages from the heroic poems, orations, and tragedies of the ancients, were solemnly pronounced, with right accent and grace, they would endue the scholars even with the spirit and vigour of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.’ The illustrious names of Wyndham, Talbot, Murray, and Pulteney, which our author himself immediately adds, and which catalogue might be much enlarged with the names of many great statesmen, lawyers, and divines, past and present, are a strong confutation of this opprobrious and futile objection. Perhaps he adopted this false opinion from that idle book on education which Locke disgraced himself by writing; who seems never to have read the second chapter of the first book of Quintilian on this subject; and which is as much superior in strength of reasoning, as it is in elegance of style, to the treatise of our great British philosopher.”

It would be an insult to the above conclusive answer, to attempt one word

moners than had been known at any former period filled the boarding houses at Winchester, the University honors, particularly those procured by poetical efforts, were successively borne away by the members of New College. That pure and manly taste which distinguished the Master, could not fail to influence, in a considerable degree, the productions of the scholars. But, alas! amidst this prospect of worldly prosperity, whilst the Doctor fondly indulged that happiness which ever awaits the gratification of laudable ambition; an event occurred, which was deemed the complete wreck of his domestic felicity. The wife whom he still adored with unabating love, whose prudent and useful exertions contributed to the affluence, whilst her unaffected good sense and endearing tenderness secured the bliss and comfort of his life, fell a victim to a rapid and unconquer-

of additional defence. With such champions as Warton and Vincent, no minor auxiliaries are wanted. Independent however of the natural bias arising from my professional pursuits, I have a peculiar pleasure in bringing forward the above note, as it is the fashionable cant of the day to run down that system of instruction to which we have been through many ages indebted for our brightest luminaries in church and state; and whose conductors have been eminently and successively distinguished for sound orthodoxy, and useful learning. Private tuition, like private patronage, is calculated to suit particular situations, and sometimes to serve particular purposes. But surely the established religion of the Church of England can by no means be more successfully secured to the rising generation, than when education is pursued on the open and acknowledged system of great schools, and preferment is in the hands of public and authorized foundations.

able

able disease, and left him the wretched widowed parent of six children (*f*).

About this time he became a member of the Literary Club; with many of whom (*g*) individually he had long been intimate; and was concerned in the famous round robin sent to Johnson, on his inscription for Goldsmith's monument. Mr. Boswell, with whom Dr. Johnson is infallible, and who appears to look on his idolized friend with the same eyes a fond mother views her spoiled child, remarks that Mr. Langton (*h*), who was one of the company at Sir Joshua's, *like a sturdy scholar*, resolutely refused to sign it. Does he by this expression intend to attach want of scholarship to such men as WARTON, Burke, Gibbon, Barnard, Colman, Reynolds, and others who did sign it—I should hope not. And with respect to Johnson's allusion to an epitaph on Erasmus in Dutch, it is by no means analogous; Goldsmith's works are entirely in his native tongue; he was never celebrated as a proficient in the dead languages; nor has he sent into the world any composition, translation, or criti-

(*f*) She died on October the 5th, 1772.

(*g*) Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Mr. G. Hamilton, Mr. Colman, &c.

(*h*) The Editor is far, very far, from insinuating the least disrespect towards Mr. Langton; for whose talents and virtues he had the warmest esteem. Although not personally acquainted with him, he feels that he only fulfilled a duty by a voluntary attendance at Mr. Langton's funeral on Christmas-day 1801. How much was he surprised to find, that from a considerable number of scholars, both by pursuit and profession, then resident at Southampton, not one thought it incumbent on him to pay the last tribute of respect to such a man as Bennet Langton.

cism connected with them. The idea therefore was to commemorate him in English, as a writer eminently distinguished in that language, and in that only. It will scarcely, I think, be allowed, that the same plea exists for an epitaph in Dutch on Erasmus. If the walls of Westminster Abbey are disgraced by English inscriptions, no less writers than Milton and Pope have contributed to their degradation.

The duties of a schoolmaster, and the necessity of an intelligent female to superintend a family composed of such various and complicated parts, soon convinced Dr. WARTON how incumbent on him it was to soothe his anguish by the admission of new comforts, and curb the violence of unavailing and destructive regret. He indeed paid the truest compliment to the memory of his departed wife, by taking the steps he then thought most conducive to the welfare of her family, and by forming those connexions, from which they would probably derive both improvement and felicity. In December 1773 he married Miss Nicholas, daughter of Robert Nicholas, Esq. and a descendant of Dr. N. formerly Warden of the College. I have the authority of his excellent sister, Mrs. Jane Warton, for asserting that he was peculiarly fortunate in his connexions; both wives being most amiable and good women.

During the year 1778, their Majesties, in reviewing the summer encampments, visited Winchester, and honoured the
the

the College with their presence. On their entrance into the school, the following elegant Latin address, composed by Dr. WARTON (*i*), was delivered by Mr. Chamberlayne, the senior scholar on the foundation :

“ Regum antiquorum, Rex augustissime, morem revocas, qui literatorum sodalitiis interesse, oculisque et aspectu doctrinarum studia comprobare non indignum putabant amplitudine suâ. Et profectò complures regios hospites, Henricos, Edvardos, Carolos, olim excepit vetus hoc inclytumque Musarum domicilium; nullum, qui bonas literas, te, Pater illustrissimè, vel magis amaverit, vel auxerit, vel ornaverit. Quin et animum tuum, propensamque in literas voluntatem vel hoc abundè testari possit, quòd vicina castra, tot tantisque procerum Britannicorum pro patriâ militantium præsiidiis instructissima, bellicis spectaculis te non penitus occupatum tenere, quo minus et togatam juventutem respiceres, et ex armorum strepitu remissionem quandam literati hujus otii captares. Ut diu vivas et valeas, in utriusque Minervæ perennem gloriam, tibi fausta et felicia comprecantur omnia voventque, Wiccamici tui.”

A copy of blank verse was also spoken on this occasion by Lord Shaftesbury, then a boarder at Dr. WARTON'S. The King, with his accustomed condescension and

(*i*) This oration is inserted in Mant's Warton as the production of the late laureate. Mr. M.'s authority fully justified the supposition; but I have indisputable evidence that it is the composition of Dr. Warton.

liberality,

liberality, left one hundred guineas to be divided between the three senior scholars (*k*).

It is no less reprehensible than remarkable, that the talents of the poet and critic, and the successful exertions of the instructor, had as yet received neither encouragement or remuneration. Nor had one man of power and patronage, though the sons of many were entrusted to his care, deemed it incumbent on him to confer either affluence or dignity on their Master. It remained for a Prelate most high in theological and classical reputation, for one who knew the value of literary acquirements, and was in his own person a distinguished example of the public benefit to which they may be converted, to do honour to himself and his situation (*l*) by the preferment of Dr. WARTON.

In

(*k*) Dr. Warton's house at this period was filled with men of high and acknowledged talents. Amongst whom were Lord Palmerston, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Messrs. Stanley, Warton, and Garrick. To the latter a very whimsical accident occurred. The horse which carried him to the review, on his casually alighting, by some means got loose and ran away. In this dilemma, assuming the attitude of Richard, he exclaimed amidst the astonished soldiers,

“A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse !”

which having reached the King's ears, he immediately asserted, “Those must be the tones of Garrick ; see if he is on the ground.” Mr. G. was consequently found, and presented to his Majesty, who, in addition to many other compliments, assured him that his delivery of Shakespear could never pass undiscovered.

(*l*) When this passage is read, it will scarcely be credited that the sons of a prime minister were in his boarding-house whilst he was Second, and the heir-apparent of a secretary of state, whilst he was First Master of Winchester College. During the education of the latter, a prebend of Rochester was much talked of, but the hopes of possession were never realized : and in
the

In the year 1782, the eminently learned and pious Dr. Lowth, then Bishop of London, bestowed on him a prebend of St. Paul's, and within the year added the living of Chorley in Hertfordshire, which, after some arrangements, the Doctor exchanged for Wickham.

This year gave also to the world the long expected sequel of the *Essay on Pope*; a great part of which volume had for some time been printed, and the completion of which was retarded from motives of a most delicate and laudable nature. This work is divided into eight sections:

The First treats of the celebrated vision entitled, *The Temple of Fame*.

The Second contains remarks on the story of January and May, and the *Wife of Bath*, with the translations of *Statius*, and *Ovid*.

The Third—*The Essay on Man*.

Fourth—*Moral Essays*, in five *Epistles*.

Fifth—*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

Sixth—*Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated*. *Satires of Donne versified*, with an *Epilogue to the Satires*.

the cause of the former pupils, the school and its masters were exposed to the satirical lash of Churchill, and the virulent opposition of Wilkes. When a friend expressed his surprize to Dr. Warton, that none of the gentlemen concerned in the education of Lord B—te's children had been provided for in a manner adequate to their fair expectations, he replied—In fact, my dear Sir, the Premier's ideas reach not beyond Scotland; his mind therefore naturally places us on a footing with the clergy of that kingdom; and to no higher affluence does he think we have a claim.

The

The Seventh—The Dunciad.

Eighth and last—Some imitations of Horace—Miscellanies, Epitaphs, and Prose Works.

The Temple of Fame is confessedly taken from Chaucer's "House of Fame," and Dr. WARTON omits not the opportunity of paying a just tribute to the merit of that great author, particularly in rectifying the mistake, that his chief excellence lay, in his manner of treating light and ridiculous subjects (*m*); though he at the same time gives a most entertaining and interesting account of the bards of Provence, and the Italians, particularly Boccace and Petrarch, to whom Chaucer perpetually owns his obligations, and which in some degree detract from his originality.

Amongst many judicious and apposite remarks on this poem, the first which deservedly challenges the attention of the reader, is the commentator's astonishment at Pope's omission of the Greek tragedians. This criticism is so replete both with truth and taste, that it would be injustice not to give it in his own words: "It is observable, that our author has omitted the great dramatic poets of Greece. Sophocles and Euripides deserved certainly an honourable niche in the Temple of Fame, in preference to Pindar and Horace. But the truth is, it was not fashionable in Pope's time, nor among his acquaintance, attentively to study

(*m*) Whoever (says Dr. Warton) will attentively consider the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, will be convinced that Chaucer equally excels in the pathetic and the sublime.

these

these poets (*n*). By a strange fatality they have not in this kingdom obtained the rank they deserve amongst classic writers. We have numberless treatises on Horace and Virgil, for instance, who in their different kinds do not surpass the authors in question; whilst hardly a critic among us, has professedly pointed out their excellencies. Even real scholars think it sufficient to be acquainted and touched with the beauties of Homer, Hesiod and Callimachus, without proceeding to enquire,

— What the lofty grave tragedians taught,
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
 In brief sententious precepts (*o*).

“ I own, I have some particular reasons for thinking that our author was not very conversant in this sort of composition, having no inclination to the drama. In a note on the third book of his Homer, where Helen points out to Priam the names and characters of the Grecian leaders, from the walls of Troy, he observes, that several great poets have been engaged by the beauty of this passage, to an imitation of it. But who are the poets he enumerates on this occasion? Only Statius and Tasso; the former of whom, in his seventh book, and the latter in his third, shews the forces and the commanders that invested the

(*n*) Professor Porson was at that time not known.

(*o*) Paradise Regained, Book IV. ver. 264.

cities of Thebes and Jerusalem (*p*). Not a syllable is mentioned of that capital scene in the Phœnissæ of Euripides, from the hundred and twentieth, to the two hundredth line, where the old man, standing with Antigone on the walls of Thebes, marks out to her the various figures, habits, armour and qualifications of each different warrior, in the most lively and picturesque manner, as they appear in the camp beneath them (*q*).”

(*p*) “In the dedication to the Miscellanies he so much studied and admired, he had read the following strange words of his master, Dryden, addressed to Lord Radcliffe. ‘Though you have read the best authors in their own languages, and perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet I know you judge for the English tragedies against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference between arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due of excelling Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.’ Miscell. 3d part. Lond. 1693.” Warton on Pope.

(*q*) “Among the rest, Euripides makes Antigone enquire, which among the warriors is her brother Polynices; this is one of those delicate and tender strokes of nature, for which this feeling tragedian is so justly admired. When she discovers him, she breaks out thus :

Στροφή 1.

Ανεμικτος ειδε θρονον νεφελας
 Ποσιν εξαουσαιμι δι' αυερως
 Προς εμον ομογενετερα.
 Περι δ' αλενας δερα φιδτατα
 Βαλλομαι, χρονω φυγαδα μελειω.

She stops a little, gazes earnestly upon him, and exclaims with admiration at the splendor of his arms :

Ως οπλασι κροσειων ευπρεπες, γερον,
 Εωαις ομοια φλεγειων
 Βοιαις αελις.” Ver. 166.

Warton on Pope.
 The

The nice and discriminating character given of Pindar by Dr. WARTON merits peculiar notice. The following lines are doubtless indicative of that poet in a general sense: but they do not include the whole merit due to such a poet:

“ Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight;
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat;
 And all appear'd irregularly great.”

Dr. WARTON complains that the character of Pindar as commonly taken seems not to be well understood. We hear of nothing (says this elegant critic) but the impetuosity and the sublimity of his manner; whereas he abounds in strokes of domestic tenderness. We are perpetually told of the boldness and violence of his transitions; whereas on a close inspection they appear easy and natural, and are intimately connected with, and arise appositely from the subject. Even his style has been represented as swelling and bombast, but, carefully examined, it will appear

pure and perspicuous; not abounding with those harsh metaphors and that profusion of florid epithets which some of his imitators affect to use. He then pays a just tribute to Mr. Gray on his pindaric ode entitled the Progress of Poesy, and quotes likewise a very beautiful passage from an author (*r*) to whom he was always much attached, and of whose talents he thought most highly.

The remarks on Horace are highly interesting. No man could enter more thoroughly into the spirit of that author, or enjoy his beauties with more genuine taste, than the commentator on Pope. The Editor of these Memoirs well remembers a judicious division of the (*s*) odes, copied by him,

(*r*) See Akenside's Hymn to the Naiads. How are we to account for the very harsh and unjust commentary on the above author in the celebrated edition of the Lives of the Poets. Akenside had certainly an unfortunate tendency to Whiggism, and that one prepossession was sufficient, in the eyes of Dr. Johnson, to obscure every perfection. Gray likewise has been thoroughly mistaken by him. But perhaps it may be said that Dr. J. could not justly appreciate or fairly decide on the merits of that style of poetry for which he had not the smallest taste.

(*s*) *Liber Primus.*

ODE SUBLIMES, ET POETICÆ.

- Od. 3d. Sic te Diva potens Cypri.
 6th. Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium.
 12th. Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ vel acri.
 14th. O navis, referent in mare te novi.
 15th. Pastor cùm traheret per freta navibus.
 35th. O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.
 37th. Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.
Liber Secundus.—Eadem Ode.
 1st. Motum ex Metello consule civicum.

him, when a school-boy, under the direction of Dr. WARTON, and which he subjoins in the classes under which they were arranged. But on the dramatic turn of Horace, a faculty hitherto neglected by all his commentators, the chief

- Ode.*
 13th. Ille et nefasto te posuit die.
 19th. Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

Liber Tertius.—Ode eadem.

- 3d. Justum et tenacem propositi virum.
 4th. Descende caelo, et die age tibiâ.
 5th. Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem.
 6th. Delicta majorum immeritus lues.
 11th. Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro.
 25th. Quò me, Bacche, rapis tui.
 27th. Impios parvæ recinentis omen.

Liber Quartus.—Ode eadem.

- 2d. Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.
 3d. Quem tu, Melpomene, semel.
 4th. Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.
 6th. Dive, quem proles Niobæa magnæ.
 9th. Ne fortè credas interitura, quæ.
 14th. Quæ cura patrum, quæve Quiritium.

ODE ELEGANTIORES.

Liber Primus.

- 5th. Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.
 8th. Lydia, dic per omnes.
 10th. Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis.
 21st. Dianam teneræ dicite virgines.
 30th. O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique.

Liber Secundus.—His caret Odis.

Liber Tertius.—Eadem Ode.

- 13th. O fons Blandusiæ splendidior vitro.
 18th. Faune Nympharum fugientum amator.
 22d. Montium custos nemorûmque virgo.

chief stress is laid, and his excellence in this view is inimitably exemplified in the prophecy of Nereus, the histories of Regulus, Europa, and the daughters of Danaus, and still more impressively in the exquisite delineation of the incantations, and charms of Canidia, as related in the fifth

Liber Quartus.—Ode eadem.

- O²a.
5th. Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ.
7th. Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis.
12th. Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant.

ODE MORALES, AC SERIÆ.

Liber Primus.

- 22d. Integer vitæ, scelerisq;e purus.
24th. Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus.
34th. Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.

Liber Secundus.—Ode eadem.

- 2d. Nullus argento color est avaris.
3d. Æquam memento rebus in arduis.
9th. Non semper umbres nubibus hispidos.
10th. Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum.
14th. Elieu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume.
15th. Jam pauca aratro jugera regie.
16th. Otium Divos rogat in patenti.
17th. Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?
18th. Non ebur, neque aureum.

Liber Tertius.—Ode eadem.

- 1st. Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.
2d. Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati.
16th. Inclusam Danaën turris aliena.
24th. Intactis opulentior.
29th. Tyrrhena Regum progenies, tibi.

Liber Quartus.—His omnino caret Odis.

epode.

epode (*t*). “ I cannot forbear adding, that, of this kind, likewise, is the whole of the fifth epode, upon which I beg leave to be a little particular, as I do not remember to have seen it considered as it ought to be. It suddenly breaks out with a beautiful and forcible abruptness :

At, ó Deorum, quicquid in cœlo regit
Terras et humanum genus,
Quid iste fert tumultus ? Aut quid omnium
Vultus in unum me truces ?

“ It is a boy utters these words, who beholds himself surrounded by an horrible band of witches, with Canidia at their head, who instantly seize and strip him, in order to make a love-potion of his body. He proceeds to deprecate their undeserved rage by moving supplications, and such as are adapted to his age and situation :

Per liberos te, si vocata partibus
Lucina veris affuit ;
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
Per improbatum hæc Jovem,
Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti
Petita ferro bellua ?

“ The poet goes on to enumerate, with due solemnity, the ingredients of the charm. Those which Shakespear in his

(*t*) Twining in his Aristotle notices this criticism, and pays some very just compliments to Dr. Warton, on his genuine relish for the beauties of Horace. Coleman also dedicated his translation of the Art of Poetry to the “ Par nobile Fratrum.”

Macbeth has described, as being thrown into the magical cauldron, have a near resemblance with these of Horace, but he has added others well calculated to impress the deepest terror, from his own imagination. Canidia having placed the victim in a pit where he was gradually to be starved to death, begins to speak in the following awful and striking manner :

————— O rebus meis
 Non infideles arbitraë,
 Nox, et Diana, quæ silentium regis,
 Arcana cum fiunt sacra ;
 Nunc, nunc adeste, nunc in hostiles domos
 Iram atque numen vertite &c.

“ But she suddenly stops, surprized to see the incantation fail :

Quid accidit?—cur dira barbaræ minus
 Venena Medcæ valent?

“ In a few lines more she discovers the reason that her charms are inefficacious :

Ah, ah, solutus ambulat venificæ &c.
 She therefore resolves to double them,
 Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
 Fastidienti poculum.

And concludes with this spirited threat :

Præusque cælum sidet inferius mari,
 Tellure porrectâ super,

Quàm

Quàm non amore sic meo flagres, uti
Bitumen atris ignibus.

“The boy, on hearing his fate thus cruelly determined, no longer endeavours to sue for mercy, but breaks out into those bitter and natural execrations, mixed with a tender mention of his parents, which reach to the end of the ode. If we consider how naturally the fear of the boy is expressed in the first speech, and how the dreadful character of Canidia is supported in the second, and the various turns of passion with which she is agitated; and if we add to these the concluding imprecations—we must own that this ode affords a noble specimen of the dramatic powers of Horace.”

The introduction of familiar images and strokes of humour on private life is justly reprobated as unsuited to the grave and majestic character of the poem hitherto preserved (*u*). It is as unnatural and out of place (says Dr. WARTON) as one of the burlesque scenes of Heemskirk in a solemn landscape of Poussin: and when I see such a line as,

“And at each blast a lady’s honour dies,”

in the Temple of Fame, I lament as much to find it placed

(*u*) This and a similar remark on the Essay on Man remind me of the beforementioned quarrel with Hogarth. In his observations on the inconsistent and improper introduction of levity into a serious and solemn picture, Dr. Warton surely manifested a most correct judgment. In his apologies for having done so, he at least displayed his good humour.

there, as to see shops and sheds and cottages erected amongst the ruins of Dioclesian's Baths.

The want of distinction between rumour and fame, and the superiority of Pope over Chaucer, in the conclusion of the poem, are given with great judgment and impartiality, and close the first section of the second volume.

The most striking observations in the next chapter, are the impropriety of the measure for the tale of January and May, the objections in point of decency to the Wife of Bath, and the admirable digression on Dryden, to whose fables Dr. WARTON affords that justice which is denied them by the celebrated biographer of the poets. It is surely strange in how cursory and negligent a manner they are passed over. Few passages in English poetry can be found to surpass the beauties of Palamon and Arcite, or Sigismunda and Guiscardo. To the Ode for St. Cecilia's Day a just tribute of applause is likewise given. In the following remarks on the translation of Statius, or rather on the choice of the subject, we discover all that pure and unalloyed taste which so decisively characterized the mind of the Commentator. "It was in childhood only that he could make use of so injudicious a writer. It were to be wished, that no youth of genius were suffered ever to look into Statius, Lucan, Claudian, or Seneca the tragedian; authors who by their forced conceits, by their violent metaphors, by their swelling epithets, by their want of just decorum, have a strong tendency to dazzle and to mislead

inexperienced minds, and tastes unformed, from the true relish of possibility, propriety, simplicity, and nature." Dr. W. next enumerates the eight Roman poets whom he deems unexceptionably excellent, namely, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Phædrus. "These (adds he) can alone be called legitimate models of just thinking and writing." If the rectitude of this decision be allowed (and I am inclined to think that it will not be disputed) the merit of the instructor is not less confirmed than that of the critic; for, be it recollected, the practice of Dr. WARTON in the former character, was uniformly consistent with his precepts in the latter.

The objections to the *Essay on Man*, as having several passages expressed in terms favourable to fatalism and necessity, are made in a manly but candid manner: the poem is acknowledged to be as close a piece of argument, admitting its principles, as could be found in verse; the style is panegyricized as concise and figurative, forcible, and elegant. The finest (*x*) parts are selected with a generous and

(*x*) Of these, the simply poetical description in the lines beginning,

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,"

and the following exalted description of the omnipresence of the Deity, must claim the first place:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God, the soul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars and blossoms in the trees;

Lives

becoming warmth, though many lines are with justice condemned as plain and prosaic. The obligations of Pope to the Theodicee of Leibnitz, to King's Origin of Evil, and the Moralists of Lord Shaftesbury, are confessed: and the commentator has introduced with great propriety the sentiments and wishes of the very learned and ingenious friend to whom the first volume was dedicated (*y*).

To the reputation of Montaigne, Charron, Rochfoucault, La Bruyere, and Pascal, Dr. WARTON opposes Hobbes, Bacon, Prior, and Pope, the author of the five moral essays; as writers supposed to have penetrated deeply into the most secret recesses of the human heart, and to have discovered the various vices and vanities lurking in it.

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect in a hair, as heart;
 As full, as perfect in vile man, that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
 To him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.

(*y*) Mr. Walter Harte assured me that he had seen the pressing letter which Dr. Young wrote to Mr. Pope, urging him to write something on the side of Revelation, in order to take off the impressions of those doctrines which the Essay on Man were supposed to convey. He alluded to this in the conclusion of his first Night Thought:

O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track
 Which opens out of darkness into day!
 O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immortal* man.

See Notes to Warton's Essay on Pope, Vol. II.

The

The observation on the following line is truly worthy of notice :

“ Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wise.”

“ For who could imagine that Locke was fond of romances ; that Newton once studied astrology ; that Dr. Clarke valued himself for his agility, and frequently amused himself in a private room of his house in leaping over the tables and chairs ; and that our author himself was a great epicure ? When he spent a summer with a certain nobleman, he was accustomed to lie whole days in bed on account of his head-achs, but would at any time rise with alacrity, when his servant informed him there were stewed lampreys for dinner.

“ On the evening of an important battle, the Duke of Marlborough was heard chiding his servant for having been so extravagant as to light four candles in his tent, when Prince Eugene came to confer with him. Elizabeth was a coquette ; and Bacon received a bribe. Dr. Busby had a violent passion for the stage ; it was excited in him by the applauses he received in acting the Royal Slave before the king at Christ Church ; and he declared, that if the rebellion had not broke out, he had certainly engaged himself as an actor. Luther was so immoderately passionate, that he sometimes boxed Melancthon's ears ; and Melancthon himself was a believer in judicial astrology, and an interpreter of dreams. Richlieu and Mazarin were so superstitious as to employ and pension Morin, a pretender to astrology,

astrology, who cast the nativities of these two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himself, who generally appears superior to superstition, untainted with this folly, as may appear from the twenty-second chapter of the sixth book of his *Annals*. Men of great genius have been somewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Israelites, which frequently turned a cloudy side towards the spectator."

The additions of the usurer and Malherbe to the ruling passion are likewise inimitable (z).

With respect to the Epistle on the Characters of Women, Dr. Young in point of urbanity and delicate satire has evidently the advantage; nay, even the hostile biographer, whom it was my fate so often to quote in passing through the first volume of this work, hesitates not to acknowledge the preference. Of the supposed ingratitude towards the Duke of Chandos, a most liberal and candid account is given. Indeed the most suspicious observation is to be met with in *Ruffhead's Life*, where he sedulously studies

(z) " Shall I venture to insert another example or two? An old usurer lying in his last agonies was presented by the priest with the crucifix. He opened his eyes a moment before he expired, attentively gazed on it, and cried out, ' These jewels are counterfeit, I cannot lend more than ten pistoles upon so wretched a pledge.'—To reform the language of his country was the ruling passion of Malherbe. The priest who attended him in his last moments, asked him if he was not affected with the description he gave him of the joys of Heaven? ' By no means,' answered the incorrigible bard; ' I desire to hear no more of them, if you cannot describe them in a purer style. Both these stories would have shone under the hands of Pope."

to prove the Duke a man of greater magnificence than taste. Is this necessary, if Pope did not allude to him in his satire?

The Prologue to the Satires, in an Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, furnishes our commentator, not only with opportunities of paying a just tribute to that excellent character, but of correcting some peculiar prejudices of the author, particularly with respect to Bentley and Theobald, the latter of whom had irrevocably offended Pope, for he had detected the numerous blunders in his edition of Shakespear; and such a reproof, from a man on whose talents he looked down with sovereign contempt, was not to be forgiven. But the celebrity of this epistle rests chiefly on the memorable character of Addison; a satire excusable in the moment of anger, but which, it is to be lamented, in his cooler moments our author did not expunge. The following conclusion of a most exquisite (*a*) chain of argument by the great Sir William Blackstone, I, from every regard for his memory, and from intimate friendship with some of his descendants, feel the most heartfelt pleasure in recapitulating: "Upon the whole, however Mr. Pope may be excusable for penning such a character of his friend, in the first transports (*b*) of poetical indignation, it reflects no great honour on his feelings, to have kept it in petto for six

(*a*) See Kippis's Biographia Britannica.

(*b*) "It was the opinion of Dr. Young, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttleton, that Addison himself translated the first Book of Homer. Proofs, however, to the contrary have lately been discovered." Warton on Pope, 2d vol. years,

years, till after the death of Mr. Addison, and then to permit its publication (whether by recital or copy makes no material difference,) and at length, at the distance of eighteen years, hand it down to posterity, ingrafted into one of his capital productions. Nothing surely could justify so long and so deep a resentment, unless the story be true of the commerce between Addison and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed of a gentleman who was so amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own case) had two years before expressly disapproved of a personal abuse upon Mr. Dennis. The person, indeed, from whom Mr. Pope is said to have received this anecdote about the time of his writing the character (*viz.* about July 1715) was no other than the Earl of Warwick, son-in-law to Mr. Addison himself; and the something about Wycherley (in which the story supposes that Addison hired Gildon to abuse Pope and his family) is explained, by a note on the *Dunciad*, vol. i. p. 296, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's life. Now it happens, that in July 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in August 1721) was only a boy of seventeen, and not likely to be entrusted with such a secret, by a statesman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any way connected or acquainted. For Mr. Addison was not married to his mother, the Countess of Warwick, till the following year, 1716; nor could Gildon have been employed in July 1715 to write Mr. Wycherley's,

ley's Life, who lived till the December following. As therefore so many inconsistencies are evident in the story itself, which never found its way into print till near sixty years after it is said to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to suppose, that the whole of it was founded on some misapprehension in either Mr. Pope or the Earl; and unless better proof can be given, we shall readily acquit Mr. Addison of this most odious part of the charge."

To the *Dunciad*, the unbridled violence of its satire makes the chief objection. The peculiar beauties, as they affix a specific meaning to individuals, are pointed out; and the profane expressions in more than one passage are properly and characteristically reprov'd.

In the critique on the remaining works, is displayed the same shrewd and discriminating knowledge, which indeed pervades the whole. Of the productions in prose little is said; sufficient however to betray that the commentator's opinion of Pope's epistolary talent is not very favourable. It now remains to answer the original question—In what class of poets, and how high in that class did Dr. WARTON intend to rank Pope? What is his own reply—"Not, assuredly, in the same rank with Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, however justly we may applaud the *Eloise* and *Rape of the Lock*; but, considering the correctness, elegance, and utility of his works, the weight of sentiment, and the knowledge of man they contain, we may venture to assign him a place next to Milton, and

just above Dryden: yet, to bring our minds steadily to make this decision, we must forget for a moment the divine Music Ode of Dryden; and may perhaps then be compelled to confess, that though Dryden be the greater genius, yet Pope is the better artist." But yet, notwithstanding my love and reverence for his memory, my well-grounded admiration for his ingenious and entertaining criticism, for that natural and unaffected display of taste and learning contained in his work, and notwithstanding the excess of pleasure I have often experienced, when, in reading the Essay on Pope, I have imagined that I heard every word at that moment drop from the lips of my beloved instructor, I must presume to hazard an opinion, that he has either placed Pope too high, or in his separate sections has not done him justice. I venture not to say on which side the mistake lies; but, if Pope is just above Dryden, he had more genius than Dr. WARTON allows him; and, vice versâ, if he has not more genius than is attributed to him; if he is more the poet of reason than of fancy, that situation is surely above his pretensions.

During the spring of 1786, Dr. WARTON was visited by a most heavy domestic affliction. His second son(c), a man of high talents and superior information, but who had

(c) Rev. Thomas Warton, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and author of several beautiful productions whilst a boy at Winchester School, particularly an English poem on "The Pyramids of Ægypt," and some exquisitely classical Latin Hexameters, which gained the annual gold medal, on "Rex fluviorum Thamesis."

long laboured under a lingering and obstinate disease, died whilst sitting in his chair after dinner, and was found in that situation by his father on his return from college prayers. This stroke the Doctor severely felt; and within four years, ere the painful remembrance had vanished from his mind, and his spirits had regained their former tone, he lost that brother, to whom from his childhood he had been invariably attached, and for whose genius and fame he had ever felt the most pure and liberal admiration. It is indeed but justice to the memory of both to declare that they never for a moment knew the narrow passions of jealousy and envy; on the contrary, their most anxious efforts were used to distinguish each other, and it was their truest happiness to find those efforts successful. To their several publications the most active and ready assistance had been mutually afforded. Mr. Warton was sedulously employed in the edition of Virgil, and his brother in return furnished many valuable materials for the History of English Poetry: no means were at any time left untried by either party to bring forward and place in a prominent view the merit of the other. Severe therefore to the survivor must have been the separation. It was indeed the loss of a second self.

Through the interest of Lord Shannon(*d*), the prebend
of

(*d*) The Editor understands that the merit of procuring this preferment has been claimed by others; to such assertions he has only to reply, that the
I. 2
correspondence

of Winchester Cathedral, vacated in 1788 by the then Bishop of Oxford's translation to Hereford, was bestowed by the Premier on Dr. WARTON. Related to Mrs. Warton, and firmly attached to the Doctor, not only on account of his literary reputation and amiable qualifications, but for the care and improvement experienced by Lord Boyle, whilst a commoner at the school, the noble Earl did honour to both his heart and head, by procuring for such a man that preferment to which his services as a public character had for a long period entitled him; and this meritorious exertion was at no great distance of time followed up by another dignified character (*e*), who had himself experienced the advantages of Dr. WARTON'S tuition, and of whose unabating regard and reverence for his master this was only one of many liberal proofs. Induced by such an application, the Bishop of Winchester conferred on him the rectory of Easton, and permitted him within the year to exchange it for Upham.

It will perhaps be remarked, that the two livings above mentioned, with the prebends of Winchester and St. Paul's, comprised, with respect to both rank and affluence, a dignified and sufficient preferment; the age however of Dr. WARTON when these events took place must necessarily

correspondence between Earl Shannon and Mr. Pitt on the subject is yet in existence. Dr. Warton, it is true, had other powerful friends, through whose kind influence (but for an interference not to be resisted) he would certainly have enjoyed the Mastership of St. Cross.

(*e*) The present Earl of Malmesbury.

be considered. Sixty summers had passed over his head ere the first benefice (if we except the small living of Wynslade) came into his possession; and he had approached far nearer to seventy years of age ere he enjoyed the remainder. Late indeed then must we acknowledge his reward to have been for a life so useful and so ornamental to society.

The fatigues arising from the management and instruction of a public school, demanded those exertions to which the Doctor's advanced time of life now became incompetent. After many irresolute fluctuations of opinion, after strong combats between propriety and inclination, the spring of 1793 witnessed the annunciation of his departure from the mastership at the ensuing election: in consequence of which notice (*f*), on July the 23d, he retired to

his

(*f*) Form of resignation—of which the following is an exact copy:

Ego Josephus Warton, S. T. P.

Collegii Beatæ Mariæ prope Winton²

Informator, Officium meum Scholares

informandi, quod in eodem Collegio

habui, in manus Rev. G. I. Huntingford,

S. T. P. ejusdem Collegii Custodis,

resigno.

22. Die Mensis

Julii. 1793.

The Electors of the year sent to Dr. Warton, on his resignation, the following handsome testimony of the obligations he had conferred on the Society:—

“ Winton College Election Chamber, July 19th 1793.

“ We the undersigned Electors, do in the name of the two Saint Mary Winton Colleges, return thanks to the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton, for the encouragement

he

his rectory of Wickham, carrying with him the love, admiration, and esteem, of the whole Wykechemical Society.

That

he has given to Genius and Industry; for the attention he has paid to the introduction of correct taste in composition and classical learning; and for the many and various services which he has conferred on the Wiccamical Societies, through the long course of years in which he has filled the places of Second and Head Master in Winchester School.

Signed { JOHN OGLANDER, D. D. Warden of New College.
 GEORGE ISAAC HUNTINGFORD, D. D. Warden of Winchester College.
 JAMES YALDEN, A. M. Senior Poser.
 CHARLES REYNELL, LL. B. Junior Poser.
 CHARLES BLACKSTONE, A. M. Sub Warden."

To which the following was the reply:

" To the Rev. Dr. Oglander, &c.

" Gentlemen,

" The approbation you are pleased to express of my conduct in that difficult situation in which I have spent the greatest part of my life, and to which I have endeavoured to devote all my time and thoughts, has made so deep an impression on my mind, that I cannot easily find words to express my feelings on so interesting an occasion, and will therefore only add my warmest wishes for the welfare, credit, and prosperity of the two St. Mary Winton Colleges. I am, Gentlemen,

with true regard, your very
 faithful and obliged humble servant,

JOSEPH WARTON."

He was likewise presented by his Scholars with a most beautiful piece of plate, on which was engraven the following inscription:

Opt. ac desiderat.
 J. Warton
 Hoc munus utcumque
 Leve ac parvum
 Non levi tamen amore
 Ac ejus Moresuētudinīs
 Observantiā
 D. D.
 Wiccamici sui.

That

That ardent mind which had so eminently distinguished the exercise of his public duties, did not desert him in the hours of leisure and retirement; for inactivity was foreign to his nature. His parsonage, his farm, his garden, were cultivated and adorned with the eagerness and taste of undiminished youth; whilst the beauties of the surrounding forest scenery, and the interesting grandeur of the neighbouring shore, were enjoyed by him with an enthusiasm innate in his very being. His lively sallies of playful wit, his rich store of literary anecdote, and the polished and habitual ease with which he imperceptibly entered into the various ideas and pursuits of men in different situations, and endowed with educations totally opposite, rendered him an acquaintance both profitable and amusing; whilst his unaffected piety and unbounded charity stamped him a pastor adored by his parishioners. Difficult indeed would it be to decide, whether he shone in a degree less in this social character than in the closet of criticism or the chair of instruction.

The habits however of literary occupation were not to be shaken off, or the love of critical discussion extinguished (*g*). In the course of the year 1797 he edited, in nine volumes

octavo,

(*g*) The situation of Dr. Warton at this period fully reminds me of the following beautiful idea of the virtuous and learned man in retirement which he has so justly panegyrised in his Essay:

“Happy the man who to these shades retires;
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires;
 Blest whom the sweets of homefelt quiet please,
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease.”

Pope's Windsor Forest, 1st edition.

octavo, prefaced by the following advertisement, the works of that poet on whose genius and writings he had before so successfully commented: "The public is here presented with a complete edition of the Works of Pope, both in verse and prose; accompanied with various notes and illustrations. The reason for undertaking it, was the universal complaint that Dr. Warburton had disfigured and disgraced his edition with many forced and far-sought interpretations, totally unsupported by the passages which they were brought to elucidate. If this was only my single opinion, nothing could have induced me to have delivered it with so much freedom; nor to have undertaken this work after it had passed through the hands of Dr. Warburton. Many, however, of his notes, that do not fall under this description, are here adopted. To this edition are now added, several poems undoubtedly of our author's hand; and in prose, many letters to different correspondents, which, from the circumstances of literary history which they contain, it was thought might be entertaining; together with his Thoughts on various Subjects; his Account of the Madness of Dennis; the Poisoning of Edmund Curl; the Essay on the Origin of Sciences; the Key to the Rape of the Lock; and that piece of inimitable humour, the Fourteenth Chapter of Scriblerus, on the Double Mistress; all of which were inserted in his own edition in quarto, 1741. And to these is added, also, one of the best of his compositions, his Postscript to the *Odyssey*.

“ If I have sometimes ventured, in the following remarks, to point out any seeming blemishes and imperfections in the works of this excellent poet, I beg it may be imputed, not to the ‘ dull, malignant delight’ of seeking to find out trivial faults, but merely to guard the reader from being misled, by the example of a writer, in general, so uniformly elegant and correct.”

The peculiar circumstances which, owing to the Doctor’s prior publication, were inseparable from this edition, rendered plagiarism (if the stealing from himself merits the title) inevitable. Many of the notes were unavoidably transferred from the Essay, though be it recollected a considerable portion of new matter was introduced. In addition to the criticisms of the reviews, which generally on literary works decide with fairness and impartiality, and of whose judgment few who attack neither religion or morality, or insidiously dabble in political quackeries, have cause to complain; an harsh and unjustifiable attack was made on my valuable and learned friend, in a satire (*h*) to which the attention of the public had been peculiarly awakened. That objections might fairly be made to the edition of Pope, it is far from my purpose to deny; but when we read the unfeeling and inapplicable reproach contained in the following lines,

“ Better to disappoint the public hope,
Like Warton, driv’ling on the page of Pope—

(*h*) Pursuits of Literature,

M

“ Whilet

“ Whilst o’er the ground that Warburton once trod
The Winton pedant shakes his little rod—”

We can only say, that it commences with an unmanly insult on old age, and closes with a total ignorance of character. All who have been acquainted with Dr. WARTON will I believe acknowledge that pedantry and WARTON knew not each other. This vague and indiscriminate censure surely falls to the ground by its own unmeaning and general abuse, and is I suppose properly suited to the peg on which the notes were to hang; as we find in them a more distinct, and I must confess in some degree a better grounded attack. Indeed, had this unknown and sagacious critic, to whom, when we consider the peculiarity of the times in which he wrote, every friend of religion and good government must feel himself in no small measure obliged, been more temperate and rational in his objections, he would perhaps to a certain point have affected the fame of Dr. WARTON: but the uncharitable and unchristianlike severity in which his philippic is couched has rendered many unwilling even to allow faults otherwise too clear. The introduction of the Double Mistress, and the Second Satire from Horace, it is by no means my wish to defend: every principle arising from the situation of a clergyman and schoolmaster, every regard for the memory of my departed friend, induce me heartily to wish that they had been suppressed; but whilst I allow so far, I will not prostitute those same principles by distinguishing Pope’s works

for *correctness* in *morals* (*i*) as well as taste, and quote Eloise to Abelard, Sappho to Phaon, January and May, the Wife of Bath, and the Imitations of ancient Authors, as intended for the most general and most unqualified reading. The rich vein of humour which runs through the chapter of the Double Mistress was not, I repeat, in my opinion a sufficient excuse, under all circumstances, for publishing it; but we are well aware how eagerly an editor catches at every unknown production of his author, and what a value he sets on whatever may give the charm of novelty (*k*) to his book: the indecency of the subject however should have checked this generally venial desire. Not that I dread its influence on the minds of youth. Disgust is a more natural effect of perusing it than allurements, and I should as soon expect seduction from a lecture on anatomy or midwifery. On the other hand, when the elegance of language and the charms of poetry unite to infuse sensuality under the masque of sentiment, when the contending passions of an Eloise, or the wanton recollections of a Sappho, are included in a work against no part of which a father

(*i*) See notes to the fourth part of the Pursuits of Literature.

(*k*) An instance of this mischief to society has lately fallen under the notice of the Editor. Gray's works, in an elegant duodecimo, have lately been published with additional Latin and English poems, amongst which is a vulgar and indecent copy of verses, entitled, The Cambridge Candidate. In this case a poet is become objectionable, through whose whole volume was not, ere this, one line which could raise the slightest blush on the cheek of virginity. The publisher will, it is to be hoped, see the propriety of castigating the edition.

or a husband need caution a daughter or wife; I feel the danger greater, because the poison is administered under a more deceitful form. From the Second Satire (*l*) and the Double Mistress, delicacy revolting turns away: no female would attempt to read them, nor will they hold out allurements to a feeling and innocent mind. Can we say as much of the poems before mentioned?

With respect to

“The pictur'd person, and the libell'd shape,”

nothing can be more frivolous and unjust than the attack. The late Lord Palmerston possessed the picture, and knowing that his friend Dr. WARTON was employed in an edition of this poet's works, sent it to him both as a curiosity and an interesting addition to the publication. Pope's personal qualifications were not those on which his fame was built; and if, amongst those weaknesses which are sometimes inseparable from the greatest minds, he had any share of personal vanity, as the picture was not sent into the world during his life, that vanity could not be wounded (*m*).

On

(*l*) The author of the Pursuits of Literature quotes some very impure and improper lines; but I fear in the January and May, as well as in other poems of Pope, there may be found those which are equally objectionable.

(*m*) The British Critic for the year 1797, puts the affair in a very candid and proper light. “We for our parts most heartily thank the editor for inserting the whole-length sketch of his author: we agree with him, that as an unique, it is valuable and curious; and, as giving probably the real air of his person, is interesting in a great degree. We are thus introduced to him; we know him by sight. The figure is mean, indeed, but, for deformity, it is not so bad as many verbal descriptions had made him; and were it ten times

more

On a charge of democracy Dr. WARTON was never before arraigned; but, as I have already said, the laudable zeal in defence of church and state which marked this satire, renders it an unwelcome task to canvass too minutely any mistakes arising from so good a motive: In anonymous authors, however, a peculiar degree of caution and candour (*n*) should be found; if in private life a liberal spirit prevents us from saying behind the back of a man that which we will not aver to his face, the satirist who publishes those censures to which he either does not choose or dare to set his name, should for the sake of his own credit practise a similar forbearance. In every sense of the word there is something invidious if not despicable in secret violence.

more mis-shapen than it is, whom can it hurt to know, by this additional and striking instance, that we are not always to judge by appearances? Mr. Hoare, who risked the displeasure of the poet, by taking the sketch, did it certainly with no malicious design; but merely to preserve a memorial, of what is truly memorable, in how mean a body Providence had thought fit to lodge a soul of such high qualities. The curiosity to know such facts deserves no kind of blame, and we doubt not that, to a great part of the public, there were few things more pleasing in the new edition, than this original sketch of the poet."

(*n*) The author of the Pursuits of Literature repeatedly disclaims any personal harshness or severity on the character of Dr. Warton; when therefore we read the following passages—"I praised (and liberally enough as some people thought) Dr. Joseph Warton's common-place book on Pope"—"a writer of little Odes to Fancy, evening owls upon a tree, apostrophes to the twilight, and such nonsense"—"an assurance equal at least to the trifling dilettante spirit of such a commentator as Dr. Warton"—we are to consider them as written in the true spirit of liberal and candid criticism.

Although

Although Dr. WARTON certainly felt the misrepresentations of his motives and character, and the contemptuous and indelicate manner in which he had been treated, yet he did not so totally shrink from the grey-goose plume (*o*)

(*o*) This expression alludes to a singular prophecy of the dismay which must naturally await the Editor of Pope on reading the abovementioned strictures. Dr. Warton, who had been an exemplarily affectionate son, eagerly embraces an occasion, on the conclusion of the Prologue to the Satires, of paying a just tribute to Pope's filial piety. 'The lines alluded to,' he says, 'derive additional beauty from the harsh and austere colouring of some of the preceding passages; besides it is a natural gratification to see great men descending from their height into the familiar offices of common life, and the sensation is the more pleasing to us because admiration is converted into affection.' After quoting other examples, he adds with great feeling, and justice to the character of Hector, that 'we read with more satisfaction—

Ἐ παῖδος ορεξάτο φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ
 ΑΨ' ὁ παῖς πρὸς κολπον εὐζώνιοι τίθησιν
 Ἐκλιθήῃ ἰαχῶν'

than we do

Τρις μὲν ορεξάτ' ἰων, τὸ δὲ τετρατον ἰκετο τεκμῶρ
 Αἰγας.'

This affords an opportunity of striking the last blow—“But as to the conclusion of one of Dr. Warton's notes on the Prologue to the Satires, I can well conceive it to be his own case, and I can believe it may be applied with feeling. Dr. Warton says, 'we read (or he will read) with more satisfaction, the

ΑΨ' ὁ παῖς πρὸς κολπον εὐζώνιοι τίθησιν
 Ἐκλιθήῃ ἰαχῶν'

' than we do (or than the Doctor will hereafter do)

Τρις μὲν ορεξάτ' ἰων, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἰκετο τεκμῶρ
 Αἰγας.' κτλ. Vol. iv. page 55.

Which last is the motto to this fourth and last dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature. I can indeed easily conceive, that after Dr. Joseph Warton has read these remarks, he will shrink back like the child in Homer, from the grey-goose plume nodding on the head of the writer of this note, and prefer luxury and repose on the deep bosoms of his well-zoned nurses, the London booksellers. To them and to their consolations I leave him." So much for the charitable censure of a Christian, the liberal criticism of a scholar !!!

nodding

nodding on the head of this inexorable censor, as to hang up his armour unfit for future enterprize, and give up the remainder of his days to indolence and ease.

He entered on an edition of Dryden, an author for whose exalted genius and strong powers of mind he felt the most decisive admiration, and some of whose works he had already rescued from the mistaken severity of prejudice and error. Between this period and the close of 1799, he completely finished two volumes of this poet with notes; and in opposition to the encroachments of a too resistless malady(*p*), was proceeding in his classical and interesting pursuit, when nature completely sunk under disease, and the very early part of the ensuing spring put an end to a life, the greater part of which had been dedicated to the most useful and honorable employments, and no period of which had been such as to call a blush into the cheek of those who from consanguinity or friendship looked back with regret on its termination. Independant of his natural partiality for an author so gifted with those requisites which he deemed essential to genuine poetry, it may be presumed that a laudable wish of shewing himself neither incapable or reluctant to enter again on a “*periculosæ plenum opusculæ*,” that he was not arrived at the state of “drivelling

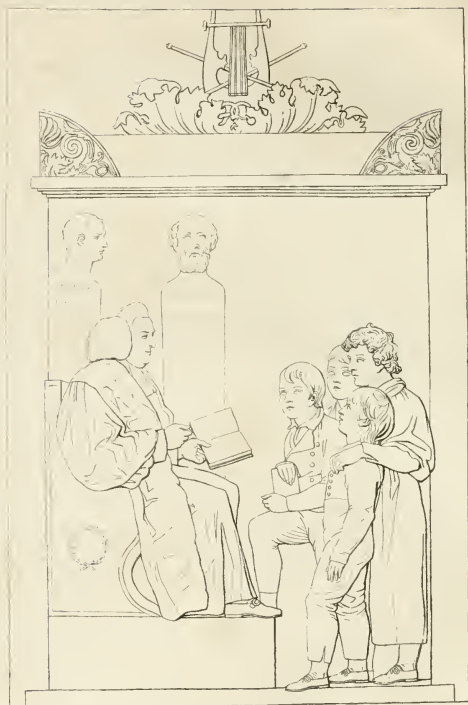
(*p*) The Doctor's disease originated in the kidneys. It first arrived at an alarming height during the month of October 1799; and a general paralysis having taken place in the ensuing February, it within a few days became fatal.

childhood,”

childhood," may have prompted Dr. WARTON to undertake this last effort of intellectual exertion. Under this impression, I cannot but wish that the possessor of the manuscript had found it convenient, or deemed it proper, to publish at least the two volumes *left* (and declared to be so under the Doctor's own hand) *ready* for the press, and had taken the earliest opportunity of giving to the world his father's last and sacred farewell to literature.

So occupied are we by the busy scene continually passing before our eyes, so strongly attached to living connections and the intercourse from which we hope to derive either present pleasure or advantage, that the remembrance of the greatest and best men is but too soon buried with them in their graves; and however the name of WARTON must and will at all times stamp a value on the merit, and recommend the publicity of poetry or criticism, yet it is fairly to be conjectured that whilst their sorrows were newly awakened by his loss, and their feelings consequently alive to his worth, a posthumous work would have been more eagerly perused by his friends, and would have possessed a fairer chance of arresting a general attention from the literary world. Such is my opinion of the hands into which the work has fallen, that I doubt not there being good reasons for the delay: I only mean to state that such a delay can be justified but by good reasons.

Family



*From the Monument in Winchester Cathedral,
raised by Subscription of the Wickhamites, and
executed by John Flaxman R.S.*

London Published May 1. 1816 by Cadell & Davies

Family statements (*q*), and a delicacy arising from them on all sides, prevented those public obsequies to which Dr. WARTON had an undoubted claim, and which the Wykehamical Society were with strict propriety eager to furnish. That society however left him not without memorial, nor did their reverence and regard cease with his life: At their ensuing public anniversary, a subscription for the erection of a monument in Winchester Cathedral was warmly urged and as warmly accomplished: In consequence of which resolution the ingenious and classical talents of Mr. Flaxman were employed to perpetuate their gratitude and love, and to hand down to posterity both the lineaments (*r*) and fame of their revered, their inimitable instructor.

In delineating the rich and varied qualifications of Dr. WARTON, the reader will naturally turn his more serious thoughts to the characters under which he is in this work specifically represented,

(*q*) Dr. Warton in his will expressed an earnest and decisive wish to be buried by his first wife, in the north aisle of Winchester Cathedral. This was an insurmountable obstacle to any intentions the College might have formed of a public funeral. They could only bury him in their own cloisters.

(*r*) The monument of Dr. Warton, erected by the voluntary subscription of the Wykehamists in Winchester Cathedral, is placed against the pillar next to the entrance of the choir on the south side of the center aisle; the Doctor is represented (in basso relievo) instructing his pupils; and that his discourse relates to the higher doctrines of criticism and poetry is indicated by the busts of *Aristotle* behind his chair, and of *Homer* on his left hand. On one side of the die (considering the general form of the monument to resemble a pedestal to the pillar) is the portrait of *Pope*, and on the other, that of *Dryden*; above the basso relievo is a cornice on which the *Grecian Lyre*

represented, viz. a poet, a critic, and an instructor, as to these must he be indebted for every prospect of posthumous fame. How far Dr. WARTON was entitled to the

rises from the Corinthian acanthus, and terminates the design. The height of the whole is about twelve feet from the pavement; and on its plerith is inscribed the following epitaph:

H. S. E.

Josephus Warton, S. T. P.

Hujus Ecclesie

Prebendarius:

Scholæ Wintoniensis

Per annos fere triginta

Informator:

Poeta fervidus, facilis, ex politus:

Criticus eruditus, perspicax, elegans;

Obiit XXIII^o Feb. MDCCC.

Ætat. LXXVIII.

Hoc quaecunque

Pietatis monumentum

Præceptoris optimo,

Desideratissimo.

Wiccamiæ sui

P. C.

The exquisite hand of a master is forcibly displayed in the execution of this design; and to those who closely examine the nice and delicate touches which grace both the figures and the drapery, new excellencies will perpetually arise. The likeness of Dr. Warton is also more striking than either the picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds or the mezzotinto taken from it. Yet, in defiance of these superiorities, the monument does not strike sufficiently at the first view, or generally please. The costume of the college gown is appropriate, but the commoners should have been omitted. The want of effect however is chiefly produced by the immense space and height with which it is surrounded. The scale is not sufficiently large for the building. Inimitably beautiful in Mr. Flaxman's study, the monument is nevertheless lost in Winchester Cathedral.

first

first distinction, he has the opportunity of judging from a perusal of the inserted poems; he will bear also in his mind the exquisite personification of the passions depicted in the Rebellion of the Subjects of Reason. Nor will he derive a trifling degree of additional gratification from a beautiful fragment found amongst his papers, and wrapped in the following envelope: "The story of the enclosed poem was simply this, taken from an old Italian writer—The Poet wandering in a wood comes to the Temple of Love, the outside of which is extremely beautiful—the moment he enters, he finds all the miseries of those within it. The allegory is easy and plain, and it is also very easy to add lines, and finish it."

The first appearance of the temple is thus described:

Ere long, on polish'd pillars rear'd
 High o'er the woods, the tow'rs appear'd;
 A purer air with purple light
 Here darts upon my ravish'd sight,
 The warbling rills o'er stones of gold
 Their chrystal windings softly roll'd,
 The birds upborne on wavy wing
 Round the bright dome in chorus sing;
 Hark, how their notes of gladness swell,
 Temper'd by plaintive Philomel;
 Here on the green smooth-shaven ground,
 Dancing in many a wanton round,

Comus and revelry resort,
 With naked Liberty, and sport ;
 Here Hebe dwells, and healthy Joy ;
 Young Laughter leads a playful boy ;
 Here sits Content, and strokes a dove,
 And calls herself the child of Love ;
 On couch of lilies idly laid,
 Meanwhile I spy a beauteous maid,
 In azure mantle thinly drest,
 Yet naked was her swelling breast,
 Her mantle ill conceal'd the rest.
 Her artless locks hung loose behind,
 Dancing in the wanton wind ;
 Her eyes, so sleepy and so mild,
 With love-sick languors sweetly smil'd ;
 She cast a soul-ensnaring look ;
 A well tun'd silver lute she took,
 Whose dulcet and delicious sound
 In transport deep my senses drown'd ;
 With me, O happy shepherds ! stay,
 (Thus she began her luring lay)
 All dear delights to thee I'll show
 That on green earth's gay bosom grow ;
 Lull'd in my downy flow'ry lap,
 Soft ecstasies each sense shall wrap :

* * * * *

I teach

I teach becalmed souls to bless
 The placid pow'r of *Idleness* ;
 O enter here, and thou shalt find
 Each joy to feast th' enraptur'd mind.

This representation of *Idleness* is truly poetical, and reminds us of the delineation of *Pleasure* in the *Judgement* of *Hercules*. The contrast arising from the inside of the temple is finely opened :

I enter'd, and perceiv'd too late
 Th' alluring *Syren's* sad deceit ;
 O ! what a doleful, diff'rent scene
 Rose to my wond'ring eyes within ;
 The walls in glowing colours show
 A thousand tales of pictur'd woe ;
 There saw I *Ariadne* stand
 All on the bleak and barren sand ;
 Who beckons with beseeching hand
 To *Theseus* hasting o'er the main,
 And kneels, and weeps, and shrieks in vain :
 There *Phædra* from dishevell'd hair
 Her costly jewels strove to tear ;
 While her fond soul with incest burns,
 From her fond lord her eyes she turns ;
 In frantic passion seems to say,
 Come, to the high woods let's away,
 Beneath some spreading beech reclin'd
 My lov'd *Hyppolitus* to find.

There

* * * * *

There Eloise in stony cell,
 Where Solitude and Sorrow dwell,
 Sits lonely by a winking light,
 And wastes in bitter thoughts the night,
 Thinking each hollow blast she heard
 The absent voice of Abelard :
 Next Tancred all astonish'd stood
 Gazing on pale Chlorinda's blood
 What time with rash mistaken spear
 He smote unknown the warlike fair :

* * * * *

There in her spotless bridal bed
 Lay injur'd Desdemona dead ;
 The rash-believing Moor stood by,
 Rolling with jealous rage his eye,
 Whence the fierce fires of fury flash,
 His grinding teeth together guash.

* * * * *

But in the inmost temple stand
 Of frowning fiends a gloomy band ;
 Here trembled Fear, there Discontent
 With ragged locks and mantle rent ;
 Next sly Suspicion list'ning stood,
 Her right hand bath'd in brother's blood ;
 With cruel Pride, and deaf Disdain,
 Who spurns aside the kneeling swain ;

Dark

Dark Melancholy—moping sprite,
 Detesting human voice and sight,
 Sitting alone, her lips did bite.

}
 }
 }

The following is likewise a most impressive image of Despair:

She loneliest caves, and gloomy groves,
 And e'en the doleful dungeon loves ;
 Delights, at awful midnight hours,
 In whistling winds, and beating show'rs :
 A panting corpse beside her lay,
 That just was breathing life away ;
 A youth (*s*) by her beguil'd of life—
 His hand still clasp'd the reeking knife (*t*).

(*s*) I cannot pass over Warton's excellent criticism on the Suicide, in Dryden's Temple of Mars, in the first book of Palamon and Arcite. Indeed, in reading the above fragment the reader will bring to his recollection both this and the Temple of Venus in the same poem :

“ The image of the Suicide is equally picturesque and pathetic :”

‘ The slayer of himself yet saw I there ;
 The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair,
 With eyes half-clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
 And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.’

“ This reminds me of that forcible description in a writer whose fancy was eminently strong: ‘ Catalina vero, longè a suis inter hostium cadavera re-pertus est, paululum etiam spirans; ferociamque animi, quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens.’ Nor must I omit that affecting image in Spenser, who ever excels in the pathetic :

‘ And him besides there lay upon the grass
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pass ;
 All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.*”

Warton on Pope, Vol. II.

(*t*) This is to be considered a rough and incorrect sketch; it is however the sketch of a master, and bears the strongest marks of its eventual excellence,

The Enthusiast, as also the Odes to Fancy, and to Mr. West on his translation of Pindar, few are there who have not perused, and, I believe, as few who do not deem the efforts of a poet. It has often surprized me, that the "Dying Indian" has not held an higher place in the public estimation, or been brought more forward as a proof of its author's excellence. Through the whole of this little poem, every sentiment, every expression is thoroughly appropriate; they manifestly derive a grace from being so placed, and suit alone the object to which they are there attached. Indeed the striking beauties of Dr. WARTON'S poetry are, originality, and the introduction of images calculated for the particular situation he has assigned them, and not equally fitted to general and indiscriminate use. Be it recollected also, that in his works we have no rapid mediocrity, sanctioned alone by the harmony of versification; no stiff didactic apophthegms, no trite common-place sayings, differing only from prose by studied measure: whatever may be the faults,

————— quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parùm cavit Natura,

There still breathes through his poetry a genuinely spirited invention, a fervor which can alone be produced by a highly inspired mind; and which, it is to be presumed,

excellence, had it been brought to a conclusion, and undergone the polish of revisal and correction.

fairly ranks him amidst what he himself properly terms the "makers and inventors," that is, the real poets(*u*).

The beauties and utility of WARTON'S Virgil, in which his merits both as a translator and critic have been strongly, but I trust not improperly, asserted, are already discussed: the conclusion however of the Mantuan's character, as portrayed by him, must not be passed over. "Lastly, the art of Virgil is never so powerfully felt as when he attempts to move the passions, especially the more tender ones. The pathetic was the grand distinguishing characteristic of his genius and temper, and this perhaps is the reason why Æneas is painted of so soft and compassionate a turn of mind. Our poet began so early as in his Eclogues to steep his song in tears; and the story of Orpheus is excelled by nothing but that of Dido, of Nisus and Euryalus and his mother; the mournful picture of Troy, the lamentations

(*u*) "Tis by the design and the invention of ideas and images, proper for moving us, and employed in the executive part, that we distinguish the great artist from the plain workman, who frequently excels the former in execution. The best versifiers are not the greatest poets, as the most regular designers are far from being the greatest painters."

Nugent's translation of Du Bos, Vol. II.

"One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also; genius therefore deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative; which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty, where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is farther necessary to form the poet or the orator."—Blair's Lectures.

of Evander, and the distresses of Latinus, Juturna, and Turnus: Quintilian has exactly drawn Virgil's character under that of Euripides: In affectibus cum omnibus mirus, tum iis qui miseratione, constant facile præcipuus. It lay in his power alone to have enriched the Roman poesy with what it so greatly wanted, and what is perhaps a more useful work than even an epic poem itself—a *perfect tragedy*." In this detail of pathetic and interesting parts of his favourite author, it is surprising that the filial piety and lamented fate of Lausus are omitted. In few poets is there so affecting, so impassioned a scene as the close of the tenth Æneid. The contrast of character between father and son, the exquisite speech of Æneas over the dying youth, the address of Mezentius to his horse, his self accusations on viewing the corpse of Lausus, and the sullen consistence of character with which he meets death, are perfectly tragic, and possess all the necessary qualifications for the drama.

After the testimonies of Spence, Young, Lowth, Johnson (*x*), and others of eminent abilities, little remains to

(*x*) The disagreement which took place after a long and warm friendship between Johnson and Warton, is much to be lamented; it occurred at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as I am told by one of the company, who only overheard the following conclusion of the dispute. Johnson. "Sir, I am not used to be contradicted." Warton. "Better for yourself and friends, Sir, if you were; our admiration could not be increased, but our love might." The party interfered, and the conversation was stopped. A coolness however from that time took place, and was increased by many trifling circumstances which before this dispute would perhaps have not been attended to.

be said on the reputation and success of the Essay on Pope, a work (says a learned and ingenious commentator) (*y*) filled with speculations in a taste perfectly pure: nor did this quality forsake him in his other essays. The criticism on the play of the Tempest published in the Adventurer was such in the opinion of Mrs. Montague (*z*) as to render it unnecessary on her part to enlarge on that effort of Shakespear's genius: and one of the most approved editors (*a*) of our illustrious bard thought himself bound to apologize by letter to Dr. WARTON, from the apprehension of having mistated his just and ingenious remarks on Lear. In the two papers respecting the opposite excellencies of the ancients and moderns, there is perhaps as thorough and well-grounded knowledge of general literature as can be found in a periodical essay: and what can be a more pointed, more original, and at the same time candid treatise, than his paper (*b*) on the blemishes of Paradise Lost. In a word, he has ever given his opinions as a critic with freedom, but it is the freedom of good humour; he has afforded instruction by his knowledge, but it is instruction mingled with delight. If in some cases severity has provoked a kindred reply, and harsh criticism in more than one instance urged him to retort in the same spirit, yet

(*y*) See Harris's Philological Inquiries.

(*z*) Essay on Shakespear—Chapter on Præternatural Beings.

(*a*) Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vol. II.

(*b*) Adventurer, No. 101.

such was not his general style: the softness of his heart, not less than the clearness of his head, characterized and pervaded his every work. His professional exertions united the qualities of criticism and instruction. When the higher classes read under him the Greek tragedians, orators, or poets, they received the benefit not only of direct and appropriate information, but of a pure, elegant lecture on classical taste. The spirit with which he commented on the *protopopæia* of *Œdipus* or *Electra*, the genuine elegance and accuracy with which he developed the animated rules and doctrines of his favourite Longinus(*c*), the insinuating but guarded praise he bestowed, the well-judged and proportionate encouragement he uniformly held out to the first dawning of genius, and the anxious assiduity with which he pointed out the paths to literary eminence, can never, I am confident, be forgotten by those who have hung with steadfast attention on his precepts, and enjoyed the advantage of his superior guidance. If we consider the crude and dry method in which the classics are too often read in schools, and how few enter the University with any remembrance of them, except as the drudgery of hard labour and the imposed weariness of a task; it is to be lamented that there exists no public lecture in which a professor might unfold their beauties, entice his auditors to a relish for them, and direct their taste to those most

(*c*) See his first letter to his father.

worthy of attention, most calculated to inform and polish the mind. How much composition and the general style of scholarship would be benefited by such an arrangement, it is needless to add: the effect arising from it must be universally acknowledged. And if ever there was an individual more calculated to fill such a chair, more gifted with every requisite to render the office all its warmest advocates deem it competent to accomplish; it was Dr. WARTON. No idea can I form of literary luxury much greater than attendance on him as a lecturer on the classics.

Zealous in his adherence to the church establishment, and exemplary in his attention to its ordinances and duties, he was at the same time a decided enemy to bigotry or intolerance. His style of preaching was unaffectedly earnest and impressive; and the dignified solemnity with which he read the Liturgy (particularly the Communion (*d*) service) was remarkably awful. He had the most happy art of arresting the attention of youth on religious subjects. Every Wiccamical reader will recollect his inimitable commentaries on Grotius in the Sunday evenings, and his discourse annually delivered in the school on Good Friday: the impressions made by them cannot be forgotten.

To descend to the minutiae of daily habits is surely beneath the province of biography. Free, open, and cheerful to his friends, without rigour or sullen severity to those

(*d*) Johnson's reproof to Garrick ever reminded me of Dr. W.'s strict propriety in reading the Commandments.

he disliked, Dr. WARTON in his general character could never deserve and seldom incur enmity. A playful liveliness, even on the most dry and didactic subjects, divested him of the smallest appearance of that pedantry which is too apt to attach itself to scholars by profession. None could leave his society without improvement, yet never was the man found who was oppressed by his superiority. The charm of unaffected ease and good humour prevented every feeling of inequality, every jealousy of receiving instruction : no individual perhaps ever possessed in a stronger degree the powers of enlivening conversation by extensive knowledge, correct judgement, and elegant taste (*e*). His cheerfulness
and

(*e*) In an excellent controversial pamphlet we find the following passage : “ Whilst I am writing, the world has been deprived of Dr. Warton, a most accomplished and excellent scholar. In elegant learning and critical taste, I have ever considered him as consummate and supreme. This taste he excelled in imparting to successive generations of rising scholars, over whom he for many years presided at Wykeham’s College. Scarcely any man possessed so much of what may be called the private history of literature and learned men. But what might be less expected from such a scholar, was his being equally informed on every other subject, on philosophical and theological opinions, and on general history. The good humour and vivacity with which he communicated his taste and knowledge to his numerous friends, will be long remembered by them with affection and regret.”

The following character likewise appeared soon after his death, written by a friend who was thoroughly competent to estimate, and who deeply felt, the loss of such a companion :

“ On Sunday morning early, died, in the 78th year of his age, at Wickham in Hampshire, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton, rector of that parish, prebendary of Winchester, &c. The erudition and critical talents of this eminently literary character have been universally acknowledged during the last half century. But these qualities, however great in themselves, were as nothing,

and resignation in affliction were invincible: even under the extreme of bodily weakness, his strong mind was unbroken, and his limbs became paralyzed in the very act of dictating an epistle of friendly criticism. So quiet, so composed was his end, that he might more truly be said to cease to live than to have undergone the pangs of death.

Thus sincerely and without affectation estimating the talents and virtues of Dr. WARTON, thus conscious of his eminence as an author, and attached to his memory as an instructor, let me ask in the language of Cicero "Hunc ego non diligam? non admirer? non omni ratione defendendum putem?"

when compared to the virtues of his mind. His incomparable temper, general benevolence, and social accomplishments, must for ever endear him, both as a man and a Christian, to the memory of his very numerous, and surviving friends."

SELECTION
FROM
DR. WARTON'S
POETICAL WORKS.

THE Reader will be surprized to find notes on so few poems. The original intention of the Editor was to have added them generally: but the advice of a friend, to whose judgment and care in reviewing the manuscript he is highly indebted, has convinced him that a profusion of notes in a work where neither Antiquity or Obscurity are to be illustrated cannot amuse or assist the reader, and often subjects the commentator to the suspicion of gratifying personal vanity under the masque of necessary explanation.

Some of those introduced in the Enthusiast, and Ode to Mr. West, were passages referred to by the Doctor, though they were not given at length in his edition—a justifiable plea, it may be presumed, for their retaining their place.

SAPPHO'S ADVICE.

TIR'D with the visits of the day,
Semanthe on a sofa lay ;
And leaning on her elbow, thought
Which was the loveliest silks she bought ;
How by Sir Plume she was gallanted,
How at the Park and Opera flaunted !
What silly hearts she had subdu'd,
And how she best might play the prude !
Till Sleep his heavy poppies spread,
Adown she drops her drowsy head !

Sudden a female phantom rose,
Her cheek with healthy roses glows,
Her lively eyes are fill'd with fire,
Yet modestly forbid desire :
Her ebon curls hang loose behind,
And laurel-wreaths her temples bind :

In a magazine I find the following memorandum, in Dr. Warton's handwriting:—P. 545. Sappho's Advice was written by me, then at Winchester school; the next by Tomkyns; and the sonnet by Collins.

J. WARTON.

A snowy robe her limbs array'd,
While thus the vision, Sappho, said :
—It grieves me much, alas ! to find
The Fair neglect t'improve her mind !
The toys that your attention claim,
A Grecian maid would blush to name ;
While you're adjusting your commode,
Lesbia, or I, could make an ode !
No gaudy ribbons deck'd her head,
A trembling light no diamond shed ;
In white and innocency drest
The plainest beauties were the best :
A pen I handled for a fan,
And learnt not how to dance but scan :
Those pretty eyes !—how soon they close !
Those cheeks—how fades the blushing rose !
When age has wean'd your love for dress,
And akes and beaux your years confess ;
When amorets no more can shine ;
And Stella owys she's not divine ;
Then sense and merit shall supply
The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye ;
For nymphs, regardless of their faces,
Should add Minerva to the Graces.

BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

A GENTLE dove, while Aura stray'd
 To taste the ev'ning air,
 Approach'd amid the myrtle shade,
 The far more harmless Fair.

Perch'd on her arm, where nought he fear'd,
 The bird forgot to rove,
 And as her softer voice he heard,
 Coo'd sympathy and love.

The tender maid with sweet surprize
 Stood wond'ring whence he came,
 And why the wand'rer of the skies
 Unnaturally tame :

I shall stand excused, at least I trust, amongst my Wiccamical readers, for the introduction of the two lyric pieces not professedly written by Dr. Warton. The three juvenile poets probably inspected each others compositions, and may be considered as jointly concerned in the packet sent to the magazine—A packet which called forth, from a critic by no means inaccurate or easily satisfied, the following unqualified eulogium:—"We pass on to three more of the lyric kind, which might do honour to any collection. There belongs to them an happy facility of versification, and the way to the scope or striking part is natural and well conducted. Whoever ventures to prefer one, must allow the other two worthy of the same hand: the least, which is a favourite of mine, carries a force mixed with tenderness and an uncommon elevation."—601. Criticism on the three poems from Winchester, by Johnson.

But

SELECTION FROM

But what should Aura's wonder move?
The dove beheld her mien,
And while she charm'd th' admiring grove,
Thought 'twas the Cyprian queen.

Happy mistake! deceiv'd yet bless'd
He left the bow'rs above;
Thus Aura justly was confess'd
The brighter queen of love.

AURAMANTULUS.

SONNET.

WHEN Phœbe form'd a wanton smile
My soul! it reach'd not here!
Strange that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!

From midst the drops, my Love is born,
That o'er those eyelids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled Queen of Love.

DELICATULUS.

THE ENTHUSIAST:

OR THE

LOVER OF NATURE.

WRITTEN IN 1740.

Rure vero barbaroque lætatur. MARTIAL.

————— Ut mihi devio

Rupes et vacuum nemus

Mirari libet !

HORACE.

YE green-rob'd Dryads, oft at dusky eve
By wondering shepherds seen, to forests brown,
To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,
Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.
Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimic gods,
Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns,
Of high relief ; can the long, spreading lake,
Or vista lessening to the sight ; can Stow,
With all her attic fanes, such raptures raise,
As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,
And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,

While

While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots
 O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
 Hum drowsy lullabies? The bards of old,
 Fair Nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm
 Sweet Echo with their songs; oft too they met
 In summer evenings, near sequester'd bowers,
 Or mountain-nymph, or muse, and eager learnt
 The moral strains she taught to mend mankind.
 As in a secret grot *Ægeria* stole
 With patriot *Numa*, and in silent night
 Whisper'd him sacred laws, he list'ning sat,
 Rapt with her virtuous voice, old *Tyber* lean'd
 Attentive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.

Rich in her weeping country's spoils, *Versailles*
 May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast
 The tortur'd waters to the distant heav'ns;
 Yet let me choose some pine-topt precipice
 Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,
 Like *Anio*, tumbling roars; or some bleak heath,
 Where straggling stands the mournful juniper,
 Or yew-tree scath'd; while in clear prospect round,
 From the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smoke
 In bluish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,
 Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops

As in a secret grot.]—*LIVY*, Book 1st. chap. 19th.

Of Gothic battlements appear, and streams
 Beneath the sun-beams twinkle.—The shrill lark,
 That wakes the woodman to his early task,
 Or love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays
 Sooth lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove
 Pitied by list'ning milk-maid, far excel
 The deep-mouth'd viol, the soul-lulling lute,
 And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds!
 That please not like the choristers of air,
 When first they hail th' approach of laughing May.

Can Kent design like Nature? Mark where Thames
 Plenty and pleasure pours through Lincoln's meads*;

Can

* The Earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surrey.

Can Kent design like Nature?—In Walpole's elegant and entertaining History of Modern Gardening, Kent is deemed the artist to whom the English nation is chiefly indebted for diffusing a taste in laying out grounds. It is likewise asserted that the friendship Pope felt for him contributed in a great degree to form this taste.—The first book of Mason's English Garden thus alludes to their united powers:

----- with bolder rage,
 Pope next advances, his indignant arm
 Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades
 And lights them to destruction. The fierce blaze
 Sweeps thro' each kindred vista. Groves to groves
 Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
 And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory,
 The bard returns, and on the banks of Thames
 Erects his flag of triumph, wild it waves
 In verdant splendor, and beholds, and hails
 The King of Rivers! as he rolls along,
 Kent is his bold associate, Kent who felt

Q

The

Can the great Artist, though with taste supreme
 Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?
 Though he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
 Formality and method, round and square
 Disdaining, plans irregularly great.

Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,
 Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
 With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
 The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell

Snow-

The pencil's power, but, fir'd by higher forms
 Of beauty than that pencil knew to paint,
 Work'd with the living hues that nature lent,
 And realiz'd his landscapes. Generous he
 Who gave to painting what the wayward nymph
 Refus'd her votary, those Elysian scenes,
 Which would she emulate, her nicest hand
 Must all its force of light and shade employ.

The thousand-colour'd tulip.]

- - - - - When at hand
 Along these blushing borders bright with dew
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers
 Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes,
 The yellow wall-flower stain'd with iron brown,
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed
 Anemonies, auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
 And full ranunculas of glowing red.

Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd rose,
 And golden crocus?—Yet with these the maid,
 Phillis or Phœbe, at a feast or wake
 Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,
 In innocence and homespun vestments dress'd,
 Than if cærulean sapphires at her ears
 Shone pendant, or a precious diamond-cross
 Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.

Yon shepherd idly stretch'd on the rude rock,
 List'ning to dashing waves, and sea-mew's clang
 High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
 The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
 Feels more true bliss than the proud admiral,
 Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold
 And silken streamers, though his lordly nod
 Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.
 And great Æneas gaz'd with more delight
 On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,

(Where

Then comes the tulip race where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks, from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father dust
 The varied colours run; and while they break
 On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist marks
 With secret pride the wonders of his hand.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

And great Æneas gaz'd.]

Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
 Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.

(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
 Descending, shook his direful Ægis black)
 Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
 On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
 Exhausted, to enrich its stately head.
 More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cot
 On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,
 Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
 Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
 His royal guest, and bade his minstrels sound
 Soft slumb'rous Lydian airs, to sooth his rest.

Happy the first of men *, ere yet confin'd
 To smoky cities ; who in sheltering groves,
 Warm caves, and deep-sunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,
 By cares unwounded ; what the sun and showers,
 And genial earth untillag'd, could produce,
 They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown
 Or blushing berry ; by the liquid lapse
 Of murm'ring waters call'd to slake their thirst,
 Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe ;

Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
 Dira loci ; jam tum sylvam saxúmque tremebant.
 Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
 (Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum
 Credunt se vidisse Jovem, cùm saepe nigram
 Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosque ciceret." Æn. 8th.

* See LUCRETIVUS, Lib. V. from line 922 to 1008. Et genus humanum, &c.

With nymphs who fondly clasp'd their fav'rite youths,
 Unaw'd by shame, beneath the beechen shade,
 Nor wiles, nor artificial coyness knew.
 Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
 Nor frown of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats;
 Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:
 Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd Love,
 O! whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
 While Avarice waves his golden wand around,
 Abhorr'd magician, and his costly cup
 Prepares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the souls
 Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.

In earth's first infancy (as sung the bard,
 Who strongly painted what he boldly thought),
 Though the fierce north oft smote with iron whip
 Their shiv'ring limbs, though oft the bristly boar
 Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,
 And scar'd them from their moss-grown caves, to rove.
 Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;
 Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields
 Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas
 O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and shrieking crew;
 In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt
 The jolly sailor, unsuspecting harm,
 For Commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,
 Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard

The dashing oar : then famine, want, and pain,
 Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us,
 Diseaseful dainties, riot, and excess,
 And feverish luxury destroy. In brakes
 Or marshes wild unknowingly they crop'd
 Herbs of malignant juice ; to realms remote
 While we for powerful poisons madly roam,
 From every noxious herb collecting death.
 What though unknown to those primæval sires
 The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
 By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown
 The shapely column, and the crumbling busts
 Of awful ancestors in long descent?
 Yet why should man, mistaken, deem it nobler
 To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
 Than in God's forests, architect supreme !
 Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's
 Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n ;
 Or softer to the votaries of ease
 Than bladed grass, perfum'd with dew-dropt flow'rs ?

Then famine, want, and pain.]

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die ;
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear ; that thou may'st know
 What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men.

PARADISE LOST, Book 11th.

O taste

O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
 In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,
 Should proudly banish Nature's simple charms!
 All beautiful Nature! by thy boundless charms
 Oppress'd, O where shall I begin thy praise,
 Where turn th' ecstatic eye, how ease my breast
 That pants with wild astonishment and love!
 Dark forests, and the opening lawn, refresh'd
 With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
 The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd close,
 So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
 The playful lamb, the distant water-fall
 Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze,
 The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,
 The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs
 His dappled mate, stung with intense desire,
 The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
 Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,
 The chearful sun that through earth's vitals pours
 Delight and health, and heat; all, all conspire
 To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind,
 To lift on wings of praise, to the great Sire
 Of being and of beauty, at whose nod
 Creation started from the gloomy vault
 Of dreary Chaos, while the griesly king
 Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.

What are the lays of artful Addison,
 Coldly correct, to Shakespear's warblings wild?
 Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
 Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe
 To a close cavern: (still the shepherds shew
 The sacred place, whence with religious awe
 They hear, returning from the field at eve,
 Strange whisp'rings of sweet music through the air)
 Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
 She fed the little prattler, and with songs
 Oft sooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
 On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

Oft near some crowded city would I walk,
 Listening the far-off noises, rattling cars,

*What are the lays of artful Addison, &c.]—*When Voltaire preferred Cato to the tragedies of Shakespear, I am inclined to suspect there was as much malice as depravity of taste in the decision. The English drama he well knew was not exalted by his panegyric, whilst he intended that it should be sensibly depreciated by his censure. The justly celebrated Mrs. Montague, in her Essay on the Writings and Genius of our great Dramatic Poet, has completely refuted the French Critic's misrepresentations.

And bore the smiling babe, &c.]

Far from the sun and summer gale
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face. The dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

GRAY.

Loud

Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells
Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,
Striking mine ears with one deep-swelling hum.
Or wand'ring near the sea, attend the sounds
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves,
Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,
And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine
To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit,
Pensively musing on the outrageous crimes
That wake heaven's vengeance: at such solemn hours,
Dæmons and goblins through the dark air shriek,
While Hecat, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,
Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and death.
Then too, they say, in drear Ægyptian wilds
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
With roarings loud! the list'ning traveller
Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
Of pyramids increase the deathful sounds.

But let me never fail in cloudless nights,
When silent Cynthia in her silver car
Through the blue concave slides, when shine the hills,
Twinkle the streams, and woods look tip'd with gold,
To seek some level mead, and there invoke
Old Midnight's sister Contemplation sage,
(Queen of the rugged brow and stern-fixt eye)

'To lift my soul above this little earth,
 This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,
 That I may hear the rolling planets' song,
 And tuneful turning spheres: if this be barr'd,
 The little Fays that dance in neighbouring dales,
 Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,
 Shall charm me with ærial notes.—As thus
 I wander musing, lo, what awful forms
 Yonder appear! sharp-ey'd Philosophy
 Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,
 First meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude
 Serene, who blushes at each gazer's sight;
 Then Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
 Trembling, and bent with age; last Virtue's self
 Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
 Sweet Innocence, that rattles by her side,
 A naked boy!—Harass'd with fear I stop,
 I gaze, when Virtue thus—' Whoe'er thou art,
 ' Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld
 ' In these my midnight-walks; depart, and say
 ' That henceforth I and my immortal train
 ' Forsake Britannia's isle; who fondly stoops

The little Fays.]—Thus in the *Midsommer Night's Dream* Shakespear puts into the mouth of the fairy:

I must go seek some dew drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

'To Vice, her favourite paramour.'—She spoke,
 And as she turn'd, her round and rosy neck,
 Her flowing train, and long ambrosial hair,
 Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.

O who will bear me then to western climes,
 (Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
 Yet unpolluted with Iberian swords:
 The isles of Innocence, from mortal view
 Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's shade,
 Where Happiness and Quiet sit enthron'd,
 With simple Indian swains, that I may hunt
 The boar and tiger through savannahs wild,
 Through fragrant deserts, and through citron groves?
 There fed on dates and herbs, would I despise
 The far-fetch'd cates of luxury, and hoards
 Of narrow-hearted avarice; nor heed
 The distant din of the tumultuous world.
 So when rude whirlwinds rouze the roaring main,
 Beneath fair Thetis sits, in coral caves,
 Serenely gay, nor sinking sailors' cries
 Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form

----- She spoke,
 And as she turn'd, &c.]

Dixit: et avertens rosâ cervice refulsit,
 Ambrosiæq; comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravère: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incesu patuit Dea.

VIRG. ÆN. 1st.

The light fantastic dance, or for her hair
Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes
Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.

V E R S E S

O N A B U T T E R F L Y :

FAIR child of Sun and Summer! we behold
With eager eyes thy wings bedropp'd with gold ;
The purple spots that o'er thy mantle spread,
The sapphire's lively blue, the ruby's red,
Ten thousand various blended tints surprize,
Beyond the rainbow's hues or peacock's eyes :
Not Judah's king in eastern pomp array'd,
Whose charms allur'd from far the Sheban maid,
High on his glittering throne, like you could shine
(Nature's completest miniature divine) :
For thee the rose her balmy buds renews,
And silver lilies fill their cups with dews ;
Flora for thee the laughing fields perfumes,
For thee Pomona sheds her choicest blooms,

Soft

Soft Zephyr wafts thee on his gentlest gales
 O'er Hackwood's sunny hills and verdant vales;
 For thee, gay queen of insects! do we rove
 From walk to walk, from beauteous grove to grove;
 And let the critics know, whose pedant pride
 And awkward jests our sprightly sport deride;
 That all who honours, fame, or wealth pursue,
 Change but the name of things—they hunt for you.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,

Thy

Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak*,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;

* Of pine or monumental oak
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or frigit them from their hallow'd haunt. IL PENSEROSO.

Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest :
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With Spenser through a fairy grove ;
 Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear *
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
 By the sweetly-soothing sound !
 Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead,
 Sometimes through the yellow mead,
 Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
 And Venus keeps her festive court,
 Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
 Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads ;

* And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

IL PENSEROSO.

Where

Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song :
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ,
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh ;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies* ,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,

* This is not only an original, but wonderfully poetical idea.

Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
 Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say
 To battle hurries me away?
 'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
 Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead;
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful gorgon-shield!
 O guide me from this horrid scene,
 To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun;
 The pangs of absence, O remove!
 For thou canst place me near my love,
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence!
 When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,

When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly checks ;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold ;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave ;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new, unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng,

O'er

O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, and pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
 O deign t' attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk ;
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;
 Like lightning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;
 With native beauties win applause
 Beyond cold critics' studied laws ;
 O let each Muse's fame encrease,
 O bid Britannia rival Greece.

ODE TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN ON A RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

O WHETHER with laborious clowns
 In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,
 In noisy merchant-crowded towns,
 Or in the temperate Brachman's cell ;
 Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,
 Wet with sweet dews collects his flowery food ;

In Bath or in Montpellier's plains,
 Or rich Bermuda's balmy isle,
 Or the cold North, whose fur-clad swains
 Ne'er saw the purple autumn smile,
 Who over Alps of snow, and desarts drear,
 By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer ;

O lovely queen of mirth and ease,
 Whom absent, beauty, banquets, wine,
 Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
 And kings on ivory couches pine,
 Nature's kind nurse, to whom by gracious heav'n
 To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis giv'n ;

To aid a languid wretch, repair,
 Let pale-ey'd Grief thy presence fly,
 The restless demon, gloomy Care,
 And meagre Melancholy, die ;
 Drive to some lonely rock the giant Pain,
 And bind him howling with a triple chain !

O come, restore my aking sight ;
 Yet let me not on Laura gaze,
 Soon must I quit that dear delight,
 O'erpower'd by Beauty's piercing rays ;
 Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
 Thy oil of gladness on my fainting head :

How nearly had my spirit past,
Till stopt by Metcalf's skilful hand,
To Death's dark regions wide and waste,
And the black river's mournful strand ;
Or to those vales of joy, and meadows blest,
Where sages, heroes, patriots, poets rest ;

Where Maro and Musæus sit
List'ning to Milton's loftier song,
With sacred silent wonder smit ;
While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
Homer in rapture throws his trumpet down,
And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.

O D E

TO A GENTLEMAN ON HIS TRAVELS. 7048

WHILE I with fond officious care
For you my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay,
Where shall this verse my Cynthia find,
What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray ?

Perhaps

Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom,
 To strew o'er Virgil's laurell'd tomb,
 Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound ;
 For at the hour of silence, there
 The shades of ancient bards repair,
 To join*in choral song his hallow'd urn around :

Or wander in the cooling shade
 Of Sabine bow'rs, where Horace stray'd,
 And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
 (As round in classic search you trace
 With curious eye the pleasing place)
 ' That fount he lov'd, and there beneath that hill he sate."

How longs my raptur'd breast with you
 Great Raphael's magic strokes to view,
 To whose blest hand each charm the Graces gave!
 Whence each fair form with beauty glows
 Like that of Venus, when she rose
 Naked in blushing charms from Ocean's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
 To smooth Clitumnus' banks you tread,
 What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise !
 While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
 Grazes around, from some steep rock
 With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now

Now thro' the ruin'd domes my Muse
 Your steps with eager flight pursues,
 That their cleft piles on Tyber's plains present,
 Among whose hollow-winding cells
 Forlorn and wild Rome's Genius dwells,
 His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mould'ring walls,
 Those caverns dark and silent halls,
 Let me repair by midnight's paly fires ;
 There muse on Empire's fallen state,
 And frail Ambition's hapless fate,
 While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene inspires.

What lust of pow'r from the cold North
 Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
 Fair Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waste ?
 Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
 Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
 And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd !

They weeping Art in fetters bound,
 And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
 And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night ;
 Sad Poesy, much-injur'd maid,
 They drove to some dim convent's shade,
 And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent light.
 There

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
 Till Cosmo's hand her light relum'd,
 That once again in lofty Tasso shone ;
 Since has sweet Spenser caught her fire,
 She breath'd once more in Milton's lyre,
 And warm'd the soul divine of Shakespear, Fancy's son.

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
 On her Britannia's much-lov'd isle,
 Where these her best, her favourite Three were born,
 While Theron * warbles Grecian strains,
 Or polish'd Dodington remains,
 The drooping train of arts to cherish and adorn.

O D E

AGAINST DESPAIR.

FAREWELL thou dimpled cherub, Joy,
 Thou rose-crown'd ever-smiling boy,
 Wont thy sister Hope to lead,
 To dance along the primrose mead !

* The author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*.

No more, bereft of happy hours,
I seek thy lute-resounding bow'rs,
But to yon ruin'd tow'r repair,
To meet the god of groans, Despair ;
Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
Still takes at eve his silent round,
Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
Where lies a frantic suicide :
While lab'ring sighs my heart-strings break,
Thus to the sullen power I speak :

‘ Haste with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
‘ To pierce this sorrow-laden breast !
‘ Or lead me, at the dead of night,
‘ To some sea-beat mountain's height,
‘ Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
‘ To the dark bosom of the deep ;
‘ Or shew me, far from human eye,
‘ Some cave to muse in, starve, and die ;
‘ No weeping friend or brother near,
‘ My last, fond, falt'ring words to hear !

'Twas thus, with weight of woes opprest,
I sought to ease my bruised breast ;
When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
And lo ! a tall majestic maid !

T

Her

Her limbs, not delicately fair,
Robust, and of a martial air ;
She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
Th' Athenian * martyr smiling stand,
The baleful goblet in his hand ;
Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
And Patience was the seraph's name ;
Sternly she look'd, and stern began—
' Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
' Rouze thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
' Soon are the clouds of sadness gone ;
' Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
' Where griesly fiends around you stalk,
' Beyond, a blissful city lies,
' Far from whose gates each anguish flies ;
' Take thou this shield, which once of yore
' Ulysses and Alcides wore,
' And which in later days I gave
' To Regulus and Raleigh brave,
' In exile or in dungeon drear
' Their mighty minds could banish fear ;
' Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
' 'Twas Virtue temper'd the rough steel,
' And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
' To me the precious present brought.'

* Socrates.

O D E

T O E V E N I N G.

HAIL, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
 Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,
 As, homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
 He jocund whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks beneath the gilded hills,
 You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
 The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
 And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk :

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
 To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
 Return to trip in wanton evening dance,
 Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
 Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene,
 And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-furrow'd field,
 Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His nibbling sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
And with hoarse hummings of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps ; desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening, oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train,
List'ning to every wildly-warbling throat
That fills with farewell notes the dark'ning plain.

O D E

TO CONTENT.

WELCOME Content ! from roofs of fretted gold,
From Persian sofas, and the gems of Ind,
From courts, and camps, and crowds,
Fled to my cottage mean !

Meek

Meek Virgin, wilt thou deign with me to sit
 In pensive pleasure by my glimmering fire,
 And with calm smile despise
 The loud world's distant din ;

As from the piny mountain's topmost cliff
 Some wandering hermit sage hears unconcern'd,
 Far in the vale below,
 The thund'ring torrent burst !

Teach me, good heaven, the gilded chains of vice
 To break, to study independant ease,
 Pride, pomp, and power to shun,
 Those fatal Syrens fair,

That, rob'd like Eastern queens, sit on high thrones,
 And, beckoning every thirsty traveller,
 Their baleful cups present
 With pleasing poisons fraught.

O let me dwell in life's low valley, blest
 With the dear Nymph I love, true, heart-felt joy,
 With chosen friends to turn
 The polish'd Attic page ;

Nor

Nor seldom, if nor Fortune damp my wings,
Nor dire Disease, to soar to Pindus' hill,
My hours, my soul devote,
To Poesy and Love !

O D E

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O THOU, that to the moon-light vale
Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
What time the village-murmurs cease,
And the still eye is hush'd to peace,
When now no busy sound is heard,
Contemplation's favourite bird !

Chauntress of night, whose amorous song
(First heard the tufted groves among)
Warns wanton Mabba to begin
Her revels on the circled green,
Whene'er by Meditation led
I nightly seek some distant mead,

A short repose of cares to find,
 And sooth my love-distracted mind,
 O fail not then, sweet Philomel !
 Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell ;
 In sympathetic numbers join
 Thy pangs of luckless love with mine!

So may no swain's rude hand infest
 Thy tender young, and rob thy nest ;
 Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
 Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
 No more to visit vale or shade,
 Some barbarous virgin's captive made.

O D È

TO A LADY ON THE SPRING.

Lo! Spring, array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
 Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
 With show'rs and sunshine chears the smiling globe,
 And mantles hill and vale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
The pregnant glebe now bursts with foodful grain,
With kindly warmth she opens the frozen ground,
And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She calls the fish from out their ouzy beds,
And animates the deep with genial love,
She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the meads,
And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove.

No more the glaring tyger roams for prey,
All-powerful Love subdues his savage soul,
To find his spotted mate he darts away,
While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood controul.

But ah ! while all is warmth and soft desire,
While all around Spring's chearful spirit own,
You feel not, Amoret, her quickening fire,
To Spring's kind influence you a foe alone !

O D E

TO A LADY WHO HATES THE COUNTRY.

Now Summer, daughter of the Sun,
 O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,
 And earth o'erflows with joys ;
 Too long in routs and drawing-rooms
 The tasteless hours my Fair consumes,
 'Midst folly, flattery, noise.

Come, hear mild Zephyr bid the rose
 Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,
 Come, hear the falling rill,
 Observe the honey-loaded bee,
 The beech embower'd cottage see,
 Beside yon sloping hill.

By health awoke at early morn,
 We'll brush sweet dews from every thorn,
 And help unpen the fold ;
 Hence to yon hollow oak we'll stray,
 Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
 An holy Druid old.

U

Come,

Come, wildly rove thro' desert dales,
 To listen how lone nightingales
 In liquid lays complain ;
 Adieu the tender, thrilling note
 That pants in Monticelli's throat,
 And Handel's stronger strain.

' Insidious pleasures these! you cry ;
 • Must I from dear assemblies fly,
 ' To see rude peasants toil ?
 ' For operas listen to a bird ?
 ' Shall Sydney's fables* be preferr'd
 ' To my sagacious Hoyle † ?'

O falsely fond of what seems great,
 Of purple pomp, and robes of state,
 And all life's tinsel glare !
 Rather with humble violets bind,
 Or give to wanton in the wind,
 Your length of sable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
 Will Mirth, the sprightly mountain-maid,
 Your days and nights attend,

* ARCADIA.

† Alluding to those ladies who have left their novels and romances for the profound study of Mr. Hoyle's book on Whist.

She'll bring fantastic Sport and Song,
 Nor Cupid will be absent long,
 Your true ally and friend.

O D E

TO SOLITUDE.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade ;
 List'ning to the crowing cock,
 And the distant sounding clock ;
 Or, sitting in thy cavern low,
 Dost hear the bleak winds loudly blow,
 Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
 Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
 While through thy melancholy room
 A dim lamp casts an awful gloom ;
 Thou, that on the meadow green
 Or daisy'd upland art not seen,

But wand'ring by the dusky nooks,
 And the pensive falling brooks,
 Or near some rugged, herbless rock,
 Where no shepherd keeps his flock!
 Musing maid, to thee I come,
 Hating the tradeful city's hum ;
 O let me calmly dwell with thee,
 From noisy mirth and bus'ness free,
 With meditation seek the skies,
 This folly-fetter'd world despise !

O D E

TO MR. WEST ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

I. 1.

ALBION exult ! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
 The man of Thebes hath in thy valcs appear'd !
 * Hark ! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire
 The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre ;

* And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. GRAY'S BARD.

The

The sounds that echoed on Alpheus' streams
 Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
 Lo! swift across the dusty plain
 Great Theron's foaming coursers strain!
 What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
 Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art
 Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;
 Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
 With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
 When Freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
 The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
 * We long to sit with heroes old,
 'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
 Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
 And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

Away,

Lo! swift across, &c.]

θηρωνα δε τετραόριος
 ἕνεκα νικαφόρον
 γεμνητεον ὄπι
 δικαιον ζένον
 ερεισμ' Ακράγαϊτος
 ἐλων' μιν δε παλ' ἔρων
 αἰών ορθοπολι
 φόρον? Αλφειῶ.

2d OLYMP. OD.

* Πηλεὺς δὲ καὶ Κάδμος ἐν τοῖς
 σιν αλεγομένης

Αχαιΐα

I. 3.

Away, encrave bards, away,
 Who spin the courtly, silken lay,
 As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
 Or mourn some soft Adonis dead:
 No more your polish'd lyrics boast,
 In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and lost:
 As well might ye compare
 The glimmerings of a waxen flame,
 (Emblem of verse correctly tame)
 *To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
 When to Heav'n's vault the fiery deluge raves,
 When clouds and burning rocks dart thro' the troubled air.

In

Ἀχολλία τ' ἐπεικ' ἔπει
 Ζῆτος ἦτορ κίαις ἐπεισε, μάτηρ.

Virgil, in the following beautiful passage, reminds us of Pindar's animated description of the inhabitants of Elysium:

Magnanimi heroës, nati melioribus annis;
 Ilúsq; Assaracúsq; et Trojáæ Dardanus auctor.
 Arma procul, currúsq; virúm miratur inanes.
 Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passímq; soluti
 Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currúm,
 Armorúmq; fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repóstos.

* - - - - - κίαις
 δ' ἄρα κία σου ἔχει,
 νηφέσσ' Ἄρτα πάνετες
 χιόνος ὀξείας τήθηα
 τᾶς ἐρεῖγούσαι μεν ἀπλά-
 τω πυρὸς ἀγνότητα
 ἐκ μυχῶν παγαί πόλαμοί

δ' ἀμέραισι

II. 1.

* In roaring cataracts down Andes' channell'd steeps
 Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
 Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
 Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
 Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows:
 Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
 Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
 Where still the naked Indian roves,
 And safely builds his leafy bow'r,
 From slavery far, and curst Iberian pow'r;

II. 2.

† So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
 Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire!

δ' ἀμέραισι μὲν προχέουσι βόον να
 πῖς
 Αἰθῶν'. ἀλλ' ἐν ὄρεσσι πέ
 τρας
 φύνισσα κυλινομένη φθῆξ ἐς βα
 θύ.
 αὐ φέρεϊ πόλιου πλάκα σὺν πα
 τάγω.

1 PYTH. OD.

See also the 1st Georgic:

- - - - Quoties Cyclopus effervere in agros
 Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,
 Flammarumque globos, liquefactaq; volvere saxa!

* Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar. GRAY.

† Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
 Quem super notas iluere ripas
 Fervet, immensusq; ruit profundo.

PINDARUS ORG.

O ancient

O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whose lays
 The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze ;
 And next Euripides, soft Pity's priest,
 Who melts in useful woes the bleeding breast ;
 And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
 Whose soul amaze and horror wring ;
 Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
 The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind :

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child *,
 On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
 Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
 For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
 Seeks not in fighting fields renown :
 No widow's midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
 The peaceful poet please ;
 Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
 Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
 Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor stateman's schemes,
 Nor all deceiv'd Ambition's feverish dreams,
 Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

* Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,
 Illum non labor Isthmius
 Clarabit pugilem ; non equus impiger
 Curru ducet Achaïco
 Victorem ; neque res bellica Deliis
 Ornatum foliis ducem,
 Quòd regum tumidas contuderit minas,
 Ostendet Capitolio.

S T A N Z A S

ON TAKING THE AIR AFTER A LONG ILLNESS

1.

HAIL genial Sun! I feel thy powerful ray
Strike vigorous health into each languid vein;
Lo, at thy bright approach, are fled away
The pale-ey'd sisters, Grief, Disease, and Pain.

2.

O hills, O forests, and thou painted mead,
Again admit me to your secret seats,
From the dark bed of pining sickness freed,
With double joy I seek your green retreats.

3.

Yet once more, O ye rivers, shall I lie
In summer evenings on your willow'd banks,
And, unobserv'd by passing shepherd's eye,
View the light Naiads trip in wanton ranks.

X

Each

4.

Each rural object charms, so long unseen,
The blooming orchards, the white wand'ring flocks,
The fields array'd in sight-refreshing green,
And with his loosen'd yoke the wearied ox.

5.

Here let me stop beneath this spreading bush,
While Zephyr's voice I hear the boughs among,
And listen to the sweet thick-warbling thrush,
Much have I wish'd to hear her vernal song.

6.

The Dryad Health frequents this hallow'd grove;
O where may I the lovely virgin meet?
From morn to dewy evening will I rove
To find her haunts, and lay an off'ring at her feet.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN AT MONTAUBAN IN FRANCE, 1750.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,
 But, ah! they fructify a land of slaves!
 In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants hide
 With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic side;
 No cups nectareous shall their toil repay,
 The priest's, the soldier's, and the fermier's prey:
 Vain glows this Sun, in cloudless glory drest,
 That strikes fresh vigour through the pining breast;
 Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
 My soul's best, only pleasure, Liberty!
 What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood*
 When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—"Blood!"
 Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
 That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
 Be warn'd, ye nations round; and trembling see
 Dire superstition quench humanity!
 By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost,
 By wise and virtuous Alfred's awful ghost;

* Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the southern provinces of France.

By old Galgacus' scythed, iron ear,
 That, swiftly whirling through the walks of war,
 Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign throngs;
 By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
 By fierce Bonduca's shield and foaming steeds;
 By the bold Peers that met on Thames's meads;
 By the fifth Henry's helm, and lightning spear;
 O Liberty, my warm petition hear;
 Be Albion still thy joy! with her remain,
 Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain!

THE DYING INDIAN.

THE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt
 In double poison—I shall soon arrive
 At the blest island, where no tygers spring
 On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
 Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,
 Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe
 Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast
 Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my Son,
 I feel the venom busy in my breast,

Approach,

Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
Of that bold Christian who first dar'd deflow'r
The virgins of the Sun ; and, dire to tell !
Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems !
I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcase from the earth, and left it
A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
With sacred secrecy : if e'er returns
Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,
Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
Cherish her age. Tell her, I ne'er have worshipp'd
With those that eat their God. And when disease
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,
Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.
I go ! great Copac beckons me ! Farewell !

REVENGE OF AMERICA.

WHEN fierce Pizarro's legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan ;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore ;
He broke his arrows, stampt the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd ;
Plunderers proceed ! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there ;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice !
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity !
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst :
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay.

EPISTLE*

FROM THOMAS HEARNE, ANTIQUARY,

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE.

FRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
 Who won't at eve to pace the long lost bounds
 Of lonesome Oseney! What malignant fiend
 Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
 Hath base seduc'd? Urg'd thy apostate pen
 To trench deep wounds on Antiquaries sage,
 And drag the venerable fathers forth,
 Victims to laughter! Cruel as the mandate
 Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoin'd
 To throw aside the reverend letters black,
 And print Fast Prayers in modern type!—At this
 * Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood,
 Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
 Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd
 To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd

* This poem by mistake has been given to Mr. T. Warton, but its property is claimed under the Doctor's own hand, in a letter to his brother on the publication of the "Oxford Sausage."

† Names of eminent Antiquaries.

The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come
To deck Antiquity with flowrets gay.

But now may curses every search attend
That seems inviting ! may'st thou pore in vain
For dubious door-ways ! may revengeful moths
Thy ledgers eat ! may chronologic spouts
Retain no cypher legible ! may crypts
Lurk undiscern'd ! nor may'st thou spell the names
Of Saints in storied windows ! nor the dates
Of bells discover ! nor the genuine site
Of abbot's pantries ! and may Godstowe veil,
Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms.

FROM SHAKESPEAR'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

* That strain again ! that strain repeat !
Alas ! it is not now so sweet !
Oh ! it came o'er my mournful mind,
Like murmurs of the Southern wind,

That

* This exquisite morceau is grounded on the opening of Shakespear's
Twelfth Night :

" If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,

The

That steal along the violet's bed,
 And gently bend the cowslip's head ;
 'Twas suited to my pensive mood,
 'Twas hopeless Love's delicious food.

O D E

TO MUSIC.

* QUEEN of every moving measure,
 Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
 Music ! why thy powers employ
 Only for the sons of Joy ?

Only

The appetite may sicken, and so die :
 That strain again ; it had a dying fall :
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough ! no more !
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before."

* The following beautiful chorus in the Medea of Euripides, probably furnished our author with the sentiments of this Ode to Music.

Σκαῖς δὲ λέγων, κίχεν τι σοφῶς
 Τὴς πρόσθε βροτῶν, ἢν ἄν ἀμαρτοῖς,
 Οἴτινες ὕμνευς, ἐπὶ μὲν θαλάσσης,
 Ἐπὶ τ' εἰλαπίναις, καὶ παρὰ δαίτυναις,
 Εὐρόσῳ, βίς τερπνῶς ἀκαῶς,
 Στυγίης δὲ βροτῶν ἀδελῆς ἡπκα :

Y

Eὐρόσῳ

Only for the smiling guests
 At natal or at nuptial feasts ;
 Rather thy lenient numbers pour
 On those whom secret griefs devour ;
 Bid be still the throbbing hearts
 Of those, whom death, or absence parts,
 And, with some softly whisper'd air,
 Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

L I N E S,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, ON SEEING SOME SOLDIERS AT WICKHAM,
 WHO WERE GOING TO FORM A SETTLEMENT
 NEAR SENEGAMBIA.

WITH happy omen march, ye valiant ranks,
 From Thames to Senegambia's distant banks,
 Where, beneath warmer suns and genial skies,
 May future cities and new empires rise.

Εὐρὸ μῆσι καὶ πολυχρῆδοις
 Ὀρθαῖς παύειν, ἐξ ἂν θάνατοι,
 Διναί τε τυχαὶ σφάλλασι δόμας.
 Καὶ τοὶ τὰδε μὲν κέρδοι ἀκείσθαι
 Μολπαῖσι βροτῶν· ἵνα δ' εὐδαιμονίαι
 Δαίτες, τί μάτην τείνεσι βοῶν ;
 Ἐὖ παρὸν γὰρ εἶχει τερψιν ἀφ' αὐτῶ
 Δαίτες, πληρωμα βροτῶσιν.

V E R S E S

ON DR. BURTON'S DEATH.

BATHE not for me, dear youths! your mournful lays
 In bitter tears. O'er blooming Beauty's grave
 Let Pity wring her hands: I full of years,
 Of honours full, satiate of life, retire
 Like an o'erwearied pilgrim to his home,
 Nor at my lot repine. Yet the last prayer,
 That from my struggling bosom parts, shall rise
 Fervent for you! May Wickham's much-lov'd walls
 Be still with Science, Fame, and Virtue blest,
 And distant times and regions hail his name.

V E R S E S

By DR. WARTON.

SPOKEN TO THE KING BY LORD SHAFTESBURY.

FORGIVE th' officious Muse, that, with weak voice
 And trembling accents rude, attempts to hail
 Her royal Guest! who from yon tented field,

Britain's defence and boast, has deign'd to smile
 On Wickham's sons; the gentler arts of peace
 And science ever prompt to praise, and Mars
 To join with Pallas! 'Tis the Muses' task
 And office best to consecrate to Fame
 Heroes and virtuous Kings: the gen'rous youths,
 My lov'd compeers, hence with redoubled toil
 Shall strive to merit such auspicious smiles;
 And through life's various walks, in arts or arms,
 Or tuneful numbers, with their country's love
 And with true loyalty enflam'd, t' adorn
 This happy realm; while thy paternal care
 To time remote, and distant lands, shall spread
 Peace, Justice, Riches, Science, Freedom, Fame.

TO MR. SEWARD,

ON HIS VERSES TO LADY YOUNG.

BY DR. WARTON.

WE aged bards, rash friend! must now forbear
 To wound with feeble rhymes Amanda's ear;
 Waller in his full force such charms might praise,
 Or polish'd Petrarch, in his earliest lays.

Not

Not with a lover's or a poet's fire—
In sober silence we can but admire
Beauty with temper, taste and sense combin'd,
The body only equall'd by the mind.

ANSWER. BY W. F. ESQ.

To DR. WARTON.

SHALL Fancy's bard of age complain ?
Oh ! strike the sacred lyre again ;
For some there are whose pow'rs sublime
Defy the envious rage of time ;
And burst his slender cord, that binds
In narrow bounds inferior minds.
With youth renew'd an hundred years,
The dauntless eagle perseveres,
Aims at the Sun his daring flight,
And drinks untir'd the living light :
Thus Genius glows without decay,
And basks in Beauty's heavenly ray.
While Barb'ra claims the votive strain,
Strike, then—Oh strike the lyre again ;
As Grecian dames to her must yield,
For thee Anacreon quits the field.

Thus

Thus shall Britannia's fame encrease,
 In wit and beauty rival Greece.
 Strike!—strike again the sacred lyre,
 Lo! Seward joins th' applauding choir,
 Whose dross * contains a richer store
 Than half the world's best polish'd ore;
 My feebler Muse her wing shall fold,
 For ye are young, but I am old.

ON NOT BEING ABLE TO WRITE VERSES
 TO DELIA.

No tuneful period, no well-polish'd line
 Can issue from a heart so fond as mine:
 Wit is the language of a mind at ease,
 True passion feels too much with art to please.
 Let rhyming triflers celebrate your eyes;
 I only gaze in silence and in sighs.
 Ye Muses! will ye deign your wonted aid,
 And paint, O vain attempt! my matchless Maid.
 Ah, no! the stifled groan, the starting tear
 Too well declare, I am no poet here.

* Alluding to Mr. Seward's publication under the title of *Drossiana*.

'Twas thus I sang, and heavy hours beguil'd,
Ere yet my Delia bent her head, and smil'd.
Now care, begone ! for soon my longing arms
Shall closely to my bosom strain her charms :
Haste ! tardy time ! and let me call her Wife,
I feel to live without her is not life.

O D E.

O GENTLE, feather-footed Sleep,
In downy dews her temples steep,
Softly waving o'er her head
Thy care-beguiling rod of lead ;
Let Hymen in her dreams appear
And mildly whisper in her ear,
That constant hearts can never prove
True transports, but in wedded love.

* This ode was occasioned by the very spirited and proper animadversions of a lady on the following dangerous lines of Pope, in his *Eloise* to *Abelard* :

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws, but those which love has made, &c.

to the end of the ninetieth verse. Dr. Warton was much pleased with her observations, and, in half an hour after the company had separated, sent her the above.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON PASSING THROUGH HACKWOOD PARK,

AUG. 7, 1779.

O MUCH lov'd haunts ! O beech-embower'd vales !
O lonely lawns ! where oft at pensive eve
I met in former hours the Muse, and sought
Far from the busy world your deepest shades,
Receive my lovely Delia ; to her eye,
Well skill'd to judge of Nature's various charms,
Display your inmost beauties, lead her steps
To each inspiring avenue, but chief
O guide her to that airy hill, where Health
Sits on the verdant turf enthron'd, and smiles
Around the joyous villages ; O breathe
Into her tender breast your balmiest gales ;
O ease her languid head ! that she who feels
For others pains, may ne'er lament her own.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. T. WARTON, VICAR OF BASINGSTOKE.

BY HIS DAUGHTER*.

1.

ACCEPT, O sacred Shade, this artless verse,
 And kindly, O ye mourning friends, forbear
 To tear disdainful from his decent herse
 All I can give except the tender tear:
 He must not lie in his cold grave, among
 Poor shrieking ghosts, unprais'd, unwept, unsung.

Ah!

* Mrs. Jane Warton, to whose kind and able exertions the Editor is highly obliged. This lady, possessing all the genius and talent of the family, has dedicated a great part of her life to the education of her own sex: she has likewise distinguished herself by essays, and detached pieces of poetry, inserted in various monthly publications. The highly and deservedly admired Public Orator of the University of Oxford, in his "Oratio Crewiana, pro Anno M, DCCC," during his comment on the late Mr. T. Warton as a Poetry Professor, thus introduces the whole family: "Quid porro memorem illum familiarem et amicum meum, quem in historia Poescos Anglicanae scribenda occupatum mors præproperea oppressit? Neque enim necesse est nunc dicere quid in opere isto, quid in aliis suis multis, profecerit, quidve profecisset ultra, ni fata prohibuissent. Quanti vos cum feceritis, Academici, testor vosmetipsum, et luctuosum illum diem cum funus ejus duceretur, vobis, singulari sane studio et honore, ad sepulchrum comitantibus. Enimvero erat in illo viro nativum quoddam, et quasi jure familiae datum, ingenium poeticum, et ad literas humaniores aptum et conformatum; quod etiam ad cæteros stirpis

Z

ejus

2.

Ah! where was I when fiercely-frowning death
 With brandish'd dart stood at still midnight nigh,
 Why came I not to catch thy dying breath,
 And close with trembling hand thy languid eye?
 And on my sad breast lay thy drooping head,
 And bathe with tears thy hand so cold and dead?

Thee

ejus pertinebat. Nam et Pater eodem, quo ipse, Prælectoris munere digne perfunctus erat; suavis adeo poeta, ac etiam doctus: quin et Soror poemata conscripsit, et in obitu parentis pietatem suam laudabili carmine testata est: Frater vero, quem inter primarios sæculi sui viros poetices laude florentem ipsi vidimus, quam fuerit etiam ab omni elegantiori doctrina instructus documento sit Volumen illud quod de ingenio scriptisque Popii composuit, in eo nimirum criticæ genere, de quo loquor, opus singulare; quo quidem nihil rectius, nihil jucundius, nihil ad ingenium juvenile limandum accommodatius aut utilius legi possit.

Patiamini, oro, Academici, ut saltem hoc animi grati testimonio accumulæ dilectissimum Virum, magistrum aliquando meum, quem adeo ut parentem sum veneratus; cui quidem plus uni quam cæteris omnibus me debere ni profiterer palam, essem ingrattissimus. Video multorum ora jam in me esse conversa, expectantium scilicet si quid de communi præceptore nostro, in hac celebritate dicturus sim. Ego vero facile, Wiccamici, voluntati vestræ obsequer, si, quantum ejus in me merita postulant tantum dicendo possem: quæ autem est ista celebritas, aut quis literatorum hominum conventus, qui talis viri laudes non libenter audiat? Nonne vero satius est tacere quam parum dicere? Nam, ut præterierim ingenium ejus fertile, doctrinam eximiam, Judicium exactissimum, quæ omnia jam fama vulgata sunt et celebrata, quam multa tamen essent in vita et moribus ejus cum laude prædicanda? Quot proferenda exempla liberalitatis, sapientiæ, et amoris pœne paterni in alumnos suos? Tum in illustri ea Schola, cui per tot annos præfuit, regenda, quanta fuerit cura et auctoritate; in munere gravissimo obeundo, quantum ab acerbitate remotus; et ingenium siquando in puero eluceret, quam sagax, quamque propensus ad fovendum: annis porro ingravescentibus, cum jam molestissimi officii onere defatigatus esset, quam longe fuerit ab omni tristitia et querela

3.

Thee do I view in yonder flying cloud,
 Or do I hear thee in the hollow wind,
 Or dost thou still sleep in thy sable shroud,
 Where the dread judgment-trumpet thee shall find :
 O till that day, ye pitying angels come,
 Shield with your wings, and sing around his tomb.

4.

But if advanc'd to Heaven's empyreal height,
 Above with glorious martyr'd saints to live,
 Midst heav'nly hymns and harps, and visions bright,
 And all the joys a smiling God can give ;
 O be my watchful guardian-angel still,
 Save me from slavish vice, from folly and from ill.

querela senili ; imo, ad extremum usque vitæ tempus, quam comis atque jucundus ; ut, etiamsi in summa senectute decesserit, tamen decessus ejus immaturus esse videretur !—Verum sit satis hæc leviter attigisse, et vos paulisper ad recordationem anteaetæ ætatis revocasse. Nunquam erit Ille sine debita sua laude, superstitibus vobis ; neque vero parva laus est grata vestra memoria post mortem teneri. Hisce quæ jam dicta sunt, desiderio et amore viri charissimi, veniam dabit Academia, et ignoscet pietati nostræ.

O D E

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

By Dr. WARTON.

No more of nirth and rural joys,
 The gay description quickly cloys,
 In melting numbers, sadly slow,
 I tune my alter'd strings to woe ;
 Attend, Melpomene, and with thee bring
 Thy tragic lute, Euphranor's death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his name to praise,
 For oft thou heard'st his skilful lays ;
 Isis for him soft tears has shed,
 She plac'd her ivy on his head ;
 Chose him, strict judge, to rule with steady reins
 The vigorous fancies of her listening swains.

With genius, wit, and science blest,
 Unshaken honour arm'd his breast,
 Bade him, with virtuous courage wise,
 Malignant Fortune's darts despise ;
 Him, ev'n black Envy's venom'd tongues commend,
 As scholar, pastor, husband, father, friend.

For

For ever sacred, ever dear,
O much-lov'd Shade, accept this tear ;
Each night indulging pious woe,
Fresh roses on thy tomb I strew,
And wish for tender Spenser's moving verse,
Warbled in broken sobs o'er Sydney's herse ;

Let me to that deep cave resort,
Where Sorrow keeps her silent court,
For ever wringing her pale hands,
While dumb Misfortune near her stands,
With downcast eyes the Cares around her wait,
And Pity sobbing sits before the gate.

Thus stretch'd upon his grave I sung,
When straight my ears with murmur rung,
A distant, deaf, and hollow sound
Was heard in solemn whispers round—
' Enough, dear youth !—tho' wrapt in bliss above,
' Well pleas'd I listen to thy lays of love.'

RANELAGH HOUSE :

A SATIRE IN PROSE.

IN THE MANNER OF MONSIEUR LE SAGE.*

Deum immortalem, quod Theatrum est illud,
quam varius Stultorum Tumultus !

ERASMUS.

To Monsieur Le Sage in the Elysian Fields.

Most facetious Sir !

I beg leave to inscribe the following little piece to you, from whom the idea of it was borrowed. Happy would it have been for the cause of wit, if you had lived in Great Britain at a time when there are such copious subjects for the exercise of satirical talents. I suppose you are at present blest with the company and conversation of Lucian, Menippus, and Swift, and perpetually laughing at human affairs, and the unaccountable vanities of mankind ; which I assure you encrease yearly, with the addition of some strange folly that even you could have no conception of.

* The reader will recollect the age of Dr. Warton when he peruses this imitation of *Le Sage*. Few young men of twenty-two have a mind equal to so strong and just a satire.

Among

Among which there is not a greater than the itch of scribbling, which seems to have seized all the young fellows in this Kingdom, and of which I am afraid the following Satire is an instance. I shall think it the greatest honour, if it can extort a laugh from you when you read it, and am, with the utmost gratitude,

Your Imitator
and Admirer, &c.

RANELAGH HOUSE.

A SATIRE.

PHILOMIDES is a gentleman of sprightly wit, and very solid judgement, but a little too satirical in his temper. His favourite study is the knowledge of men and manners; and having a strong sense of the ridiculous, his conversation chiefly consists in painting the follies and foibles of mankind, which he does in a very lively and entertaining manner, only his remarks are sometimes too bitter and severe; and he is apt to give the worst interpretations of the motives of actions seemingly virtuous and benevolent. He has at present chambers at Lincoln's-Inn; where, instead of Bracton and Lyttleton, he delights in reading Lucian, Cervantes, and Rabelais, and other authors who have de-
scribed

scribed human actions, characters, and passions, particularly old Montagne, his disciple and friend Peter Charron, Bruyere, and the Duke de la Rochefocault's Maxims. Add to these another French writer, the inimitable Le Sage, whose works he styles, *The Mirror of Mankind*. As he was one evening reading *Le Diable Boiteux* of that celebrated author, and was just come to that passage where the merry demon, who was just released out of the magician's bottle, uncovered all the tops of the houses in Madrid, that Don Cleofas might see the most secret actions of men, he could not forbear crying out in a rapture—What an excellent devil was this! How happy was Don Cleofas in hearing his humorous observations! What would I give to be taken to the top of St. Paul's, as he was to that of St. Saviour's at Madrid, to see London untiled, and all the most secret vices and practices of the most artful hypocrisy discover'd and display'd!—He had scarce utter'd these words, when he felt something tap him upon the shoulder, and looking round, he saw Asmodeo himself, of whom he had been speaking, with the same long visage and venerable mustachios, the little fiery eyes, the turban with beautiful feathers in it, the white satin cloak, and crutches, with which he appeared to Don Cleofas. Do not tremble so much (began the little demon) my good friend Philomides; I have been no stranger to your ardent wishes to be acquainted with me: I know how greatly you envy Don Cleofas. And though I cannot conveniently transport you
to

to Madrid, yet I will carry you to an entertainment much nearer, and shew you more extravagant and ridiculous follies than the Spanish scholar ever beheld. I often go thither to divert myself, and shall this evening be much pleased, if you will give me your company. But first, for certain reasons, I must change my person and habit; during which operation I must only beg you to shut your eyes a moment, as you know a well-bred man always does, when he is admitted to visit a lady in bed, who is going to shift herself. Philomides, not quite yet recover'd from his astonishment, obey'd him: You may now look up, said the Devil, and see me array'd like a grave barrister at law, a shape I often assume: observe my full-dress black coat, with these long sleeves, these roll'd stockings, these square-topt shoes, this long flowing wig, and this important frown upon my face, and tell me if I am not a venerable figure. Philomides by this time recover'd his spirits, and told him he had gravity enough for a Bencher of forty years standing. Let us lose no time, cry'd the Devil, but hasten away to the temple of Luxury, the theatre of Madness, the habitation of Folly, which you will; I need not tell you I mean Ranelagh House. By the way Philomides enquir'd of several particulars relating to the other world. And among other curious matters was inform'd, that when the late Earl of O——d arrived at Hell, he was doom'd to undergo the same torments as Sejanus and Wolsey, but that he found a method to bribe

Minos and Æacus, and escaped half his punishment; that Mr. Pope took his place in the Elysian fields not among the Poets but the Philosophers, and that he was more fond of Socrates's company than Homer's; and that Sir Walter Raleigh was perpetually lamenting the degeneracy and cowardice of the English, of which he was informed by several ghosts that descended into the other world after the battles of Fontenoy and Falkirk. Upon these topics the Devil entertained Philomides as they past along.

As soon as they enter'd the Amphitheatre in Ranelagh Gardens, by Beelzebub's beard, said the Devil, I am glad to see so many of my votaries assembled here. Here's food for laughter! Let us get up into yonder gallery, from whence we may survey each single person as they walk by us in this great circle, and I will describe to you their lives and characters as they pass.

Let me intreat you, said the Devil, as soon as they were seated, to cast your eyes on that fat lady with an impudent masculine air: she is the foundress of those assemblies called routes, at the origin of which all Hell rejoiced; and she has contributed to destroy the health and fortunes of more women, than I or the most malicious spirit can boast. She had fifty-eight whist tables at her house last Sunday night; three Countesses and one Baron
were

were totally ruined. She has built a noble and spacious room, which is entirely dedicated to card-playing. An exquisite busto of the renowned Mr. Hoyle is placed over the chimney, crown'd with laurel, and under it is the following inscription : ' This is the great genius, who first discovered to the world the profound mysteries of the game of Whist.' You may observe two ladies walking with her, one of them has a very melancholy disconsolate countenance, occasioned by her being oblig'd to pawn her jewels, and even her watch, for play debts ; and the other, who looks so weak and sickly, lately miscarried in an agony of grief for losing the odd trick. There follows them a nobleman richly drest; the price of his embroider'd waistcoat would bribe a judge. What think you of the person he is walking with, and bowing so obsequiously to, who looks as haughtily, and steps as stately as Cleopatra. She is some ambassador's lady at least, answer'd Philomides. No, said Asmodeo, she is one of the Opera singers, on whom this cully of a Peer has settled a thousand pounds a year, and whom he flatters himself is extremely constant to him, tho' I just now perceived her wink upon a bassoon-player in the orchestra, whom she has engaged to meet privately when his lordship is gone to the House. You may see two men plainly drest, looking earnestly, and talking of this happy pair; one is my good lord's taylor, who complains he has not been paid these ten years, and that he was ordered to be turned down stairs the last time he demanded his debt; the other is a

toyman, who is cursing himself for letting this Statira have a service of very fine Dresden china, which she assured him her Lord would pay for immediately. I cannot let yonder spruce spark pass by us unobserved! How soft and delicate is his mien! One would think him one of the ancient Sybarites. I can smell his lavender-water up hither: how effeminately he trips along with his snowy hands hid in a muff! His father could make a great many votes in Cornwall, for which his son, being of a rough and warlike disposition, was honour'd with a commission in the army. When he went abroad, his dressing-plate and tortoise-shell combs were esteem'd the most elegant in the whole camp. How often had he like to have fainted the night before the battle of Fontenoy; and as he march'd or rather stagger'd (so great was his fear) up to the attack, with a great bottle of hartshorn-drops in his pocket, I heard him secretly make the following prayer: Grant, O good heavens, that I may escape this fatal day, and I will never more cog the dice at hazard, nor lye, swear, or blaspheme, debauch honest citizens wives and daughters, defraud innkeepers at my quarters, bilk whores or box-keepers, nor rob my common men of their necessary subsistence money. If I must be wounded, let my face escape, and let me receive the fatal blow in my back; but if I get safely off, and drink tea once more with Lady Fanny, I will immediately sell my commission, and buy a new altar-piece for Covent-Garden church.—Pray inform me, interrupted Philomides,

of the character of that conceited coxcomb, whom I hear talking Italian so loud: He has the air and dress of a foreigner. He is indeed ashamed to own himself an Englishman (answered the satirical demon) and by disuse has forgot his mother tongue. He is just returned from travel, and sets up for a great virtuoso. He imagines he has an exquisite taste in painting, statuary, and medals; and is inviting his friend to come and see a genuine Otho, which I assure you was coined at Rome about two years ago: he is this moment making a panegyric on the charming green rust of his favourite medal, that hinders the inscription from being read. He is perpetually railing at the climate and manners of his native country; and pronouncing the word Gothic fifty times an hour. He has built a house so much in the Italian taste for shade and coolness, that half his family are dying of violent colds. He imported into this country some very valuable commodities; viz. a Venetian courtesan, a Cremona fiddle, an headless statue of Helen, a count who fled from Florence for murder, five suits of Genoa velvet, the best edition of Pastor Fido, and a cook who makes the best soup in Christendom, and who has had his education in a cardinal's kitchen. A little on the right hand stalks a tall, ghastly figure; he is a political writer, and has made himself lean by fretting at the measures of the ministry. He has a prodigious quantity of public spirit; and tho' he has no property, complains of grievances and taxes. He

is

is preparing a very virulent pamphlet, which, if it be not printed soon, his landlord will seize at Midsummer next, for the rent of his garret. If his country were to be ruin'd, all he could lose would be a second-hand pair of breeches, and an odd volume of Gordon's translation of Tacitus. However, I foresee this great patriot's heavy complaints will be shortly silenced, by his being made a tide-waiter; and then he will think Great Britain in a very flourishing condition. But yonder comes the precise and prudent Erminia: how demurely and soberly she looks! She is the greatest prude that ever hid Fontaine's tales under a cushion. How her face belies her desires! This kind of women are my delight: they add hypocrisy to lewdness: they have been compar'd very justly to Hammon's spring, mentioned by Lucretius, whose waters all day were as cold as ice, but every night were boiling hot. The youth that is talking to her so fast, and who laughs every moment, is an Oxford scholar, eloped from the University. What a terrible agony was his poor tutor seiz'd with when he found him absent! He immediately writes to Sir Andrew in the country: what a bustle this occasions in the family! My lady swoons, the sisters cry. The butler is dispatch'd to search him out; with a letter from the Knight to disinherit him if he does not go back instantly. The young Baronet will at last return to his chambers and lectures, with an empty pocket, and a head full of gacities and gallantries; abuse Doctor Baralipton,
his

his tutor, and curse the pedantry and discipline of the University. Give me leave, said Philomides, to interrupt you a moment : tho' I must own that your remarks are so very natural and entertaining, that I shall suffer by your silence. Let me hear, I intreat you, some account of the lady who is just passing by us ; she is the most beautiful young creature I ever beheld. There is a sort of tender and languishing pensiveness in her face, which adds softness to her features, and melts one's soul: Now I look closer, I think I perceive a tear standing in her eye: I am afraid she has some heavy and secret grief that preys upon her heart. And who is the wrinkled matron that accompanies her with so much spleen, severity, and circumspection in her face? I dare say she is some old duenna or guardian of this charming girl : and puts one in mind of the ugly and hideous serpent in Tasso, who kept the entrance into Armida's enchanted gardens. The young creature you are so much struck with (answered Asmodeo) well deserves both your pity and admiration. Her story is briefly this. Her father and mother dying when Julietta (which is her name) was very young, left her in the hands of that detestable hag, her aunt, who has all the bad affections that ever were muster'd together in the human breast. She is covetous, malicious, and envious ; and never having felt any tenderness, cannot conceive there is such a thing in the world as disinterested love. An accomplish'd young gentleman often saw Julietta, and by degrees lov'd her to excess, and
was

was equally belov'd by her; Julietta's fortune was large, and unequal to Cynthio's, who had only a decent competence; but she often made herself happy with the thoughts of bestowing her twenty thousand pounds upon the man she lov'd so dearly. In the mean time comes an old stock-jobber into the country, immensely rich by rapine and plunder, and having purchased an estate near the aunt's house, makes proposals of marriage to Julietta, upon this most excellent motive, because their estates lay contiguous. The mercenary soul of the aunt quickly approves of the match, forbids Cynthio the house, protests she will never pay Julietta her fortune (which is in her disposal) if she marries him, and has now brought her to town, to try to dissipate the thoughts of Cynthio amidst a circle of gaieties and diversions—as if Ranelagh House or Vauxhall would cure the heart-ache! or, as your friend Shakespear says, 'minister to a mind diseas'd.' But perhaps the good aunt judges prudently; for the stock-jobber has at least four windows more in the front of his house than Cynthio, and has a service of plate and china, which doubtless are the chief ingredients in the happiness of life. But let us turn from this melancholy and affecting object, who is more cruelly sacrificed than Iphigenia was, to a groupe of figures that will make a man laugh, tho' he were just come out of Trophonius's cave. Those six persons you see standing together are, a notorious pimp; an author of a play rejected by the managers, railing at the taste of Rich; a sea captain, lately

lately broke for cowardice; an attorney, just come from forging a will; and lastly, a creature who calls itself a free-thinker, who is perpetually ridiculing every thing that is esteemed sacred and valuable by the wisest of mankind, but his wit is so insipid and so weak, that one may say of it as the poet says of old Priam's feeble dart: 'Telum imbelle sine ictû.' You seem to be well versed in classics, said Philomides. Better, I assure you, answer'd the Devil, than many who pretend to publish editions of them, and join their heavy commentaries to the most exquisite pieces of ancient wit; which procedure puts one in mind of Mezentius his punishment (if you will give me leave to quote Virgil again):

'Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis.'

But let us return to our harvest of fools.—Yonder stands a party whose characters deserve your attention. That pert young fellow with a black ribbon round his neck, in a fustian frock with very short skirts, and a very broad-brim'd hat in an affected impudent cock, is a Templar, who having read all the modern comedies and farces, the Spectators, Dryden's prefaces and dedications, and having once squeeze'd out a prologue to a play that was damn'd, sets up for a critic and a wit. His cat-call is generally heard the first in the pit; he is the Coryphæus of those unmannerly disturbers of the public. He is the most despicable thing that ever disgraced humanity. He rises at twelve at noon, saunters to some coffee-house till one, dresses and has

B B

dined

dined by four, then to the coffee-house again, after that to the play for two acts, after that takes a round thro' all the bagnios and brothels in Covent Garden, kicks whores, and gets drunk with arrack punch, staggers home at three in the morning, quarrels with the watch, and breaks lamps. Hæc est vita solutorum. And this is a compleat and exact journal of that kind of animal, which by the bye pretends to have a soul, called a Templar. One of the ladies he is talking to is extravagantly fond of cats and lapdogs; a large hound that she hugs and kisses all day, has the honour to lie with her all night. She is a lady of great benevolence to the brute creation. She at this time carries a squirrel in her pocket, and if you observe, has just put in her finger, that the dear little favourite may give her an amorous bite. The other is a prodigious devotee, and a great reader of Thomas à Kempis: she has had thoughts of retiring from the world into some grotto in a desert, and to carry nothing with her but a lamp and a death's head: I wonder to see her here, but I suppose she comes to make grave reflections on the vanity of all pleasures and earthly amusements. She constantly frequents a church in the City, where there is a handsome young lecturer, who preaches prettily, has a graceful lisping delivery, and abounds in the most smart antitheses, most elegant and ingenious conceits, and the best turned periods imaginable. He never frightens his fair audience with the mentioning any of my fraternity, but, if I may so say, strews the path to

Heaven with flowers. But hold a little : by Proserpine, I spy yonder the very man I am speaking of; 'tis he with a smooth round face, and a neck-cloth so white and so well plaited under his florid double chin. He preach'd last Sunday in a silk gown, with a lawn handkerchief in his hand, and a fine diamond ring upon his finger, upon this well-chosen text ; ' And why take ye thought for raiment ? ' He bows so well, and flatters so smoothly, and has so little spirit or honesty, that he will certainly be a dean. I think I remember the face of yonder gentleman (said Philomides) in many public places ; but certainly he is much alter'd ; how pale is he grown, and how scurvily is he drest ! That is the famous Hippias, answer'd Asmodeo. He is descended of a noble family, and had an ample patrimony, every penny of which he has squander'd away by keeping running horses. He has lately been confin'd in the Fleet prison. How changed is he from the gay creature that loll'd in a gilt chariot and six last year at Epsom—a martyr to grooms and sharpers ! Let us leave him to the vexatious thoughts that must sting him for being a dupe to such low scoundrels, and let us hasten to the polite Harmodio. It is he who seems to be dissolved in an extacy, at hearing that concerto they are now playing. He is one of the principal subscribers to the present operas, and a violent enemy of the great and inimitable Handel. He has no ear for music, and cannot distinguish a gig from an adagio, yet affects to be in raptures at the tasteless unaffecting compositions,

sitions, or rather musical rhapsodies of Glück. He has a greater esteem for the first fiddle at the Haymarket, than for Chesterfield or Lyttleton, or the greatest patriot that ever adorned history. A little forward is a lady curtesying very low to a stern weather-beaten gentleman: you must know she is thanking him, who is a sea captain, for bringing her a cargo of the most curious shells from the East Indies. She has a very large family of children, who are all boarded out, that she may not be disturb'd while her thoughts are employ'd in laying out designs for shell-work, which in truth she performs admirably well: she has already finish'd two grottes and five chimney-boards; and is now employ'd in a most important work, her chef-d'œuvre, which is to make the fall of Phaeton in shells. I have just spy'd another virtuoso. She is a collector of butterflies; she looks you see but weakly and pale, being just recover'd of a violent fever occasioned by pursuing, in very hot weather, one of the largest and most beautiful butterflies that ever was put under glass, and by disappointment at not being at last able to catch the precious little creature.

Do not you see a young gentleman with a dejected aspect, following with great humility a lady who tosses her head about with violent airs, talks loud, and looks earnestly at every young fellow she meets: she is the queen of Coquettes; and the young spark her admirer, who has follow'd her these two years, may very justly be ranked
among

among the butterfly-hunters. You will think me in a very talkative humour to-day, Philomides; but when I have such a copious subject, as the vices and follies I see collected together in this place, I own I do not know how to desist. How can I be silent, when I see just before my eyes a very worthy Member of Parliament, who was very happy in his wife till the last session, when he first brought her up to London, and where she soon forgot her virtue, simplicity, and innocence of manners, was debauched by my Lady Trumpwell into card assemblies, carry'd to two masquerades, got acquainted with a young Officer of the Guards, with whom she is now walking, and has left her husband at home, who is extravagantly fond of her, in the utmost agitation of mind, sometimes vowing he will turn her out of doors, and give her a separate maintenance, and at others crying out—This is impossible, I feel I still love her. Now I have happen'd to mention masquerades, I will tell you a secret, which I must enjoin you not to discover. You must know then, that H—d-g-r the manager of masquerades, is a devil disguis'd in a human shape. I wonder he did not change his face as well as the rest of his body, but that still retains its primitive diabolicalness. He is called Belial in Hell, and is one of the shrewdest of Pluto's subjects. It is reckon'd that he has been more successful in corrupting mankind, than any devil that ever appear'd upon earth to do mischief. For the sake of mirth, look at the young gentleman sitting yonder in a
contemplative

contemplative posture. Observe the fine sneer upon his face. He has an excellent talent for satire and humour. He is now writing two pieces that will be inimitable: the first is, A Comparison of the English and Hottentots, wherein it is proved the latter nation is the wisest and happiest of the two; the second is call'd—Reasons for enlarging Bedlam, upon a supposition, that three parts of mankind are mad. Yet he himself deserves a place among his own madmen for thinking, as he does, that the follies and vices of mankind are to be reform'd by satire and ridicule. But, dear Philomides, methinks I see several people of quality moving towards the doors. I had forgot myself. I must hasten away to Court; it is just time for the drawing-room. I never fail being there. But let me first address myself to this great assembly in the words of my favourite Erasmus:

'Valete, plaudite, vivite, bibite, moriæ celeberrimi mystæ.'

IN OBITUM

VIRI REVERENDI JOSEPHI WARTON, S.T.P. ETC.

Nos tamen hæc quocunq; modi tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus.

ABSINT inanes hinc Lachrymæ procùl!
Nullus Dolori Jàm Locus! Arduum
 Virtutis altæ Qui peregit
 Vivus iter, Lachrymis Sepulchro
Non indigebit conditus!—O Tuis,
WARTONE, nomen WICCAMICIS sacrum,
 O dulce Musis, O bonorum
 Et Studiis et Amore fido
Semper colendum! Te quòd Honoribus
Ditavit amplis, Ingenii Parens,
 Natura: quòd Doctrina sanctas
 Exposuit Tibi culta Sedes

Fontesquè

Fontesquè puros : quòd Tibi Munera :

Plená profudit larga satis Manu

Fortuna : quòd Virtus Amicos,

Quòd peperit Tibi Fama Lauros :

Producta partis quòd “ valido frui”

Concessit Ætas : donèc ad Ultimum

Sensim Tibi obrepens Senectus

Vix tacito Pede blandâ Ocellos

Quiete clausit : (nùm Lachrymis vacat ?)

Hæc propter, ultrâ Sortem Homini datam,

Vitâ invidendum Te vocamus,

Funere Te paritèr beatum !

Adeste Mecum quîn, Juvenes pii !

Jucundiori Munere Mortuum

Nos prosequamur, Nos verendam

Carminibus decoremus Urnam.

Sèd providendum, sint Numeri Viro

Digni ; (nequè isthuc nõn Labor arduus)

Æquare tanti Quis canendo

Posse putet meritos Honores ?

Ciere tales vèl Citharæ Sonos,

Quales periti Judicis Auribus

Castis placerent, et subacto

Ingenio paritèr scientis

Laudare

Laudare Chartis, quicquid amabile,
 Quicquid venustum: nèc minùs acritèr
 Notare fucati Nitòris
 Sub Specie Maculas latentes?
 Censoris æqui, cui nèc in omnibus
 Culti POPEI Gratia Carminis,
 Nèc Splendor Ornatusquè Lînguæ
 Nèc faciles placuere Musæ.
 At nèc malignè Scripta nèc invidè
 Carpsit severus, Lance sèd æstimans
 Culpasquè Virtutesquè eâdem.
 Pro Meritis Pretium arrogavit.—
 Vèl Quis Canendo Spiritum et assequi
 Vim speret istam, noverat intimos
 Quâ Cordis Affectus movere
 Flectere et Arbitrio volentes;
 Sèù molliores VIRGILII Modos
 Aptare Chordis ANGLIACÆ LYRÆ
 Feliciter tentans, agresti
 Lusit amabiliter Camœnâ;
 Seu pleniori Numinis igneo
 Correptus Æstu, Mentis Imagines
 Effudit altas, æmulusquè
 PINDARICO intonuit Furore?

Horrenda quali cum Sonitu evomens
 Et Saxa et Ignes ÆTNA rotat Sinu;
 Vèl quantus ORELLANA fervet
 Vorticibus reboans profundis;
 Ille et nivosis mille rapit Jugis
 Collectam Aquarum Vim, rapidis ruens
 Torrentibus, Cursumquè in Æquor
 Præcipitem violentus urget.—
 Sèd non Camœnæ Spiritus et Decor,
 Doctrina Quicquid vèl Pretii ferat,
 Non eruditæ Mentis acre
 Judicium, Ingeniiquè Acumen,
 Te chariorem reddiderant Tuis,
 WARTONE; nèc Desiderium Tui
 Ferventius post Te relinquunt:
 Quàm faciles sine Labe Mores,
 Et mitis almi Pectoris Indoles,
 Cordisquè aperti larga Benignitas,
 Festivitas urbana, Candor
 Ingenuus, placidique Risus.
 At qualis O! Sermonis Amœnitas!
 Sive hospitali cum Sociis fruens
 Mensâ assideres, spargeretque
 Lingua Sales lepidos faceta;

Sententias

Sententias seù Quid Grave posceret
 Sublimiores : Quæ Sapia,ntia,
 Rerumque Verborumque Pondus
 Ferret Opem, dubiasque præsens
 Lites secando solveret!—Hinc tua
 Vox blanda Mentis finxit adhuc rudes ;
 Arrecta sensit, Te monente,
 Insolitum Puerilis Ætas
 Doctrinæ Amorem. Jam videor Mihi
 Spectare circa Te Juvenum Choro
 Stipatum, ut olim ; Quam silenti
 Ordine composuere Gestus !
 Ut Verba captant ! Quo Studio notant
 Diversa Vultus Signa ! Placent Joci,
 Frons læta, Nutus et loquacis
 Blanditiæ, tacite probantes !
 Hinc fidum Amicum, hinc Te velut Alterum
 Patrem colebant ; Quin subito æmulus
 Accensus Ardor, Gloriæque
 Corda novâ incaluere Flammâ.
 En ! et Labores quam Segetem ferunt !
 En ! grata claros Anglia quot Tibi
 Debere Se exultans fatetur,
 WICCAMICÆ Decora alta Famæ !

Hi dum manebunt, non tua Laudibus
 Virtus carebit; Nèc Capiti impia
 Abscindet hærentem Coronam
 Invidiæ Manus impotentis.

W. S. GODDARD,* Coll. Winton. 1800.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. LIPSCOMB, FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE,
 THEN A PRÆPOSTOR OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

THE noon-tide hour is past, and toil is o'er,
 No studious cares the vacant mind employ,
 Yet hark! methinks no longer as before
 Yon mead re-echoes the loud shouts of joy.

* The excellent and indefatigable Head Master of Winchester College, under whose direction the school has raised itself to its present flourishing state. The existing prosperity of the Society, and the repeated success of the young men whom it has within these last ten years sent to the University, strongly mark the talents and government of those who conduct the seminary, and prove to the world

- - - quid mens ritè, quid indoles
 Nutrita faustis sub pœnalibus
 Posset.

What

What sudden grief hath seiz'd the youthful band?

Say, Wykeham's Sons, why reigns this silence round?
Why do ye thus in mute attention stand,
And listen to the death-bell's awful sound?

Ask ye the cause? 'tis WARTON'S knell; and lo!

The funeral train appears in black array!
Down yonder hill in solemn steps and slow
The hearse winds on its melancholy way.

Led by affection the sad sight to view,

The thronging youth suspend their wonted play;
All crowd around, to bid a last adieu,
Or, lost in thoughtful musings, steal away.

Yes, holy Shade! for thee these tears are shed

The sullen death-bell's ling'ring pause between,
For thee o'er all a pious calm is spread,
And hush'd the murmurs of this playful scene.

O name to Wykeham's Sons for ever dear,

While thus for thee the flood of tears we pour,
Thy partial spirit seems to linger here,
Blessing awhile the scenes it lov'd before.

Within

Within these walls, to ev'ry duty true,
 'Twas thine to form the studious mind of youth,
To ope the Fane of Glory to their view,
 And point the way to Science and to Truth.

And lo! the plants that grew beneath thy care
 Now in matured age majestic stand,
And spread their clust'ring branches to the air,
 And stretch their shadow o'er a smiling land.

Youth may forget this transitory tear,
 But Manhood feels a deeper sense of woe—
And sure thy name to them is doubly dear
 Who to thy care their ripen'd honours owe.

They heard th' inciting dictates of thy tongue,
 For thou could'st smooth the way thro' Learning's maze,
Oft on thy words in dumb attention hung
 Till Emulation kindled at thy praise.

O mark their grief, e'en now in tender hues,
 By mem'ry trac'd, their days of youth return;
But ah! fond mem'ry ev'ry pang renews,
 And points with speechless sorrow to thine urn.

So stream their tears ; but thou art thron'd on high,
Haply the Seraphs' hallow'd choir among,
Lull'd by soft sounds of sweetest minstrelsy,
While Wykeham listens and approves the song.

O for a spark of that celestial fire
With which bright Fancy warm'd thy kindling soul !
When erst the full chords of thy living lyre
Held all the list'ning passions in controul.

Alas ! tho' vain the wish, tho' weak the lay
That feebly celebrates a WARTON'S name,
Yet, happy Shade ! there still remains a way
To raise a lasting monument of fame.

Be ours the virtues thy example taught
To feel, preserve, and practise, while we live ;
Thus only can we praise thee as we ought,
The noblest tribute this thy Sons can give.

Lo ! when Affection at the close of eve
To yonder Fane's dim cloysters shall repair,
No more with fruitless anguish shall she grieve,
But learn the lessons of true wisdom there.

There,

There, while she sees thy sculptur'd bust arise,
Rais'd by the hand of gratitude and love,
Virtue shall consecrate her tend'rest sighs,
And thoughts exalted her rapt spirit move.

Then Wykeham's Sons, with ardour new imprest,
Shall breathe one pray'r—that such their lot may be ;
Prais'd by the wise and good, to sink to rest,
And mourn'd by tears, such as they shed for thee.

Many in number, and truly worthy of the subject, were the elegies on the death of Dr. Warton. To insert all would have been impossible, to select from his own judgment, the Editor feels, would have been invidious: he has therefore confined himself to the above, as spoken at the first public Wykehamical meeting after the event, and consequently endowed with the sanction of the Society.

[201]

LETTERS
OF
EMINENT PERSONS:

LEFT BY

DR. WARTON

FOR PUBLICATION.

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Letters of
Eminent Persons

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Watson

LETTER I.

FROM MR. FENTON TO MR. WARTON, PROFESSOR OF POETRY, AT
MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Sir,

Jan. 24, 1706-7.

I THANK you for your last.—I am glad to hear Mr. Phillips will publish his *Pomona*. Who prints it? I should be mightily obliged to you, if you could get me a copy of his verses against Blackmore. As to what you write about making a collection, I can only advise you to buy what poems you can, that Tonson has printed, except the Ode (*a*) to the Sun, unless you take it in because I wrote it, which I am the freer to own, that Mat Prior may not suffer in his reputation by having it ascribed to him. My humble service to Mr. Sacheverell, and tell him I'll never imitate Milton more till the Author of *Blenheim* be forgotten.

I am, Sir, your faithful
and very humble servant,

ELI. FENTON.

(*a*) "The Ode to the Sun is written upon a common plan, without uncommon sentiments; but its greatest fault is its length. No poem should be long, of which the purpose is only to strike the fancy without enlightening the understanding by precept, ratiocination or narrative. A blaze first pleases, and then tires the sight."—JOHNSON'S *Life of Fenton*.

LETTER II.

DEAN SWIFT TO _____

Sir,

London, Dec. 26, 1711.

THAT you may not be surpris'd with a letter from a person utterly unknown to you, I will immediately tell you the occasion of it. The Lady who lived near two years in your neighbourhood, and whom you were so kind sometimes to visit under the name of Mrs. Smyth, was Mrs. Ann Long, sister to Sir James Long, and niece of Colonel Strangways. She was of as good a private family as most in England, and had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and esteem'd; accordingly she was always

The above lady is thus alluded to in Swift's letters to Stella: "At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engag'd me to dine there to day, and there I receiv'd the news that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn, in Norfolk, on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours: we suppose it was the asthma; which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written above five weeks ago: but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retir'd to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hop'd to be easy by Christmas, and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old Grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and Newburgh house, which would be about sixty more. I have order'd a paragraph to be put in the Post Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her, which is all I can do to serve her memory."

valued

valued here above most of her sex, and by the most distinguished persons. But by the unkindness of her friends, and the generosity of her own nature, and depending upon the death of a very old Grandmother, which did not happen till it was too late, she contracted some debts that made her uneasy here, and, in order to clear them, was content to retire unknown to your town, where I fear her death has been hastned by melancholy, and perhaps the want of such assistance as she might have found here.

I thought fit to signify this to you, partly to let you know how valuable a person you have lost; but chiefly to desire that you will please to bury her in some part of your church, near a wall, where a plain marble stone may be fixed, as a poor monument for one who deserved so well, and which, if God sends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it. I had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with her; and was never so sensibly touched with any one's death as with hers; neither did I ever know a person, of either sex, with more virtues or fewer infirmities; the onely one she had, which was the neglect of her own affairs, arising wholly from the goodness of her temper. I write not this to you at all as a secret, but am content your town should know what an excellent person they have had among them.

If you visited her any short time before her death, or know any particulars about it, or of the state of her mind, or the nature

nature of her disease; I beg you will be so obliging to inform me; for the letter we have seen from her poor maid, is so imperfect, by her grief for the death of so good a lady, that it onely tells the time of her death; and your letter may if you please be directed to Dr. Swift, and put under a cover, which cover may be directed to Erasmus Lewis, Esq. at the Earl of Dartmouth's Office at Whitehall.

I hope you will forgive this trouble, for the occasion of it, and give some allowances to so great a loss, not onely to me, but to all who have any regard for every perfection that human nature can possess; and if in any way I can serve or oblige you, I shall be glad of an opportunity of obeying your commands.

I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER III.

(b) MR. HARRIS TO MR. UPTON.

Dear Sir,

Oxford, June 7, 1734.

I RECEIVED your agreeable epistle a post or two since, tho' as it followed me to Oxford, round by London, I did
not

(b) The learned and ingenious author of "Hermes," of which, says Bishop Lowth, when speaking of disquisitions on Grammar, "Those, who would enter more deeply into this subject, will find it fully and accurately handled,
with

not receive it so soon as I should otherwise have done. As for Arrian, you may be assur'd, as far as my little reading has assisted me, I shall be very ready to lend you all the help I can. As there is no author who more frequently repeats similar sentiments and expressions than Arrian, so for that reason, there is no one who is a better commentator and explainer to himself. I have a book at home, whose margin is almost filled with references, from one page to another, of the Commentary, and of the Enchiridion. There are likewise some few references to other authors of antiquity, but these are not many, tho' some of them I think are material, and serve very well to illustrate. If any thing of this kind be agreeable to the nature of the commentary you would give us, you may command all or any part of it, as you please. Your commentary being intended not only as a grammatical but a rational and philosophical one, if I might prescribe the method, it should be thus: I would begin with a preface explaining the general principles of Stoical doctrine, and more particularly those which are the bases of Epictetus, and M. Antoninus (*c*). For those crab-

with the greatest acuteness of investigation, perspicuity of explication, and elegance of method, in a Treatise entitled *Hermes*, by James Harris, Esq. the most beautiful and perfect example of analysis that has been exhibited since the days of Aristotle."—See Preface to Lowth's Grammar.

(*c*) A Stoic philosopher, and author of a treatise, entitled *τα καθ' εαυτον*.

bed

bed doctrines ascrib'd to Stoics, of the equality of crimes (*d*), the equality of misery in all but the perfectly wise, and such like; I would wholly omit them, or else touch but very slightly on them, observing withall how little of these paradoxes appears in the authors you build on, viz. Epictetus and Antoninus. Having thus prepared your reader by a proper preface, and discharged the duty of a good commentator, as to one part of his character, which is to be a sort of master of the ceremonies to his author, in introducing all strangers to his acquaintance; then there remains nothing but the commentary or annotations. These should be made as short as possible, and may naturally be divided into critical and explanatory: the critical will respect nothing but the mere text. And here I cannot but observe, that if the amendment you offer be good, the world will admit it, without two or three pages of similar passages to confirm it, from authors with hard names, which not one in ten ever did, or ever will read. This is to me a vanity in Bentley, which I dare say your good taste will not suffer you to be guilty of. For the explanatory notes, they should be

(*d*) *Quis paria esse ferè placuit peccata, laborant,
 Cùm ventum ad verum est: sensus morésq; repugnant,
 Atq; ipsa utilitas, justì propè mater et æquì.
 ----- Si dives, qui sapiens est,
 Et tutor bonus, et solus formosus, et est rex:
 Cur optas quod habes?*

HOR. Sat. 3. Book I.

all comprised either in small pieces of history, or in the account of a custom or ceremony, where the meaning of any word depends on any such history or custom; or else in references backward and forward to the comment itself, and Enchiridion, to your own preface, and to all the best authors of antiquity. You will pardon me for thus taking the liberty of dictating a method, in which I have acted the part of a schoolmaster, rather than a friend. However you will be so good as to excuse me, when I assure you I have only chosen this way of expressing myself, as being the easiest I could find. Had I dress'd up my sentiments in a better manner, I should not have been so intelligible, and that is all which at present I aim at. I heartily and most sincerely congratulate you on being made a member of the worthy family you are now in. The encrease of fortune which you may justly expect from thence will not only add to your felicity, as it will enable you to become more serviceable to the community; which tho' it be the consequence of a fortune little dream't of, is yet perhaps a more real advantage arising from it than any which the wisest head in Change Alley ever thought of. When you favour me with a letter, pray direct it to Sarum, where I think to be soon. In the mean time, I rest yours most affectionately,

JAMES HARRIS.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

July 24th, 1739.

YOUR letter as usual was highly acceptable. Indeed as soon as I see your superscription, I am apt to say with the kings of Brentford,

“ The news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.”

I find you mention not a word in either of your last, about a long letter I sent you enclosed to Lord Talbot between my two last; it was a sheet written on all sides, with a collation of your Enchiridion, and of Salmasius, and an old MS. collation, which I lately purchased, written in the margin of the old Venice edition of 1528. This edition is a small quarto, and has the commentary of Simplicius upon it. There are some things of value in the collation: but it is not so much that as to have my labour lost, which grieves me after having kept in “ corner close” for many days to compleat the business. If you enquire, it may not yet perhaps be upon duty in my Lord's confectionary. I think Markland's conjectures will be worth perusing, because he is allow'd to be a scholar. They will however be of less importance I believe in Arrian than any where else, because few of our scholars have even a glimpse of the Stoical Philosophy. They set out with an opinion, that it is all contradictory nonsense:

nonsense: so no wonder that is never understood which is from the beginning contemned. However, you are right, for all this, not to neglect any assistances which come in your way, and something may be suggested, which you never thought of before.

I have lately received a letter from your collegiate Hole, who indeed writes like a modest and sensible man. He has thought me worthy to peruse his notes on the new edition of the Offices, which he is about to publish. I shall assist him as far as my abilities will go. My brother George, who knows him intimately, speaks greatly in his praise, and George is no flatterer.

I was much pleas'd to find in Taylor's (*e*) preface to Lysias, that he intended also to publish Demosthenes. Before I received your letter, I went to collating, and have finished the four Philippics; these, if you will tell me how to direct to

(*e*) The following elegant and affectionate compliment was paid by the writer of this letter to his two friends after their death: "Nor must I forget Dr. Taylor, residentiary of St. Paul's, nor Mr. Upton, prebendary of Rochester. The former, by his edition of Demosthenes (as far as he lived to carry it), by his Lysias, by his comment on the Marmor Sandvicense, and other critical pieces; the latter, by his correct and elegant edition, in Greek and Latin, of Arrian's Epictetus (the first of the kind that had any pretensions to be called complete), have rendered themselves, as scholars, lasting ornaments of their country. These two valuable men were the friends of my youth, the companions of my social, as well as my literary hours. I admired them for their erudition; I loved them for their virtue. They are now no more.—"

"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere. ———"

HARRIS'S Philological Inquiries,
Part I. Chap. 6.

him, I will send them, and if from the specimen he thinks the rest worth having, care shall be taken of having it performed. Taylor is a man of sense, and a scholar, but there is a crabbedness in his stile from an affectation of phrases, and a pedantic way of triumphing over his brother commentators, which I could wish away: this last he apologizes for himself in his preface, but in my opinion he had better not have made such apology necessary.

* * * * *

I shall hope to see you this summer; till which time write often, I beseech you: and believe me

Yours ever affect.

JAMES HARRIS.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. WARTON TO HIS SON JOSEPH.

Basingstoke, Aug. 3d, 1743.

I THANK my dear Son for both his letters. In that of the eighth inst. you tell me that you are to go to Cud-desden the very next day, whereas old Mr. Jackson writes me word from thence, that he has paid you only five guineas (pounds he means) but is willing to pay the remainder whenever it is asked. His letter bears date the 19th of July. I design therefore to go and receive it immediately. His

son left me the 18th of April last. You do not mention your battels in yours of the 17th. Are they paid? I would not have you satisfied with the prospect of more of Robinson's exhibitions than the very first, pray secure *that*; for you may depend on it, what was told you of future chances was because you have competitors. 'Tis but a month now before you lose your room: look out another (some friend's in the College, if possible) without delay.

If you could take your degree in Michaelmas term, it would be much better (on account of R.'s exhibition) than staying till Lent. Pray stand the first vacancy. I cannot help being solicitous about this, for some reasons lately found out. Tell me your thoughts soon; and how you last out as to money. I will do my utmost to supply you, but cannot specify the time. However, be chearful, you shall never want encouragement as far as is in the power of,

My dear Joe,

your entirely affect. Father,

T. WARTON.

I beg you to write speedily and particularly.—All here are well, and joyn in love and service. Recollect

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitq; Puer.

LETTER VI.

FROM DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Basingstoke, Oct. 29, 1746.

I HAVE been hindered by an infinite deal of business from writing to you sooner. This moment I have received your Ode, for which I give you a thousand thanks; I am extremely pleas'd with it, and think it very poetical and correct, as far as I can judge by twice reading it: one or two little alterations to the epithets may be made, such as "*Ivy mantled,*" because there is *ivy darkened* in the Ode to Despair; and *fair* is repeated several times, as also is *polish'd*: but these are trifles. You judge right in saying that I should like the fourth and sixth stanzas, they are as poetical as any thing I ever read: your transitions are very judicious, especially to your descriptions of the ravages of the Goths: but of this more minutely hereafter.

* * * * *

I have now another scheme to communicate to you, of which I desire you not to speak till I have further consider'd it. Since you left Basingstoke I have found a great many poems of my Father's, much better than any we read together. These I am strongly advised to publish by subscription, by Sir Stukely Shuckburgh, Dr. Jackson, and other friends. There are sufficient to make a six shilling octavo volume, and they imagine, as my Father's acquaintance was large, it would

would be easy to raise two or three hundred pounds; a very solid argument, in our present situation. It would more than pay all my Father's debts. Let me know your thoughts upon this subject; but do not yet tell Hampton, or Smythe, who would at first condemn us, without knowing the prudential reasons which induce us to do it.

* * * * *

Do not doubt of being able to get some money this winter; if ever I have a groat, you may depend on having twopence.

* * * * *

I wish you had been with me last week, when I spent two evenings with Fielding and his sister, who wrote David Simple, and you may guess I was very well entertained. The lady indeed retir'd pretty soon, but Russell and I sat up with the Poet till one or two in the morning, and were inexpressibly diverted. I find he values, as he justly may, his Joseph Andrews above all his writings: he was extremely civil to me, I fancy, on my Father's account.

I have by this long letter endeavoured to make up the deficiency of not writing before. Accuse me of any thing but want of affection; since our melancholy loss our attachment to each other should, if possible, be stronger. We daily expect the new Vicar, who, I believe, is Mr. Henchman; lucky enough for us, as he was a friend of my dear Father's. My Mother and Sister join in love.

Yours ever most affect.

J. WARTON.

LETTER VII.

CHANCELLOR HOADLY TO DR. WARTON.

Sir,

Chelsea, March 20th, 1753.

I AM quite asham'd that I have not sooner acknowledged the receipt of your kind present (*f*). I take for granted, that you have reserv'd some sets to pay a compliment to a few friends (amongst whom I have little plea, but great pleasure to be enroll'd) or I wou'd not so easily have submitted to so valuable an obligation.

I breakfasted t'other day with our great little friend *David*, and gave your service to him, as you desir'd me; and he beg'd I wou'd return the compliment, when I shou'd write to you.—If you resolve to do any thing in that way of writing which we were lately upon, and think that my little talent may be of any service to you, I desire that you will freely make use of it in any manner you please.

I remain, with my good wishes for success in all your undertakings (which I don't doubt will be worthy your ingenuity and scholarship),

Sir,

your oblig'd humble servant,

J. HOADLY.

(f) WARTON'S *Virgil*.

LETTER VIII.

FROM DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

June 7th, 1753.

I BEGIN with heartily wishing you joy of being made Actual. I am sorry you will not be able to come till July, but then surely you will make amends by a long stay. Yours yesterday was very entertaining. Your Ode to Contemplation possesses true poetry, and a great deal of fine imagination; but I am not sure whether it is proper to write Odes in long blank verse: Lyrics must certainly be metrical; however call it an hymn, and all will be well.

What think you of the poverty of Poets? I send by this post another on plagiarism, on original writers, and the borrowings of Pope.

* * * * *

I want to see Charlotte Lenox's (*g*) book. Give my compliments to Bedingfield. I am glad he is emerging into life from Hertford Coll. Prosecute your scheme on Spenser with vigour. Dearest Tom,

Yours most affect.

J. WARTON.

(*g*) This eminently learned lady translated the Enchiridion of Epictetus, and the Greek Theatre of Le Père Brumoy.

LETTER IX.

DR. YOUNG TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Dec. 21, 1753.

I AM deeply concerned that I cannot serve you; it would give me much more than common delight to have been any way instrumental to your happiness, for I know and love your amiable worth; but indeed my connection with Mr. — is very slender. I have not seen him these six years; I hope therefore you will excuse me; and do not suppose me to be

“*Dissimulator opis propriæ, mihi commodus uni,*”

for it is not the case. You have indeed the very best wishes of my heart; but as I am your truly sincere, so am I your sadly impotent friend, and, dear Sir,

oblig'd humble servant,

ED. YOUNG.

My hearty love and best service to your good Mother.

LETTER X.

FROM DR. JOHNSON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

March 8th, 1754.

I CANNOT but congratulate you upon the conclusion of a work (*h*) in which you have born so great a part with so much reputation. I immediately determined that your name should be mentioned, but the paper having been some time written, Mr. Hawkesworth, I suppose, did not care to disorder its text, and therefore put your eulogy in a note. He and every other man mention your papers of Criticism with great commendation, though not with greater than they deserve.

But how little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attainments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins. I knew him a few years ago full of hopes and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those who lately would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs. What do you hear of him? are there hopes of his recovery? or is he to pass the remainder of his life in misery and degradation? perhaps with complete consciousness of his calamity.

You have flatter'd us, dear Sir, for some time with hopes

(*h*) The Adventurer.

F F 2

of

of seeing you ; when you come you will find your reputation encreased, and with it the kindness of those friends who do not envy you ; for success always produces either love or hatred. - I enter my name among those that love, and that love you more and more in proportion as by writing more you are more known ; and believe that as you continue to diffuse among us your integrity and learning, I shall be still with greater esteem and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER XI.

FROM DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

May 8th, 1754.

WE returned home but last night, and the first thing I saw was your letter, which gave me the highest joy and pleasure. I make no doubt at all but you will sell the 500 speedily, and would have you attack a second edition. What if you struck Fletcher while the sale is hot, and sold him the copy for 100 guineas? or will you keep it still—judge yourself. Guess what a hurry I write in, for May gives me but six minutes, as he calls in passing. Shall I
 carp

carp at a word or two in your Spenser? When you speak of *Johnson*, you say, this *Disquisition* will be *discussed*; it is surely *Subject*—to *discuss* a *Disquisition* cannot be right—You use *lesser*, p. 173, speaking of *Milton*; a word *Johnson* blames—Is it not *Raleigh's* and not *Sidney's* Sonnet on Spenser? In the translation of *Du Bos*, have you rightly translated *esprit*, p. 238, by understanding—*esprit* is the most equivocal word in the French language, and here signifies *applying* to the *imagination*. So I believe, but am not quite sure. See how free I make! I will at more leisure go thro' the *whole*—for I am sure you'll be glad of any observations, and to have the whole as correct as possible. I shall ardently expect you the 27th in the evening. We are all well.

I am most affectionately yours,

J. WARTON.

LETTER XII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Dearest Tom,

May 16th, 1754.

MR. MAY did not deliver yours till Saturday last, and I would not answer till I could do it to purpose, and effectually. I like the subject of your sermon very much, and dare say you'll finish it accurately, for depend on it your audience

audience will be critically nice, and the Bishop take notice of it. Secker

With respect to the last head of it—what Lowth observ'd on that subject was this—That many natural causes were at present co-operating to the diffusion of Christianity; such particularly as the *vast enlargement of Commerce and Navigation* in *modern* times to both East and West Indies; by which its sounds were gone out into the ends of the world—Such again, the invention of an *admirable art* (Printing) by which the communication of knowledge of every sort is communicated and preserved—for with true knowledge true religion ever resides, &c.—Such the *indisputable improvements* in all parts of Natural Science; by which the more that is known of the Universe, and the more final causes discovered, the more is the Bible account of things justified and confirmed: an instance of which a late excellent and much lamented Prelate, of deep penetration and incomparable judgment, has left us a lasting example in his *Analogy* of Natural and Revealed Religion.—(Pray mention this work of Bishop Butler, which, as they were intimates, and as it really deserves, will please Secker). Such again is a certain spirit of mildness and benevolence, beginning daily to extend itself—War is less barbarous than formerly—no persons taken captive—add to which, that among ourselves charity is extended, and people begin to lose all that abominable rancour against their brethren that happen to be of different parties and sentiments.

sentiments. Add again—that, in the hands of Providence, even the religion of Mahōmmed (so *he* pronounced it *long*) by strictly inculcating the doctrine of the unity of God, keeps many nations from idolatry, and consequently is an easier state to be convinced of the truth of that religion which the Son of that God, whom they now worship, delivered to men. All these hints you are to arrange and work up, dwelling on the two chief things, Commerce and Printing, as conveyances in the hands of God of his Religion, and as such, remarkable but not enough noticed events. Under the article of the extent of Commerce and consequently *Knowledge*, by opening the minds of *Travelers*, &c. Lowth mentioned *slowly* and emphatically a most remarkable text of Daniel, full to your purpose, which I would have you use and introduce, as not having been sufficiently regarded; chap. 12, v. 4. Many shall run to and fro, and *knowledge* shall be created. These hints may be useful. Work them up orderly, and I dare say you'll make it a good sermon, as it is an excellent subject.

You have now received my last about Huggins. I have the Reviews and Magazines about Johnson. His preface is fine. I am sorry not to tell you definitively whether you must see London the first week in June. I have the Duke's consent under his *own* hand. I now speak in time, and greatly fear that I shall not have much copy by the 15th of June—the moving (*i*) is troublesome, and the

(i) From Wynslade to Tunworth.

LETTERS OF

workmen must be looked to. We will try and be there in about three weeks. Talk with Jackson therefore provisionally. I hope to hear from you to-morrow. Can't you defer sending the play to Hawkins, and bring it with you, and more especially as you're now too busy to peruse it properly. Pray write.

I am most affectionately yours,

J. WARTON.

LETTER XIII.

MR. DODSLEY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Pall Mall, Sept. 29, 1754.

THAT I am an insufferably bad correspondent, all my friends, with too much reason, complain: and I am afraid I sometimes sin this way beyond forgiveness. However, I have in my own mind made great resolutions of amendment: and when one considers how delightful it is to talk to an absent friend, it is amazing how one can possibly be guilty of the crime of neglect. But the practice of every virtue is delightful, and yet the world continues to be a wicked world: so true it is that man is an heap of contradictions. One good thing however attends this neglect of writing to one's friends too punctually, which is, that one sometimes gets almost to the bottom of the first page in making

making an apology. I was extremely sorry we could not spare time to call on you in our return from Portsmouth; our party was Mr. Giffard and his wife, and I and mine; and when women are in the way (don't let Mrs. Warton see this) a man can never do what he ought. I prodigiously admire your character of Mr. Bedingfield, who you say has actually refin'd his taste to a degree that makes him dissatisfy'd with almost every composition; don't you think then that he is in almost the same situation with Horace's recover'd madman? What are you doing? and what is your Brother doing? I hear he has laid aside all thoughts of Apollonius. I think he is right: but I would not have him lie still. I am just going to put my fourth volume of poems to press, and wish he would send me a corrected copy of his Pleasures of Melancholy, and Triumphs of Isis. And have you nothing to send me? Whitehead's play does not come on this winter, there is no room for it. Glover's Boadicea comes on in November. And Garrick is engag'd for a play of a Mr. Crisp in February. I have never thought of mine (*k*) since, and probably never shall. Let me first see what will be said to my Agriculture, which is now finish't, and will be published in November. Compliments to Mrs. Warton and your Brother. Sha'n't we see him or you, or both, in town this winter?

I am ever yours,

R. DODSLEY.

(*k*) Cleone, a tragedy.

LETTER XIV.

MR. SPENCE TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Nov. 2d, 1754.

WHAT will you think is become to me, that I have not thanked you for your kind letter in all this time? Why, to tell you the very truth, I have either been out upon some journey, or full of visitors at home, for this whole summer. I had first a long journey into the North; two or three days after my return hither, I was invited to Mr. Herbert's, in Brook-street, for a fortnight: and on my road from thence met with a message to desire that I wou'd attend Lord Lincoln to Cheltenham Wells, in Gloucestershire; that took up five or six weeks; and when that was over, Captain Rolle (to whom I inclose this, because I don't know where to be sure of you) was so good as to come hither. So all my time has been entirely taken up very agreeably indeed; but I am sorry it has prevented me of the pleasure that you and your Brother were so good as to design me, and has made me seem ungrateful so long.

Yours gave me a great deal of sincere pleasure, on all accounts; for I think the University has done honor to itself, in giving honor to such a man. As my summer has been so much taken up, if this place shou'd lie at all in the way of you or your Brother, or rather both, it would be a

kind and charitable thing to look in upon one in the winter. I am his and your oblig'd humble servant,

J. SPENCE.

LETTER XV.

FROM MR. DODSLEY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Nov.

I SENT last night, directed to you in a parcel for some of your booksellers, my poem on Agriculture; which begs your acceptance. But that an illiterate Muse should be at all regarded in the Capitol of Learning, would be a wild expectation: however as she is an innocent country girl, and quite a stranger, I hope you will be civil to her, and excuse her awkwardness and want of breeding. If she is not dash'd at first, and put quite out of countenance, she may in time improve. So, trusting her to your candour and politeness,

I remain affectionately

Yours,

R. DODSLEY.

LETTERS OF

LETTER XVI.

(1) DR. WISE TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Enfield, Dec. 14th, 1754.

I HAVE considered on what you mentioned to me at the President's, and think that it would be more apropos, and more to Mr. Johnson's good liking, if the University honours were sent him before his book is published, that he may be able to write himself A. M. in the title page. I wish you would hint this to him as soon as you can, and enquire in what forwardness his work is. I shall hardly be in Oxford till after the holidays now coming on; but when I return, will solicit the affair to the utmost, and draw up the form of Diploma, unless you choose to do it. It is in truth doing ourselves more honour than him, to have such a work done by an Oxford hand, and so able a one too, and will shew that we have not lost all regard for good letters, as has been too often imputed to us by our enemies. Be so good as to acquaint me, by a line, what you have done; and give the note to Mussendine, who will take care to convey it hither any Wednesday or Saturday by the buttermen, and I shall find it here at my return.

I am, yours, &c.

F. WISE.

(1) An eminent antiquarian; and formerly of Trinity College, Oxford.

LETTER XVII.

DR. JOHNSON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Dec. 24th, 1754.

I AM sat down to answer your kind letter, though I know not whether I shall direct it so as that it may reach you; the miscarriage of it will be no great matter, as I have nothing to send but thanks, of which I owe you many, yet if a few should be lost, I shall amply find them in my own mind; and professions of respect, of which the profession will easily be renewed while the respect continues: and the same causes which first produced can hardly fail to preserve it. Pray let me know however whether my letter finds its way to you.

Poor dear Collins—Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration.

I sincerely wish you the usual pleasures of this joyous season, and more than the usual pleasures, those of contemplation on the great event which this festival commemorates. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Jo.

Trin. Coll. April 19, 1755.

I WISHED to have stayed longer with you at Trapp's, but it was impossible. The Ariosto is expected by D. Prince on Saturday night; it being ordered for Queen's library. Where is the connection? I am thinking that Thomson, who, you know, is a dabbler in Italian, has recommended it: I mean proposed the buying it. Dodsley, it seems, had actually published the fourth volume with Hervy's poem, and had sold several copies with it *in*; upon which, being threatened with a messenger, he cancelled it in the remaining copies. The Dictionary is arrived; the preface is noble (*m*): he tells the world, that he performed the work "in sickness and in sorrow, in distress and inconvenience; not lulled in the soft obscurities of retirement, or sheltered in academic bowers; without the assistance or the *patronage* of any: as I shall gain or lose nothing by censure or applause, I dismiss the work from my hands with *frigid tranquillity*, careless of either." There is a grammar prefix'd, and the history of the language is pretty full; but you may plainly perceive strokes of laxity and indolence. They are two most unwieldy volumes. I

(*m*) Preface to Johnson's Dictionary.

have

have written to him an invitation. I fear his preface will disgust, by the expressions of his consciousness of superiority, and of his contempt of patronage. The Rawlinson (*n*) benefaction wo'nt do for Johnson, which is this—A professorship of 80l. per ann. which is not to take place these forty years—A fellowship to Hertford Coll. which is too ample for them to receive agreeably to Newton's Statutes; and a fellowship to St. John's College. Neither of the last are to take place these forty years. His papers and curiosities are left to the Bodleian, among which there are valuable things. And those of his books, to the *same*, which are not there. Afterwards St. John's is to chuse from them those they have not; and the remainder (which will be a sufficient library) is for Hertford College. Legacies, &c. paid, the residue of his money to St. John's. His heart is to be kept in spirits in St. John's Archives. Hawkesworth is to have 200 guineas for the Life only. As soon as possible send us just copy enough for the remains of this half sheet, that what is *now* composed may be worked off. We have settled matters about the 15th of June, &c. I will come and work at Spenser through the vacation. I hope to get out at Trinity, but we have the chance of a vacant scholarship, which may detain me a little. It is reported that the N. Int——t have taken

(*n*) Dr. Rawlinson, an eminent English antiquary, who founded an Anglo-Saxon professorship, now filled by Mr. Ingram, of Trinity College.

accommodations, &c. for their grand entry and expected chairing next week. I suppose it is up with the *old*. When Huggins arrives (*o*), I will transmit to you what he says of us, if he has dared to attack. B——ow's pamphlet is allowed to be wrote with some candour; but it is said to be an unfair representation of the text. I expect to night a solemn letter from Johnson. My love to dear Molly and the little ones. I am, dear Jo.

Your most affectionate Brother,

T. WARTON.

(*o*) Huggins was a very indifferent translator of Ariosto. He was violently offended with Mr. T. Warton, whom he had engaged in the translation, for observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen, reflecting in his idea on Ariosto. In consequence of which, he sorely to his own detriment cancelled that part of the poem which had been executed by Mr. W., and published a pamphlet equally stupid and abusive on the occasion.

Two very ridiculous circumstances attended this undertaking. Mr. Huggins engaged Baretti as an Aristarchus, to whom for some time he paid the utmost deference; Baretti, however, being very deficient in punctuality, Huggins asked him "if he had no watch." "None," replied the Italian: "Then," says H. "I will lend you one." In a short period after this arrangement they quarrelled, and Baretti quitted him in disgust: the watch, however, unfortunately for the translator, accompanied him.

When the work was finished, Huggins sent to Smollet, who at that time managed the Critical Review, a fat buck; consequently the work was highly applauded: but the history of the venison becoming public, Smollet was much abused, and in a future number of the Critical Review retracted his applause.

LETTER XIX.

DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Winslade, May 20th, 1755.

As I see it is impossible for you to leave Oxford time enough to do our business at this vacation, I lay aside all thoughts of going to town *now*, but must beg you to meet me without fail the very beginning of August or sooner. It is without doubt impracticable for you to leave your pupil in such circumstances, and you are in the right to stick close to him. So we defer this matter for the present. What I said or *should* have said of *Butler* was this:—

It redounds highly to the credit of Christianity, *genuine* Christianity I mean, that it is better understood and more widely diffused in proportion as true knowledge and useful science are advanced. All the late improvements in natural philosophy evince the being of a God and the necessity of a revelation; and tho' the design of a revelation must necessarily be to instruct men in *Ethics* rather than in *Physics*, (and in that) to teach them how to *act* rather than to *reason*, yet every discovery is pregnant with proofs of *one* first cause creating all things BY Jesus Christ. The admirable Analogy of Religion, *natural* and *revealed*, to the course and constitution of nature, will ever remain a most illustrious proof of the *penetration* and *piety* of its

excellent and justly lamented author—a treatise that contains arguments the most *convincing* as well as *new* that any age or nation can boast.

It was unlucky if you mentioned to Payne 50 instead of 100. Doubtless Jackson may forget to be the printer, which would be eligible on all accounts. Barton called not. I can't get to Tunworth this fortnight, but what I am doing will make an excellent house. Thank you for your account of Swift. The *kind* of notes you mention was judicious and useful. I have the pleasure to tell you that I have got the Duke of B.'s *consent* under his *own* hand. The Pomfret statues will be a fine subject. I have spent an elegant day with Gawton, at Tilney-Hall, where he is *major-domo* for his cousin, Mr. Ellis. I am reading the *World*, a *present* I hope from Dodsley. There reigns throughout a sad sameness of subjects of *high* life. I rejoice you have satisfied yourself in your sermon, and dare say you'll deliver it well. Tho' I will not expect now a letter by Sunday's post, yet I must insist on one by next Wednesday's. I am not idle with respect to Pope. Molly, &c. send love. I am, dearest Tom,

Yours most affectionately,

J. WARTON.

LETTER XX.

DR. WILLIS (*p*) TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Hall, Aug. 12th, 1755.

BEING returned home I have routed all my books over to find the letter wrote by Dr. Bathurst about the Monasticon, but cannot find it, and so suppose I gave it away, tho' to whom I cannot recollect. But I think verily you will find it among Bishop Tanner's MSS. in the Picture Gallery, in the schools, in his presses—as I remember the Bishop gave it me, as he did also several monastical collections, of which I enclose you one, which is at your service. Indeed I wear out apace, and these antiquity amusements lose their relish. I have also lookt into my grandfather's two books of letters wrote to him from eminent men, but do not meet with the least scrap of Dr. Bathurst, or any correspondence on either side. My son Harry, Batchelor of Physick, Student of Christchurch, had some of his great-grandfather's manuscripts, which I never had again. Dr. Willis's books, &c. were sold after his decease, and my father had none of them. One Mr. Hemmings, a relation of mine, and Doctor Symonds, who was Dr. Willis's apothecary, had several of the Doctor's

(*p*) An eminent English antiquary, who made and published a Survey of the Cathedrals of England: he was the author also of other works,

papers; and I lodging at Mr. Hemmings' widow's house, in 1706 or 1707, found several of the Doctor's MSS. there, which lay rotting; and these I have here I begged and bound up. Will you fix a time and take a ride over hither; you should see any collections in my custody: and could I serve you or any gentleman in your College, in this or any other respect, it would be a great pleasure to him who is, with zealous wishes of all prosperity to your society, and best respects and thanks for all favours vouchsafed,

Your most obliged humble servant,

BROWNE WILLIS.

My humble respects to Mr. Wise, when you see him, and tell him I shall be glad to receive a line from him; service also to Mr. President, and all other gentlemen of your College.

LETTER XXI.

DR. YOUNG (*q*) TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Nov. 9, 1755.

You do me an honour. I shall not fail to keep your secret. I heartily wish you success in this and all things.

(*q*) In return for the first volume of the Essay on Pope, dedicated to Dr. Young.

If

If this or any other occasion calls you to town, I am but four hours from you; and you will be most welcome to,

Dear Sir,

Your oblig'd humble servant,

ED. YOUNG.

LETTER XXII.

MR. DODSLEY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Pall Mall, April 8, 1756.

YOUR Essay is publish'd, the price 5s. bound. I gave Mrs. Cooper directions about advertising, and have sent to her this afternoon, to desire she will look after its being inserted in the evening papers. I have a pleasure in telling you that it is lik'd in general, and particularly by such as you would wish should like it. But you have surely not kept your secret: Johnson mention'd it to Mr. Hitch as yours—Dr. Birch mention'd it to Garrick as yours—And Dr. Akenside mention'd it as yours to me—And many whom I cannot now think on have ask'd for it as yours or your brother's. I have sold many of them in my own shop, and have dispers'd and push'd it as much as I can; and have said more than I could have said if my name had been to it. Hampton's Polybius is very highly spoken of here; and if one may judge from the preface (which is all I can

I can pretend to judge of) deserves all that can be said of it. I hope Winchester agrees with you in all respects, as it will always give me pleasure to hear of your health and happiness. My compliments to Mrs. Warton; and believe me to be, with great sincerity,

Dear Sir,
affectionately yours,
R. DODSLEY.

LETTER XXIII.

DR. JOHNSON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

April 15th, 1756.

THOUGH when you and your brother were in town you did not think my humble habitation worth a visit, yet I will not so far give way to sullenness as not to tell you that I have lately seen an octavo book which I suspect to be yours, though I have not yet read above ten pages. That way of publishing without acquainting your friends is a wicked trick. However I will not so far depend upon a mere conjecture as to charge you with a fraud which I cannot prove you to have committed.

I should be glad to hear that you are pleased with your new situation. You have now a kind of royalty, and are to be answerable for your conduct to posterity. I suppose
you

you care not now to answer a letter, except there be a lucky concurrence of a post day with a holiday. These restraints are troublesome for a time, but custom makes them easy with the help of some honour and a great deal of profit, and I doubt not but your abilities will obtain both.

For my part, I have not lately done much. I have been ill in the winter, and my eye has been inflamed, but I please myself with the hopes of doing many things with which I have long pleased and deceived myself.

What becomes of poor dear Collins? I wrote him a letter which he never answered. I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire.

Let me not be long without a letter, and I will forgive you the omission of the visit; and if you can tell me that you are now more happy than before, you will give great pleasure to,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate

and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Hampton, June 15th, 1756.

I saw a friend of mine yesterday, who told me, that you was in town, and therefore I take the liberty to ask a favor of you, and to say, how proud and pleased I should be to see you at the little retirement I have at this place.— But to the favour—a most ingenious book was publish'd this last winter, call'd an Essay upon the *Genius and Writings of Pope*, in which I had one of the most elegant compliments paid to me that could be paid to an actor (*r*).

Now, Sir, as the author of that book is yet unknown, and as it is much easier for you geniuses, than we understrappers in literature to discover your brethren; I shall take it as a particular favor, if you have found out and are acquainted with the author of the said Essay, that you will present my best respects to him, and let him know how much I think myself oblig'd to him, and that I am most sincerely his and your

Most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

(*r*) "We therefore of Great Britain have perhaps more reason to congratulate ourselves, on two very singular phenomena: I mean, Shakespear's being able to pourtray characters so very different as Falstaff and Macbeth, and Garrick's being able to personate so inimitably a Lear or an Abel Druggier. Nothing can more fully demonstrate the extent and versatility of these two original geniuses."—See WARTON on Pope, Vol. I. sect. 3d.

LETTER XXV.

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Red-Lion street, Holborn,
July 15, 1756.

I RECEIVED your Life of Sir Thomas Pope, from Mr. Dodsley, who told me that he would let you know immediately, that it was in my hands, and that I had promised it should be inserted in the Biographia: but I did not trust to that: I wrote you the same thing by letter, which no doubt miscarried, as I know by experience letters to Oxford sometimes do. To secure this from the like fate, I have armed it with a proper frank, which I presume will protect it from every accident. I see, Sir, you have taken a great deal of pains in that life, of which, I will take all the care imaginable. The fourth volume is now drawing near to a conclusion, at the press. I think I cannot go lower than the letter (I) or (K), so that this of Sir Thomas Pope will come into the next volume. If you can think of any life that will be acceptable to yourself, or grateful to the University, I shall take care and hand it to the press with much satisfaction. As to the kind offer you make me, I shall not fail to remember it, whenever I stand in need of materials from Oxford; but at present, I am so busy about the book (*s*) I am to publish by subscription, that till it is out

(*s*) *Hennippus redivivus*.

LETTERS OF

of my hands, I can think of nothing else. I remain, Sir,
with the most perfect esteem and respect,

Your most obliged and
obedient humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

LETTER XXVI.

LORD LYTTLETON TO DR. WARTON.

Sir,

Hill-street, Nov. 25, 1756.

I RETURN you many thanks for your obliging congratulations, and shall think it an honor to my scarf that you will wear it. If you will send me the proper form for your appointment as my chaplain, I will sign it as soon as received. I believe it must be on stamp paper. It is a great pleasure to me to have any opportunity of shewing you that I am, with a very sincere regard and esteem,

Sir,

Your most obedient
humble servant,

LYTTLETON.

LETTER XXVII.

FROM DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

I HAVE gone diligently through all the *Memoires de Literature*, and see nothing particularly respecting the epigram; but I find in the second volume, and indeed in all of them, so many things to your purpose, that you ought to consult them immediately. Certainly they are in the Bodley and all other libraries. How goes on the degree? do not forget me. You must wish me joy of being appointed, in a most genteel manner, chaplain to Lord Lyttleton; to whom, as a man of virtue, and ever a defender of religion, I think it a real honour to be chaplain. My scarf is broad. I must beg you to go directly to Wop. Purnell with the inclosed receipt, and he will pay you five pounds that Taylor has sent him, and which was sent for Brickenden, whom you know I paid. I beg you would not fail to receive it, because I shall greatly want it in London, and shall rely on it accordingly. On looking, I don't find the receipt, but speak to Brickenden to give it you under his hand, or say that you saw or know that he received it, for you must have it of Purnell.

Ever yours,

J. WARTON.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. BEDINGFIELD (*t*) TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Warton,

March 3d, 1757.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your two letters: I own I never had so clear a notion of the *Fronte (u) licet geminâ*, as you have given me, though I always imagined it related to the different collections of Latin and English poems being bound up in one volume. I was almost certain that I had seen the Ode in manuscript, tho' your being of a contrary opinion, when in town, somewhat staggered me. I think that you are mistaken in imagining that this Ode was first printed by Tonson in his edition of all Milton's Poetical Works, for I have seen it in the collection of Milton's Poems, which, as it came out during his life, Milton I take for granted printed himself in the year

(*t*) Author of the Education of Achilles, and other poems in Dodsley's Collection.

(*u*) "Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ.

We should read *Fronte*, according to the Bodleian manuscript, and the sense required by the context. But yet *Fronde* appears in every edition hitherto published. Milton's volume of *Poems*, 1645, has a double front or title page; both separate and detached from each other, the one at the beginning, prefixed to the Latin, and the other about the middle, to the English poems. Hence the volume is *liber gemellus*, a double book, as consisting of two distinct parts, yet *cultu simplici*, under the form and appearance, the habit of a single book."—Note to WARTON's Milton.

73 or 74, where it is inserted with some others not to be found in Mosely's edition of 1645, which I have now before me.

Perhaps ere this comes to hand, you will see by the newspapers that poor More, whom we met so lately at Dodsley's, is dead. I read it this morning in the papers. It was scarcely a fortnight ago, that Gataker came to me in his name to propose my being engaged with him in his intended Magazine. When the proposal was made I could not help smiling, as I recollected his telling you and Joseph in confidence that he wanted a dull plodding fellow, of one of the Universities, who understood Latin and Greek.

You will think me a man of no curiosity (whatever I may be for Latin and Greek) when I assure you with great truth that I have not yet seen Mr. Foote's comedy (as he calls it) of the *Author*. I hear every body that goes laughs very much, but with me

“ Non satis est risu diducere rictum.”

Besides, the character of Cadwallader is not, I am told, so diverting as it was when you heard it read.

When you write next to your brother, give my compliments, and tell him that I fancy he has forgot to send me (as he promised to do) the Visions of Quevedo in Spanish, and another book. I see every day advertised an Oratiuncula spoken in the Convocation House, with critical Notes, &c. I have ask'd more than one Oxford man the meaning

meaning of it, but find nobody who knows any thing of the matter; if it is worth knowing, I should be glad to hear it, or any thing else from you which will help to continue our correspondence. I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

ROB. BEDINGFIELD.

LETTER XXIX.

CHANCELLOR HOADLY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Chelsey, April 21st, 1757.

I YESTERDAY called both upon *little David the King*, and the great (Giant) Hogarth, to both of whom I paid your respects; to the one by giving him your letter, and to the other by reading your conscientious acknowledgement of your error with regard to his pictures of Paul and Moses, and your promise of amende honorable. The former gave no particular answer but what all your feeling acquaintance join in, expressions of honour and regard for your good heart *first*, and *secondarily* head. The latter says you have more than conquered any resentment he might have harboured, by your handsome acknowledgement, and your amende honorable is a supererogation he neither expected

or

or desired (*x*). He begs you to accept of those two prints, which I will bring with me, of the pictures alluded to, and they will give you ocular demonstration of your mistake. The very reason and only one of his making an *imitation of Rembrandt* on the same subject, was to shew the world both how he had industriously avoided all images of that sort in his Paul before Felix particularly, and in general that his ambition in all his works was to be an exact Imitator, and not a Burlesquer of Nature; they being all intended as her portraits, never her caricatures. He will be very glad to see you when you come to town; and convince you that the greatest masters of antiquity have been guilty of the foolish oversight mentioned by you, and that he never was: particularly Titian in one of his grandest works. *Timidity*

(*x*) How ill does this temperate conduct agree with the attack Hogarth certainly made in one of his paintings, and a subsequent conversation with Garrick, sent in a letter to Dr. Warton—from which the following is an extract; “I was with Hogarth this morning, and alarmed him much with a dreadful account of your attack upon him. He grew very uneasy as I related the pretended manner in which you had shewn your resentment—Confusion and shame overspread his face—He was much hurt. At last I told the real method you had taken to revenge your injuries. This if possible hurt him more for what his peevishness had done; and he, thoroughly disconcerted, offered to destroy the plate in which your name is mentioned, for he declared that he would not be overdone in kindness.” How odd and inconsistent does it appear that this plate is not mentioned in the conference with Hoadly: can we suppose Mr. Hogarth capable of an attack on Dr. W. after that conference? This would be forming but a very bad opinion of his disposition; yet Garrick’s letter was not written till January 1762, and this conversation took place in April 1757.

is not the single passion expressed in the figure of the infant Moses, but *love to his mother-nurse also*—Very different ideas from archness, nothing of which is in the figure; and he desires only that so good a critic as you are, should judge in painting by your *eyes* and not by your *ears*; by the object itself in the picture, and not by report.—Hogarth has got again into portraits, and has his hands full of business, and at an high price. He has almost finished a most noble one of our sprightly friend David Garrick and his wife: they are a fine contrast, David is sitting at a table smilingly thoughtful over an epilogue or some such composition (of his own you may be sure), his head supported by his writing hand, and Madam is archly enough stealing away his pen unseen behind. It has not so much fancy as to be affected or ridiculous, and yet enough to raise it from the formal inanity of a mere portrait. There is an admirable head of Dr. Hay of the Commons, which if I were like I would not have my picture drawn: I should not like to meet that figure alive in the fields going to Chelsey, for fear of lying that night in a ditch

With twenty gaping gashes on my crown.

Adieu.

Yours most truly,

J. HOADLY.

LETTER XXX.

DR. LOWTH TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Sedgefield, Oct. 20th, 1797.

I HAVE just receiv'd a letter from the Warden of Winchester College, who tells me that you are so good as to interest yourself in Wm. of Wykeham's affairs, and have undertaken to procure an engraving of his arms from the seal of New College and of the crosier. I think it proper to inform you of the manner in which I propose to make use of them, that we may rightly understand each other, and prevent mistakes. The arms I designed to add to a genealogical table of Wm.'s kindred. The table is actually engraving by some person employed by Mr. Dodsley, and I have desired him to order a proper space to be left in the plate to receive them. I chose to have them taken from New College seal, because there is a peculiar circumstance belonging to them there, which I never observed elsewhere, that is, two lions added to the lower part, as it should seem, by way of supporters. I proposed to have completed this by adding the mitre, garter, and motto to it. Now if you think the arms on the seal sufficiently curious to stand by themselves as they are, Mr. Green may make an engraving of them exactly from the seal, and of the same size, which is not bigger than half-a-crown, on one

K K

side

side of the crosier, on the same plate: in which case I will add the arms in the common manner, with the other insignia, above mentioned, to the table of kindred. If you think it would be better as I at first proposed, Mr. Green may make a drawing only of the seal, with the insignia added in a neat and elegant manner (the motto in the old black letter) and send it to Mr. Dodsley for his engraver to add to the table, which he has in hand; I beg you to determine this, I do not know which to prefer. If there is room for the seal in the same plate with the Crosier, I think it may be best in that manner; if it is in a plate by itself I do not know where to place it. Be pleased to observe that the plate is to be for an octavo volume. The crosier may be very properly referred to from that passage of the will where it is mentioned. He calls it *Baculus Pastoralis*; and I think there should be something of an inscription at the bottom: as *Baculus Pastoralis Willmi. de Wykeham, Epi. Wynt. in thesauro Coll. Nov. Oxoñ. asservatus*. I wish I had thought of getting Mr. Green to go to Winchester to take the drawing of the monument, but I have told Mr. Dodsley not to make use of what Taylor is doing unless it is done very well, and will furnish a neat engraving; if that fails, we may yet employ Mr. Green.

One thing more occurs to me, whilst I am writing, to trouble you with. There is a word in Wm.'s will which I cannot get the meaning of from any glossaries that I have met with: if by books or antiquarians of your acquaint-

ance you can explain it to me, I shall be obliged to you : the passage is “ Item (lego) *Ponsere* meum meliorem operatum & ornatum cum novem *Baleys*, &c. XLI. *Margaritis*.” It is a legacy to his successor the Bp. of Winton. He leaves to him besides, his best book of the pontifical office, his best missal, his largest gold pontifical ring, and his best chalice gilt and enamel'd with the Passion. These are all the circumstances which can give any light into it. I have no doubt but that the right reading is as above. I beg the favor of you to pay Mr. Green, and let your brother know the sum, to whom I can easily repay it.

To have done at last with my affairs, and give you some account of your own. You know the University has honoured me with a commission, together with Dr. Johnson and Dr. Dickens, to let a new lease of your Parnassian estate, the old lease expiring next May ; I hope this affair will very soon be well settled. We are much obliged to Dr. Dickens, who got a very proper person, the Bp.'s steward, to view the estate : he reported the premises to be in very good order, the land in good condition, and the buildings in good repair. The tenant is a gentleman having some estate of his own, who farms it rather for his convenience and pleasure than his maintenance. The report, as to the value of it, agreed with what I had receiv'd before from other hands. We resolved to raise the rent, as far as we could do it without running the hazard of losing a good tenant. It was 47*l.* per annum

before, it is now offered to him at 55*l.*; I have not yet heard his answer, but suppose he will take it on those conditions. I give you this for your own private satisfaction, Dr. Dickens will make his report in full to the Vice-Chancellor, when he returns to Oxford. When we have taken care of the University's interest, I will take care of yours. I will give you an exact account of all the outgoings for renewal, &c. with the balance of clear profit to the University, i. e. (as I take it) to you. I suppose you may hereafter expect near one-third more than you have hitherto received. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

R. LOWTH.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM DR. MURDOCH TO MR. MILLAR.

Dear Sir,

WITH regard to the alterations proposed to be made in Mr. Thomson's Seasons, having now fully considered that matter, and seen how few and inconsiderable his own last corrections were; I am confirmed in my first opinion—so much, that I shall retract most of my concessions, and even some of the alterations which I thought I had made for the better.

better. In a word, I can have no hand in any edition that is much different from the small one of 1752, which I shall send you, with as many corrections as seem necessary, marked on the margin.

A detail of my reasons would be needless, it being agreed that an author's works should be presented genuine and entire. If he has written well, well: if not the sin lieth, and ought to lye, at *his* door. It is pity indeed that Mr. T. aided by my Lord L. did not correct and alter many things himself; but as that went no farther than a bare intention, 'tis too late to think of it now, and we can only say,

Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.

And my Lord L. (*y*) notwithstanding the generosity and the purity of his friendly design, can never make more of it, without hurting the author and himself. Let us suppose there is an edition such as his Lordship proposes, and that one asks, Would I have adopted *this* variation, or not; and if he had, whether would it have been from a conviction of its being preferable, or out of modesty, and deference to my Lord's judgement, and taste? We could not answer such questions, nor could my

(*y*) Johnson thus speaks of Thomson's Liberty:—

“The poem of Liberty does not now appear in its original state; but, when the author's works were collected, after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttelton with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.—I wish to see it exhibited as its author left it.”—Life of Thomson.

Lord

Lord himself. And what if, after all, some of my Lord's alterations should prove bad, ought not his Lordship to avoid that unnecessary risque? and to foresee that this must produce a second edition by some other critic, and perhaps *that* a third, which would end either in a total contempt of Mr. T.'s works, or in a restitution of them from the copies publish'd by himself (and with so much deliberation and care, that his printers were tir'd to death, as you well remember). Spring, (l. 65.) ended with *greatly independent liv'd*. He, in some intemperate fit of zeal turn'd it into

- - - - - scorn'd

All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

In the stile of a party-pamphleteer—and forgetting the character of the Dictator's times. I have therefore altered it from the subscription edition. Of some of my Lord's remarks and emendations, I have given my opinion in the articles, at the end of the copy-book, mark'd A. B. C. &c. But of the two principal alterations I shall say something here.

The reasons I formerly gave for restoring the conclusion of the Fox-chace, still seem to hold good, notwithstanding my Lord's scruples. Nor is there any necessity to be so very grave and solemn throughout. The very comparisons my Lord draws from painting make against him—as we see in the best masters the foreground stor'd with nurses and children, boys playing, &c. which have nothing to do with the principal subject, and yet have their natural and proper place in the composition, because they belong to the scene
that

that is represented. And for authorities; his Lordship will scarce shew any thing more burlesque and Hogarthian in Thomson than the monks cowls, &c. flying about in Milton's Limbo of Vanity. The adventure of Menætes in Virgil's Games :

Illum et labentem Teucris, et risère natantem ;

Et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

And in Homer the awkward limping of Vulcan, &c.

As to the *Hymn*, if a word or two are alter'd, it needs give his Lordship no pain, if it is compared with that in Milton. There are not, in it all, two lines so bad, for the numbers and sense, as

“ Moon that now meets the orient Sun, now fly'st

With the fixt Stars, fixt in their orb that flies.”

And the theology of it, allowance made for poetical expression, is orthodox.

There remain two things to be mentioned relative in general to the caution with which original writings should be touch'd. One from the life of Virgil as given us by Donatus, who, when he found it would be impossible to suppress his unfinish'd *Æneis*, ordered that at least nothing should be added to it—which injunction his friends so religiously observed, that the blank hemistichs remain unfill'd up. Yet those friends were men of taste, whose assistance, had he lived to use it, he would probably have been very glad of. The other remark I would make, is on the bad success our commentators and editors have had, either

either in improving their authors, or advancing their own reputation as critics—witness Bentley's Milton, and the late editions of Shakespeare. Those men being able grammarians, were tempted to deal in criticism; which requires what they wanted, a feeling of poetical beauty. Whence it happens that an image or phrase which they cannot convert into very intelligible prose, is declared faulty, and to need their correction. Thus Bentley found nonsense in these divine lines of Milton,

No light but rather *darkness visible*

Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.

Sometimes we see a thoughtless puerility in their emendations, as when the same critic changes *secret* top of Horeb into *sacred*. At other times, they wantonly treat us like children, or as a juggler does the multitude: "See, Gentlemen, here is the very best and properest epithet that can be, *ear piercing*; but you shall see how dexterously I can turn it into th' fear-spensing, &c. &c. Such criticisms are diverting enough, but there is this danger in them, that if we are not on our guard, we may be insensibly seduced to imitate them.

As to Mr. T.'s *diction*, of which my Lord's acquaintances so much complain, I would recommend to those gentlemen to read Milton with care, and the greatest part of their objections would vanish; for the rest Thomson himself is answerable; and I believe could answer tolerably well, if he were alive to speak for himself. Certain it is that T.'s language

guage has been well receiv'd by the publick, excepting perhaps those my Lord speaks of, who are more *dispos'd to find blemishes than capable of feeling beauties*; and who I think do not much deserve his Lordship's regard. His numbers and manner have been adopted by good authors; and, since he began to write, our poetry is become more nervous and rich.

Grammars and dictionaries will always have their due place and consideration: but no man of genius ever found himself distress'd and fetter'd by them. He could always use the liberty that belonged to and became him, without falling into solecisms, or into obscurity; and indeed without this liberty, no language could be enrich'd or improv'd, but must soon be reduc'd to a dead stand, like the stile of law-writings. For particulars I refer you to my remarks at the end of the copy-book; and have only to beg your indulgence for this crude scrawl, which I have not time to copy over, and to subscribe myself, with great truth and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

P. MURDOCH.

LETTER XXXII.

MR. COLEMAN TO MR. WARTON

Dear Tom,

June 15th, 1758.

MANY thanks for your intelligence concerning the resolution of the delegates. My long delay in acknowledging your last favour will scarce entitle me to an account from you of what has been done in convocation, but if you will be so good as to instruct Jackson, he will take that trouble. I am afraid after all that if a fellowship is established, it will be on such a footing as to render my acceptance of it impracticable, supposing the University willing to give it me. If much residence or duty be required, it will be quite incompatible with my other views, nor do I see how any body who proposes to pursue the law can take it on such terms. However this is entirely *entre nous*. I hope to find you at Oxford when I appear in my tye wig. You know, I suppose, that the *Inscriptiones Romanae*, &c. are *your's*. They have, I find, been sent to all the literati, Dr. Markham, Bedingfield, Garrick, &c. They are very well spoken of; Markham in particular commended them much, and master Francklin is held mighty cheap for his very unclassical review of them. I had it in my head to have got an answer to it crammed into some of the magazines or chronicles, but partly through business, and partly through dissipation, the thought

thought dropt. I was in hopes of seeing you and Joe in town at Whitsuntide. Thornton is well, and desires to be remember'd to you. I am,

Dear Tom,
Most sincerely yours,
G. COLEMAN.

LETTER XXXIII.

DR. BLACKSTONE (2) TO DR. WARTON.

Sir,

THE very ingenious hypothesis you adopted this afternoon, with regard to the original of pastoral poetry, brought to my mind the following passage in Vitruvius, which, if it has not occurred to you before, you will perhaps agree with me in thinking, is no inconsiderable testimony of your opinion.

“Genera autem scenarum sunt tria, unum quod dicitur Tragicum, alterum Comicum, tertium Satyricum. Horum autem ornatus sunt inter se dissimiles, disparique ratione: quod Tragicæ deformantur columnis, fastigiis et signis reliquisq; regalibus rebus; Comicæ autem ædificiorum privatorum et menianorum habent speciem, &c. Satyricæ vero

(2) Afterwards Sir W. Blackstone—the Judge—and author of the justly celebrated Commentaries on the Laws of England.

ornantur arboribus, speluncis, montibus, reliquisq; agrestibus rebus in topiarii operis speciem deformatis.”

Mons. Perault, in his notes to the translation of this passage, says “ J’aurois pu traduire, *scenam satyricam* la scene pastorale, & vrai semblablement c’est celle, dont Vitruve entend icy parler.”

You will excuse the liberty I take, but I could not omit suggesting so ample a confirmation of an hypothesis which gave me so much pleasure.

I am, with much respect,

your faithful and obedient servant,

WM. BLACKSTONE.

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. HARRIS TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Jan. 13th, 1759.

I HAVE received the book of Epigrams, and am greatly obliged to you for it. Shall be glad to know also what I am indebted to you on the occasion. Had I known the sum, should have sent it by Mr. Henchman, the bearer of this.

Be pleas'd to accept my sincerest wishes for your truly laudable endeavours towards the revival, the preservation, and the increase of good taste; not that phantom bearing

its name, imported by Petit Maitres from France, but that real and animating form which guided the geniuses at Athens. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

LETTER XXXV.

DR. LOWTH TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Bath, April 19th, 1759.

THE favour of your letter, which I received just as I was setting forward for this place, I had not then time to acknowledge; and ever since I have been quite unfit for all correspondence, and have not had the spirits to do it. I was very glad to see that you were fairly engaged in the 2d volume; and hope you will go on with it with alacrity and expedition. The objection to your being further employed in such a work, in your present situation, of which you seemed apprehensive, I dare say will never rise up against you: on the contrary I will venture to answer for it, that it will turn out not only to your own personal credit, but very much for the reputation of the place from whence it comes. Pray where did you meet with William the Conqueror's Ode, and Chaucer's accompanying the Duke of Clarence

Clarence to Milan, and being personally acquainted with Petrarch? I should be glad if you would give us your authorities for such curious matters.—The new edition of William of Wykeham I believe will be out next week.—Present my compliments to the Warden and Dr. Burton, and believe me ever,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

R. LOWTH.

LETTER XXXVI.

DR. KING TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

St. Mary's Hall, May 26th, 1759.

You will be so good as to forgive me, that I have not sooner answered your letter, which I received from you when I was at Bath. But as I wrote to your brother immediately, I deferr'd writing to you till I returned to this place, and had mentioned your request to some of my friends. I can't perceive you will meet with any opposition; and your brother informs me, that all those members of convocation, to whom he has applied, are ready and willing to give their consent. Besides, as my Lord Westmoreland will be so kind, immediately after his installation, to propose your degree, I think we need not doubt of your success.

success. As for myself, I desire you to be assured that on all occasions as well as this, you may command all the little interest I may have. I loved your father most sincerely and affectionately, whilst he was living, and I now love and honour his memory. But nothing gives me greater pleasure than to find, that both his sons are worthy of him,

I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

W. KING.

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. CAMPBELL TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Queen-square, Ormond-street,
Dec. 18, 1759.

I RECEIVED very safely the Life you were pleased to send me of Weever, the antiquary, which I read with a great deal of satisfaction, and transmitted it immediately to the proprietor of the Biographia, of which I gave you an account by letter, which it seems by some accident has miscarried. On all occasions of this sort, you may depend on my punctuality, as I have a particular attention, and indeed a peculiar affection for every thing that comes from you.

I believe you are well enough acquainted with booksellers
to

to know that they are not very ready in communicating their intentions; but notwithstanding this I have reason to believe that there will be a supplement to this work; and if your friend will confide the Life of Mr. Lloyd to me, I will take as much care of it as if it was my own. There are few people better acquainted with his works than I am, and of course nobody has a higher veneration for his memory and his merit. He was a man of true learning, and sincerely zealous for the honour of his country.

I learn by letters that arrived by this day's mail, that they look upon a Congress at the Hague as a thing certain, and are actually making preparations for it. The Duke of Burgundy is very ill of some disease, for which the use of baths was improperly directed; in consequence of which the Paris papers say an amputation it is feared will be necessary, but of what part is a secret of state with which they do not think proper to trust us. Marshal Conflans, not satisfied with destroying the French fleet, has destroyed the reputation of five of his officers, and is in a fair way of destroying their persons, for the King has ordered them to be arrested. I know that all news from London is welcome, and therefore I hope you will excuse this liberty from

Your faithful and obedient servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

LETTER XXXVIII.

CHANCELLOR HOADLY TO DR. WARTON,

I TAKE it for granted that I am in debt to my good friend Mr. Warton for a packet on the subject which we talk'd over at breakfast at the College; which I thankfully acknowledge.

I have nothing to impart to you, but my *bad feelings*; which I wou'd not have you and your's partake. I drank the water for a fortnight—I kept my bed for the next fortnight—I have been without strength for more than another—and have a new pain, I fear, coming on behind my left heel, in the tendon of the nimble-footed gentleman in Homer. I am a *good man* still *above-board*, like my brother Lechmere—Heart-whole! Wou'd I cou'd say as much of my head! tho' that has been free from gout, it is not much the wiser for 2 vols. quarto of bombast, the tooth-drawing lingo of Harte's Gustavus Adolphus—2 vols. quarto of Davila's Civil Wars of France—Female Spectator—2 vols. of the new Plautus—which entertains me much—These and other *accidental reading* administer'd by Miss *Ridding* (to speak in the style of Plautus and Hoadly), with quadrille in an evening for my poor deaf wife, to whom sound is senseless, and reading aloud a nullity, have fill'd my time at Bath; as to writing—Yes—Fecjt Indig-

M M

natio

natio Versum, as you'll see on the other side. I heard that the absurd *Earl of Warwick*, merely thro' the name, was reported to be mine, and much believed; so, sent David these verses (*a*).

We join in compliments and all good wishes to you, the late Professor, Mrs. Warton, and all your family. Remember us to your good Ally, whose old age we rejoice to hear is still so green. The same to the Dean and his family, when you meet him some attic evening in the Close.

I am, dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

J. HOADLY.

(*a*) Author, how could'st thou make great Warwick dost,
 And pin a housewife's dust-clout to his coat;
 Then in such trim expose him on the stage
 Th' applauded tool of a degenerate age:
 How bring thy linsey-woolsey stuff from France,
 And quilt his tragic robe with *thin romance*,
 And *point of honour*—such as ne'er was shewn
 Since Prettyman was wedded to old Joan*.
 History herself had drawn thy tragic plan
 Pure and consistent through, as it began;
 The characters distinct, the action one,
 The moral perfect, and the story known;
 But thou—full wisely dost thou hide thy head
 Until *thy Warwick* cease the stage to tread.

* See the argument of the last act of the *Rehearsal*.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. HARRIS TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Salisbury, Feb. 11th, 1760.

I HAVE great pleasure in sending you the book you desire to borrow of me, and the more so, as I find your request has respect to your intended edition of Theocritus. With the helps that you tell me of, you will I dare say make it a very valuable edition, especially when enriched with your own illustrations. I could wish you would add about a score of the unpublish'd Greek epigrams, now preserved in the Bodleian Library, such as your good taste would know to, distinguish for their elegance and simplicity above the rest.

An addition of this kind would be highly acceptable to the man of letters, and give your book a distinguished character, when compared to other editions.

Mrs. Harris desires her compliments. You will believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

When you have done with the book, please to return it by the same conveyance.

LETTER XL.

MR. BONNELL THORNTON TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Tom,

May 9th, 1760.

YOUR application would have all the weight with me you could have desired, if it had not come after so strong an one for the contrary interest, that I am in a manner engaged to come down if thought necessary. However, I am glad that it furnishes me with so just a plea for remaining neuter; especially as it is the time of our Westminster School election, which I never miss attending, if I can help it. I am sorry to find you and your friend Mr. Price, of Woodstock, are of different inclinations in this affair; for it was by him, through my intimate, Waller, that I promised Mr. Nowel first. Lloyd (though not at present writing) I may say desires his compliments, for he intended to make them in form some time ago to you, by sending you his Epistle to B. T. Esq. (your humble servant) if he had been sure it would have reached you either at Winton or Oxon; but in this uncertainty he trusted that the fame of it would, by tempting you to enquire after it, make the present of a copy for present use in some manner unnecessary. However, I may venture to promise, in his name, that two (there are no royal paper ones) handsome copies, elegantly done up in marble covers, cut leaves, &c. shall

shall travel down to Oxford in Jackson's next parcel—one for yourself and the other for his brother—must I say?—Usher. I have really no news to tell you, but that I intend to pay you a visit in about a week.

Yours most heartily, &c.

B. THORNTON.

LETTER XLI.

MR. COBDEN (*b*) TO MR. WARTON.

Good Sir,

Acton, Sept. 13, 1760.

As you have undertaken to give some account to the world of Dr. Bathurst, our worthy President, and in his time the most ingenious person in the University of Oxford; I heartily wish you success, and should be glad if I could contribute any thing to promote it; but tho' I have reason to think he had been an excellent governor, from the flourishing estate of the College, yet when I came under his care, he was almost blind and quite superannuate, and as I feel myself much in the same condition I can hardly hope to communicate what shall be worthy your notice or acceptance. Whilst I was a commoner in that society, I endeavour'd in verse at a description of the elegant

(*b*) Author of a volume of poems on various subjects.

chapel.

chapel there, which is a short abridgement of the History of the New Testament, form'd by his model, and rais'd by his munificence, which I took the liberty to inscribe to him: it is bound up with other performances in a quarto volume; a copy of which I formerly presented to the libraries of Trinity, New College, and Winchester College, which I hope were received. I wish that trifle could be of any service to you, and am, Sir,

Your sincere friend
and humble servant,
EDWARD COBDEN.

LETTER XLII.

DR. BIRCH (*c*) TO MR. WARTON.

Rev. Sir,

London, Oct. 30, 1760.

It would be a great satisfaction to me to have it in my power to give the least assistance towards any work undertaken by a gentleman who has already obliged the public so highly by his writings.

What has occurred to me upon the subject of the learned Bathurst, in examining the registers of the Royal Society and my own History of that Society, is as follows:

(*c*) Secretary and Treasurer to the Royal Society.

The

The Doctor, who appears, from Dr. Wallis's Letter to Dr. Thos. Smith (publish'd in Hearne's Appendix to his Preface to Peter Langley's Chronicle, vol. i. p. 161) to have been a member of the Philosophical Assembly which met at Oxford several years before the Restoration, was elected into the Royal Society on the 19th of August 1663, and being then present was admitted into it.

March 30th, 1664, he was chosen of the Committee for collecting all the Phænomena of Nature hitherto observed, and all experiments made and recorded.

Oct. 29, 1666, the Council of the Society ordered, that Dr. Bathurst and Mr. Isaac Barrow should be dispensed with, as to half of their weekly payments of one shilling.

March 8, 1681-2, Francis Aston, Esq. Secretary of the Society, read to the Council a letter from Dr. Plot, giving an account of his having solicited Dr. Bathurst, as well as other members of the Society, for their arrears; and that Dr. Bathurst and Mr. Smith hoped that they should not be obliged to the weekly contribution; but that Dr. Bathurst would speedily present to the Society ten pounds. And in the 22d of the same month of March, Mr. Aston read to the Council a letter from Dr. Bathurst, in answer to one from Mr. Aston, about the Doctor's arrears due to the Society, in which letter he sent a bill of ten pounds to be paid to the Treasurer of the Society.

LETTERS OF

In the table of benefactions fixed up in the Council of the Royal Society is this article:

Ralph Bathurst, D. D. 1705 - - - - £.10.

I am, with the greatest esteem,

Rev. Sir,

Your most humble

and obedient servant,

THOS. BIRCH.

LETTER XLIII.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Salisbury, April 28th, 1761.

I HAVE run through your brother's *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, with many of the pieces annexed, as carefully as I could, considering the shortness of the time.

I must do the author justice, that, by anecdotes and a sprightly stile, he has contrived to animate his subject beyond what one would thought had been practicable. His own verses prefixed are admirable; so are those of Bathurst to Hobbes, and his English ones to the Protector, had it not been for the low creeping diction of the last distich. His oration about incorporating the Barbers is highly humorous; the Programma about preaching without book,

so rational as not to be answered; the three medical questions very ingenious, and in particular the second.

In the oration about the Barbers, I remark two errata; p. 98, Dictioni, when it should be Ditioni; and p. 100, non *tantum* de novo, when it should be non *tam* de, &c. The story of the quarrel between A. Wood and South is excellent, and both the joke and the resentment well worthy of two such malevolent animals.

P. 153 of the Life, the explanation of a Latin distich of Milton is founded on a curious fact, not known before. What comes in the page following about Spenser, Shakespear, and Johnson, is equally new and curious, particularly the fact of Shakespear's knowing something of Latin. The fact, p. 103, of breaking Baliol College windows, I could wish had been omitted, as being an effort of that dotage, when the man was lost, and the character extinct. I am greatly pleased with the letter to Langbaine upon Dugdale's Monasticum; 'tis an elegant vindication of that sort of study, to which perhaps not many of its admirers are equal, if we except the author and *editor*, and a few more that, added to this science, possess taste into the bargain.

I have written much more than I intended. You will forgive me, and believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES HARRIS.

LETTER XLIV.

DR. LOWTH TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Durham, June 28th; 1761.

THE favour of yours of the 17th is but this day come to my hands. I can give you no satisfactory information with regard to the case which you refer to me. I remember I read a lecture the first term after my election, tho' it came pretty quick upon me, being elected in Easter term; as I suppose I did likewise the first term after my re-election: but my practice ought to be no precedent for you; for I assure you I did it because I was not aware of any such exemption or privilege as you mention. I congratulate you and the public on your re-establishment in your office; and hope I may one day have the pleasure of being one of your readers, tho' I cannot have that of being one of your audience.

Accept of my best thanks for your kind present of your Life of Bathurst, and the pleasure it has given me in the perusal; and believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and
affectionate humble servant,

R. LOWTH.

My wife desires her compliments to you; and I beg mine to Mr. Wheeler.

LETTER XLV.

MR. WHEELER TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Trin. Coll. Aug. 17th, 1761.

I WRITE to you to acquaint you that the Vice Chancellor, upon hearing (I suppose) that the Cambridge people are to give in to their Inspectors their Epithalamiums (*d*) by the first of next month, has appointed the 10th of the same month for the delivery of ours. Notice of this was sent out a few days ago; and he has spoke to me already upon the business, and at the same time enquired after you, and said he should acknowledge it as a particular favour if you could make it suit your convenience to come hither by the 10th of September, (or before, as you shall think proper) to act as one of the Inspectors. He has prevailed upon me, by reason of the scarcity of people here at present, to thrust myself into the number, as a member of Magdalen. The others are the two Proctors, as before, one of the Censors of Christ Church, and Pye of New College, if they can be found, and have no particular exceptions to the office. Pye, at present, is not in town. I thought it proper to give you the earliest notice of this, that you might know how to act accordingly. I beg my compliments to your brother, and am, Sir,

Your's &c.

B. WHEELER.

(*d*) On the Marriage of the present King.

LETTER XLVI.

MR. WHEELER TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Trin. Coll. Sept. 28, 1761.

I RECEIVED the favour of your's, and should have answer'd your other letter sooner, but was in daily expectation of receiving from you Mr. Chichester's copy, which you seemed to promise. By saying nothing of it in this, I am afraid you tacitly intimate that you have not had time to write more than your own. Pardon me for talking in this stile; but my concern for the honour of little Trinity makes me hope that you will not write for yourself only.

With regard to the Collection, it goes on now very briskly. Indeed it is what I could not have said this day se'nnight; for the Proctors having been absent more than a week before, to attend the Address, and the two other Inspectors not being at home, nothing could be done till the beginning of last week, when we had a meeting, (Pye only absent) and chose out of a pretty large cargo, which I had received at different times, a number of copies sufficient to keep the press employed the whole week. So that I have gone thro' the correction of five sheets, most of which are worked off. Copies come in better than I expected, considering the deadness of the times; but the two Colleges most deficient are New College and Christchurch; Jones having not brought so much as one copy from his College. We
began

began (as usual) in the middle of the book, with the letter (M), and are now printing off (T), having left a gap of Q and R, that the deficient Colleges may not be clustered together.

With regard to the type and letter-press, you will find them disposed to much better advantage, than in the last collection. Distances I have insisted upon using, and much better paper, tho' (for the necessity of binding in velvet, which is of a certain size) of the same bigness as before. I had likewise given orders, before I received your letter, to reject all italics universally, and use a capital running title; there are therefore no italics, but in the names of the writers. I was pleased to find the same articles insisted on in your letter, and read them to Daniel Prince, for further confirmation.

Your own copy will not be wanted till you come, as the Collection will not be closed till that time, having been retarded for the reasons above mentioned, and the dilatoriness of the two Colleges spoken of, who must necessarily appear, tho' (if we consider that out of fifty copies sent between them to the last collection there were not above ten good ones, I speak between friends) we might do without them.

Thus have I given you a minute account of things. My compliments to all friends.

I am yours, &c.

B. WHEELER.

LETTER XLVII.

DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Oct. 17th, 1761.

LAST Friday the Warden, the Dr. and I received a most polite invitation from Lord Effingham to dine with him, which we did, but the Warden was engaged. He had suited and classed his company politely—Wiccamists. We had *Lord Bruce*, two *Pentons*, *Hooper*, *Drax*, *Hanham*, *Cornwall*, *Pitt* and *Phelps*; these last asked, but gone to Shatfield Sea with the Duke of York. He intended it as a compliment to the College, and it was very polite. After dinner, that very evening came the route for the camp regiments, and orders to break up, which Lord Effingham read, viz.—On Tuesday next the South Gloster to march to Bristol—North Gloster to Biddeford—Berkshire to Reading and Oakingham—setting out Tuesday—The Hampshire, Wednesday, to Devizes—the Wiltshire, Thursday, to Salisbury, and no mention at all made of the Dorsetshire, which we much wonder'd at. I hope your vile day gave you no cold: you don't mention that it did. I am got pretty well, but have a sad pain in my stomach every evening. I have been out and in school, &c. the whole week.—I will send up the Pope as soon as I can get it, but poor' Thorpe is not returned, and I verily fear will go into a consumption. I

have been very diligent these five days about Virgil, and have touched up the Georgics in a vast variety of places—principally respecting the *connexions*, which wanted, and other *gouty* expressions. I see on the whole there is a great quantity of alterations. Pray write.

Dearest Tom,

I am most affectionately yours,

J. WARTON.

You shall have Phelps's verses in time.

LETTER XLVIII.

DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Winton, Dec. 3d, 1761.

I RECEIVED the Oxford verses, and answer your last by Dr. Barton, who desires to carry it. Our scheme to *Sarum* is now therefore fixed and unalterable. The verses are many of them good. Above all, is not *Spence's* a noble copy, so proper and happy is the introducing our old Saxon connexions. They were written and indeed owned by Dr. Lowth, so says Sturges, &c. here. Phelps's verses are much talked of here. Guess how I enjoy what is said of them. The Warden, &c. don't seem to suspect any thing. By the way, the Warden is much pleased with them, and with yours;

yours; so is the Dean and Sturges with *both these*. Now I must tell you Dr. Burton carps at the Latin ones in many places. In Mr. Lyttleton's is at the very beginning a terrible false concord. I shall speak to some of the Inspectors, quoth the Doctor. *Ilice sub nigro*—a feminine, doubtless; and no exception can we find to the contrary of its being the masculine gender: and also again in Penruddocke's (whose name much surprized me) is *ilices suos*. What is the meaning of this, or what authority? In the Dean of Christ Church is *liceat lusisse*—which the Doctor says is a *false tense*, and should *not* be the perfect—What think you? Who made Penruddocke's—truly the Warden says you did. Dr. Fanshaw's are something well—Williams's the Doctor likes—the Cossack in Williams's is good, not the *rest*. We think the Wiccaminists have this time beat entirely the Westminster's—there are also in number 19 Wiccaminists. I wish a small letter was *written* on the superiority of the Oxford to the Cambridge verses, which is manifest enough. Adieu, and write. I am

Most affectionately your's,

J. WARTON.

LETTER XLIX.

HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 21st, 1762.

I WAS last week surprized with a very unexpected present in your name; and still more, when, upon examining it, I found myself so much and so undeservedly distinguished by your approbation. I certainly ought to have thanked you immediately, but I chose to defer my acknowledgments till I had read your volumes very attentively. The praise you have bestowed on me, debars me, Sir, from doing all the justice I ought to your work: the pleasure I received from it would seem to have grown out of the satisfaction I felt in what, if it would not be ungrateful, I should be humble enough to call flattery; for how can you, Sir, approve such hasty, superficial writings as mine, you, who in the same pursuits are so much more correct, and have gone so much deeper? for instance, compare your account of Gothic architecture with mine; I have scarce skimmed the subject; you have ascertained all its periods. If my Anecdotes should ever want another edition, I shall take the liberty of referring the readers to your chronicle of our buildings.

With regard to the Dance of Death (*e*), I must confess

(*e*) The Dance of Death in the church-yard of the Prædicants of the suburbs of St. John, at Basil, is always ascribed to Holbein, and is shewn to strangers through a grate: and yet, as Vertue observed, our painter had un-

O o

doubtedly

you have not convinced me. Vertue (for it was he not I that first doubted of that painting at Basil) persuaded me by the arguments I found in his MSS., and which I have given, that Holbein was not the author. The latter's prints, as executed by Hollar, confirmed me in that opinion: and you must forgive me if I still think the taste of them superior to Albert Durer. This is mere matter of opinion, and of no consequence, and the only point in your book, Sir, in which I do not submit to you and agree with you.

You will not be sorry to be informed, Sir, that in the library of the Antiquarian Society there is a large and very good print of Nonsuch, giving a tolerable idea of that pile, which was not the case of Speed's confused scrap. I have myself drawings of the two old palaces of Richmond and Greenwich; and should be glad to shew them to you, if at any time of leisure you would favour me with a visit here. You would see some attempts at Gothic, some miniatures of scenes which I am pleased to find you love—Cloysters, screens, round towers, and a printing house, all indeed of baby dimensions, would put you a little in mind of the age of Caxton(*f*) and Wynken(*g*). You might play at fancying

doubtedly no hand in it. Pope Eugenius IV. appointed the council of Basil in 1431, and it sat there fifteen years; during which time a plague raged that carried off all degrees of people. On the cessation of it, the work in question was immediately painted, as a memorial of that calamity. Holbein was not born till 1498.—See Anecdotes of Painting, Vol. I.

(*f*) The first who introduced the art of printing with fusile types into England; and publisher of "The Recuyell of the history of Troy," the first known book printed in the English tongue.

(*g*) Wynken de Worde.

yourself

yourself in a Castle described by Spenser. You see, Sir, by the persuasions I employ, how much I wish to tempt you hither! I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. You know to be sure that in Ames's Typogr. Antiquities are specified all the works of Stephen Hawes.

LETTER L.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF BISHOP WARBURTON TO DR. BALGUY,
PREBENDARY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Prior Park, October 7, 1762.

WHEN you see Mr. T. Warton, pray tell him with what new pleasure I have read his improved edition of his *Observations on the Fairy Queen*, which I had formerly read with the highest satisfaction. He says truly, p. 234. v. 2. that *taste and imagination make more antiquarians than the world is willing to allow*. He is a noble instance of this truth; and if he goes on so, he will rescue antiquarian studies (the most amusing in the world, and not the least useful) from the contempt of certain learned blockheads, and the stale ridicule of ignorant wits. Above all, there is nothing I more wish

than an edition of my favourite Chaucer from his hand: nor would it be indifferent to an antiquary of taste to have Wood's Antiquities of Oxford, as he wrote him in his own English, given to the public for the reason Mr. Warton speaks of in his Life of Bathurst. It would be infinite pity not to go on in illustrating antiquity; since he is certainly the first antiquarian of taste and spirit that we have seen since Spelman and Seldon. I will venture to point at two slips, that he should set right in the next edition, v. i. p. 29. In Richard I.'s licence for holding *tournaments*, he explains *Warringford* by [*Wallingford*]; he should have said Waingford, 6 miles south of Stenford; between which two places there is a large heath proper for those exercises. Again, p. 194, *Cuir bouilli* he explains by *tarred leather*; he should have said *tarred leather hardened in boiling oil*, to make it fit for that part of the knight's armour.—Pray let me know whether he publishes his Theocritus by subscription.

You may remember I told you I had an account to settle with Walpole, for his pp. 106-7, in the 1st of his *Anc.* of *Paint*. Lord Mansfield told me at Gloucester that he had denied to every body on his *honour* that he meant me, and professed his great regard, &c. If he has bought off my resentment to his own satisfaction, I have no reason to quarrel at the price, how small soever it may be thought, from this influence. Believe me to be,

Dear Sir, &c.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER LI.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

NOTHING should have prevented my waiting on you at the time of your repeating verses, a time I particularly love, but my being obliged to attend Parliament the day before, on the last matter of consequence, I mean the vote for the supply of an additional million; on this occasion we had all the great speakers up, and upon the whole a very entertaining debate.

Foster's book on accents I have seen, and think it a very ingenious performance. He has certainly brought together all in a manner left in antiquity upon the subject, and has shewn it to respect acute and grave, not long and short. But then, as to the application of this to any method of pronouncing we know, here I am afraid we are as much in the dark as ever.

Lord Kames's book on the Elements of Criticism, I should be glad at your leisure to hear a little what you think of. He is a man of character, and has done me the honour to commence a correspondence with me. I was too much engaged in London to read, and I must confess I was a little hurt to find him condemn some of the finest parts of Virgil (*h*)

(*h*) See Elements of Criticism, Vol. I. chap. 1. and compare with Dr. Warton's criticism on the Georgics.

and

and Horace(*i*), and which are in the highest degree defensible; and that for no other reason than because they did not coincide with a system of his own invention. However, as I said before, I should be glad to know your sentiments.

I am sorry I cannot see you at Sarum, and envy you the pleasure of your journey through Wales. What joy to a man of taste from a scene so romantic!

What you tell me of my Son gives me the most real satisfaction. There is nothing I have so much at heart as the formation of his character, with every accomplishment that may adorn it, that while others exceed him in wealth and honours, he may exceed *them* in what is far more valuable, and far more his own.

My compliments, and that of us all, attend Mrs. Warton and Mr. Thomas Warton:—when he has done with those books of mine, and not before, I should be obliged if he would return them. I rest,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged humble servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

(*i*) See in the same author, Vol. I. chap. 1. on Connection—Vol. II. section 4th, on the Melody of Hexameter Verse.

LETTER LII.

DR. BALGUY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

B. Sheffield, 3d Feb. 1763.

I HAVE the same favour to ask of you for Mr. Drake, which I obtained last year. He will be at school, if nothing extraordinary happen, on Wednesday next; and it is not his own fault, that he was not there a fortnight sooner. I have trusted him with my study, during my absence; on supposition he can make any use of it consistently with the rules of your family.

The little time I can spend on books here is intirely devoted to the *Fairy Queen*, and the Observations on it; and I find myself still young enough to receive great pleasure from both. But if I could see Mr. T. W. I would strongly recommend it to him to take a journey to *York*; where I think he has never been, as he takes no notice of that Cathedral. It was built at four different times; is very highly finished; and cannot fail of exemplifying, or of correcting, his remarks on the different stages of Gothic architecture.

I observed one very trifling thing, in which I differ from him, viz. the etymology of *Una(k)*. I can scarce doubt, as there are many marks in Spenser of his knowledge of that

(k) Our author's residence in Ireland furnished him with the name of *Una* or *Oonah*. He might at the same time intend to denote by *Una* singular and unparalleled excellence.—See WARTON on Spenser, Vol. II. 1 & 4.

kind, that he borrowed the names *Una* and *Duessa* from the cant of the Pythagorean philosophers. These people, according to Plutarch, held two principles;—the source of truth and good they called the *One*; the source of falshood and evil was *Two*: and some of the *Platonists*, I believe, talked in the same manner.

Having neglected for some time to write to Mr. Hurd, I know not how he is employing himself; but it is crédibly reported that he is at work again for the press. Mr. Mason is within less than ten miles of me; but I have not yet seen him. Some say he is writing a *Comedy*; others, that he is going to be married. The reports *may* be both true; but I think it rather more likely they should be both false.

I ought to beg pardon for all this trifling with a man who has so little leisure for trifling as yourself. But I was glad to lay hold on any pretence for a little imaginary conversation with you, as I have no immediate prospect of any other. I think however you are pretty regular in your excursions at Whitsuntide; so that, if I should not see you sooner, we may then be likely to meet at Bath.

Miss Drake joins in compliments and good wishes to Mrs. Warton and yourself with,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and
obedient humble servant,

THO. BALGUY.

I beg my humble service to Dr. Burton.

LETTER LIII.

DR. WARTON (*l*) TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Tuesday, March 8th, 1763.

THIS moment the dear children have all been inoculated, never persons behaved better, no whimpering at all—I hope in God for success, but cannot avoid being in much anxiety. We remove on Saturday next, long enough before there is any danger from infection. But I don't talk of the time; I have done it. I am far from well myself, but not so as to keep in; but of this more another time. Pray write to me very often—I shall want the assistance of your letters.—

Most affectionately yours,

J. WARTON.

LETTER LIV.

DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

You may imagine I never passed such a day as this in my life! grieved to death myself for the loss of so sweet a

(*l*) This and the two following letters, though on a domestic subject, are introduced as indicative of that naturally affectionate disposition, and feeling heart, which so strongly characterized every action of Dr. Warton.

P P

child,

child, but forced to stifle my feelings as much as possible for the sake of my poor Wife—She does not however hit on or dwell on that most cutting circumstance of all, poor Nanny's dying as it were by our own means, tho' well intended indeed; yet surely very lamentable is that particular consideration—by an illness of our own giving to the poor child—this only between me and you!—Among other difficulties we are forced to conceal it from the children, especially from Jo. who is backwarder than the rest, and has been in fear of it, and cried several days past; and to see the suspicious faces of Tom and Jack, who lay in the room last night, is affecting enough.—I have settled all with Mr. Silver, for the poor dear child to be buried *to-morrow* night in the Cathedral at *nine*. I write this, even tho' I shall see you at nine to night—till then, adieu.

Yours most affectionately,

J. WARTON.

LETTER LV.

DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Thursday, April 22d, 1763.

ALL our little sick flock came here on Saturday, as proposed, and continue well, Jo. having quite missed his ague, and gathering strength. As to poor *Molly*, at times, she is in

the utmost affliction still, and laments herself most miserably, and insists on it that she shall never again recover her spirits or peace of mind: the only thing I have hope in is time, and I must make a point to give her all sorts of amusements in the holidays. But at present do not know *how* or *where*. My own malady continues much the same, or rather better; and I have had a hundred dismal apprehensions concerning it. However I must hope if I can hope. And indeed to own a truth to you, I can by no means myself, tho' I dare not tell my poor Wife so, get out of my head, or divert my thoughts from, the dear little charming girl we have so unluckily lost. You know how to make allowances for weaknesses of this sort, if they are such. You I hope will come to us as soon as you can, which will be the greatest comfort and pleasure, and we will meditate some scheme or other. Pray write as soon as you can.—Our prisoners begin to go in flat-bottom boats from Southampton. We have no news. Adieu.

Dearest Tom,

I am ever most affectionately yours,

J. WARTON.

LETTER LVI.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Pall-Mall, June 30th, 1763.

By the letter you sent me yesterday, you are I see resolved not to be a friend by halves; you have made my Son happy in his expectations, and have taken effectual means that those expectations should not be disappointed. I hope he will with gratitude acknowledge the friendship; I for my own part do it most sincerely.

This place at present affords as little news as the most remote quarter of the country. None at present are left here, but the Boards and the Law, and the latter will soon disperse to their several circuits.

The conduct of the Court of Portugal to our countrymen, who saved them, has been scandalously mean. An English Officer, who maintained a post with a small force against the whole Spanish army, and thereby preserved one of the richest provinces in Portugal, had sent him for a present from the Government five and twenty moidores, with a lame excuse that the necessities of the Government would not permit them to send more. The Officer with a becoming magnanimity returned the money, adding that he was sorry for the necessities of the State, and that, if they pleased, there

there was the like sum of money of his, at their service, in the hands of his agent.

My Wife begs her compliments to Mrs. Warton. I rest,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged friend and humble servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

LETTER LVII.

MR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Jo.

Wednesday, 10 o'clock.

I HAVE this instant received yours—Harris has not been with me yet—You are however in time, and happy am I to find the subject of your letter so agreeable in all respects, as the appearance of Thomas alarmed me not a little. Only the two last pages of my speech remain to be writ over fair. I am highly satisfied, and hope *you* will, when you see it. We have eight speakers per day—Many particulars I cannot tell you now for haste—for the President and officers are all out holding courts, and I am left *major domo*. Lord Northampton is to be High Steward—the trouble, I have had in preparation is infinite—but hope all will be repaid if it goes off well, as I doubt not. Think of me at four next Thursday, on which day we dine

in

in Queen's Hall with the Chancellor, who is to be in Queen's lodgings.

Harris has just brought me the Hymnus (*m*)—they are absolutely the best Latin verses I ever read, both truly classical and poetical. He is to rehearse them to me to-morrow morning at seven, in the Theatre. You have done *him* and *us* infinite credit.—Love to Molly.

Yours most affectionately,

T. WARTON.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Pall-Mall, July 2d, 1763.

I HAVE received your verses, and think them admirable; a happy temperature between the Lucretian rhyme, and the Virgilian. I wish my Son may do them justice in the repetition, and that not only for your sake but his own, since the better he performs his part, the more will your merit reflect its lustre upon him.

Tho' I have not so much time to pay my address to

(*m*) Hymnus ad Pacem, a copy of verses written by Dr. Warton for the present Lord Malmesbury (then Mr. Harris) to speak in the theatre. No copy absolutely correct could be procured, and the Editor thought himself by no means justified in inserting any other.

the

the Muses as I had, I do not wholly neglect them. My two volumes are both reprinting, and Mr. Stewart has promised me a design to prefix to each treatise; one of which designs, and a very elegant one it is, he has already sketched out for my *Hermes*.

I have seen, but not perused, Markland's edition of the *Supplices of Euripides*, to which he has subjoined his ingenious treatise (printed once before) concerning the fifth Declension of the Greeks and the third of the *Iatins*.

Mr. Toup, an ingenious clergyman of Cornwall, who not long since published an excellent *Collection of Conjectures and Amendments on Suidas*, is now about to favour the world with another pamphlet upon the same subject.

I have shewn your verses to Mr. Stewart the Athenian—he joins with me in praise of their taste. For corrections I can suggest none.

Mrs. Harris's and my compliments attend Mrs. Warton. I rest, dear Sir, with great truth,

Your very affectionate
humble servant and friend,

JAMES HARRIS.

LETTER LIX.

HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. WARTON.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 9th, 1764.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful, Sir, if I did not execute with much pleasure any orders you give me. My knowledge is extremely confined and trifling; but such information as I can give you, will always be at your service.

The most authentic picture of Margaret Queen of Scotland is a whole length at Hampton Court. I have a small copy of the head by Vertue. She has a round face, blue eyes, and brown hair, not light.

The original of her sister Mary (with her second husband, Charles Brandon), which Vertue engraved while Lord Granville's, is now mine; her face is leaner and longer than in the print; her eyes blue, like her sister's, and her hair rather more dark. Vertue believed that the small head by Holbein, which I have, and was Richardson's, and which is engraved among the illustrious heads for Catharine Howard, is the portrait of this Queen Mary; but it has no resemblance to the large one, which is unquestionably of her. In the two first pictures I mentioned, Margaret is much superior to Mary in point of beauty, tho' I think neither of them handsome; nor is any sense in either face. The
picture

picture supposed of Catharine Howard has much expression, but little beauty ; the print resembles it very imperfectly. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LX.

FROM MR. SPENCE TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Jan. 19th, 1765.

I HAVE had the pleasure of passing these Christmas holydays with my dear little friend Charles Massingberd ; and am half sorry to part with him, tho' he is to bring this to you. He has talked so much of your goodness to him, that he has often given me a great deal of pleasure ; and indeed I never doubted of his doing justice to my recommendation, when he first waited on you. I rejoice to see in him all his usual good nature which he then had, together with the polish and improvements acquired since he has been with you : he has been the delight of the whole family, and we shall all miss him exceedingly.

I have been very busy for some time in preparing poor Mr. Holdsworth's Notes and Observations on Virgil, for the press ; and they would have been printed in the summer

Q q

that

that is coming on, had not I fortunately been promised a new set of his papers, from a relation of his at Dartmouth; which I hope to receive when I go from hence to London; where if you should be so good as to favor me with a line or two, they would find me, about a month hence, at Lord Lincoln's, in the Exchequer.

Will you give me leave to remind you of the queries I formerly beg'd answers to, and to repeat them in a post-script. I suppose most of them may be answered by once tumbling over the College Register, and if any are difficult, I beg they may be looked on as not askt. I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and

affectionate humble servant,

J. SPENCE.

In what year and on what day did Dr. Mews, Bishop of Winchester, die?

On what day or about what time did Mr. Carman, Chaplain of Winchester College, die?

What the ages of Burton senior, Coke senior, Norden, Rymes, and Edmunds, on the College books?

What the times of Edward Young, Edward Holdsworth, and William Harrison's entrance into the College, and leaving it?

LETTER LXI.

MR. GERARD HAMILTON (*n*) TO DR. WARTON.

My dear Sir,

Feb. 12th, 1765.

I WAS extremely concerned that I had not the happiness of seeing you when you was last in town, and when I understood you was so obliging as to call upon me ; I wish'd then to have the pleasure of conversing with you upon a subject on which I must now take the liberty of writing to you. Some years since you was so kind as to recommend Mr. Burke (*o*) to my attention, to whose conversation I have been indebted for all that entertainment and improvement which you then assured me I should receive from so very litterate and ingenious an acquaintance. The variety of pursuits in which Mr. Burke is at present engaged makes it impossible for him to be with me either as constantly as I could wish, or as his friendship has inclined, or his leisure permitted for some years past. Tho' my political engagements will, I fear, always prevent my paying a very close attention to any litterary pursuits, they never can extinguish my love of them. I entertain, my dear Sir, the highest

(*n*) The supposed author of Junius, generally known by the designation of single-speech Hamilton. He had requested Dr. Warton to recommend an excellent scholar and man of taste, under whose auspices he might regain and improve his knowledge in classical literature. This and the sixty-third letter are written in consequence of the Doctor's compliance with the request.

(*o*) The truly great Edmund Burke.

Q Q 2

opinion

opinion of your taste for letters, and your judgment of men ; and the favor I have to ask of you is, that if in the circle of your acquaintance, you know of any man qualified like Mr. Burke ; who, in addition to a taste and an understanding of ancient authors, and what generally passes under the name of scholarship, has likewise a share of modern knowledge, and has applied himself in some degree to the study of the law, you would be so obliging as to inform me by what means I may become acquainted with him. It is not, I believe overrating my own influence, when I mention to you, that I should hereafter be able to place a person of this description in the possession of a situation, and immediately in the possession of an income, which would neither be insufficient for him as a man of letters, or disreputable to him as a gentleman. I know, my dear Sir, how needless it is to make any excuses for the trouble I am giving you, or to repeat the professions of that esteem which I entertain for you, in which no one has been more uniform, or can be more sincere, than

Your most faithful friend
and obedient humble servant,
W. G. HAMILTON.

LETTER LXII.

MR. H. WALPOLE TO DR. WARTON.

Sir,

Arlington-street, March 16th, 1765.

You have shewn so much of what I fear I must call partiality to me, that I could not in conscience send you the trifle (*p*) that accompanies this till the unbiassed public, who knew not the author, told me that it was not quite unworthy of being offered to you. Still I am not quite sure whether its ambition of copying the manners of an age which you love may not make you too favorable to it, or whether its awkward imitation of them may not subject it to your censure. In fact, it is but partially an imitation of ancient romances; being rather intended for an attempt to blend the marvellous of old story with the natural of modern novels. This was in great measure the plan of a work, which, to say the truth, was begun without any plan at all. But I will not trouble you, Sir, at present with enlarging on my design, which I have fully explained in a preface prepared for a second edition, which the sale of the former makes me in an hurry to send out. I do not doubt, Sir, but you have with pleasure looked over more genuine remains of ancient days, the three volumes of old Poems and Ballads: most of them are curious, and some charming. The

(*p*) Sent with the Castle of Otranto.

dissertations

dissertations too I think are sensible, concise, and unaffected. Let me recommend to you also the perusal of the Life of Petrarch, of which two large volumes in quarto are already published by the Abbè de Sade, with the promise of a third. Three quartos on Petrarch will not terrify a man of your curiosity, tho', without omitting the memoirs and anecdotes of Petrarch's age, the most valuable part of the work, they might have been comprized in much less compass: many of the sonnets might have been sunk, and almost all his translations of them. Tho' Petrarch appears to have been far from a genius, singly excepting the harmonious beauty of his words, yet one forgives the partiality of a biographer, tho' Monsieur de Sade seems as much enchanted with Petrarch as the age was in which he lived, whilst their ignorance of good authors excuses their bigotry to the restorer of taste. You will not, I believe, be so thoroughly convinced as the biographer seems to be, of the authentic discovery of Laura's body, and the sonnet placed on her bosom. When a lady dies of the plague in the height of its ravages, it is not very probable that her family thought of interring poetry with her, or indeed of any thing but burying her body as quickly as they could; nor is it more likely that a pestilential vault was opened afterwards for that purpose. I have no doubt but that the sonnet was prepared and slipped into the tomb when they were determined to find her corpse. When you read the notes to the second volume, you will grow very impatient for
Mons.

Mons. de St. Palaye's promised history of the Troubadours. Have we any manuscript that could throw light on that subject?

I cannot conclude, Sir, without reminding you of a hope you once gave me of seeing you in town or at Strawberry Hill. I go to Paris the end of May or beginning of June, for a few months, where I should be happy if I could execute any literary commission for you. I am,

Sir,

Your obedient and
obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIII.

MR. GERARD HAMILTON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Hanover Square, April 16th, 1765.

AN unexpected absence from town during the recess of Parliament prevented my being favoured with the receipt of your very kind and very satisfactory letter till this morning, which should not otherwise have remained so long unacknowledged. After what you have said to me in regard to the qualifications of Mr. Chambers (*q*), I cer-

(*q*) Afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, and Chief Justice in India; a man of solid and useful talents in his profession, of the most consummate and untainted integrity, and great general knowledge as a scholar.

tainly

tainly shall not think any farther enquiry necessary, but shall conclude, as I ought to do from the concurrence of your testimony and Mr. Warton's, that he is exactly what he has been represented to me. I consider myself as under very great obligations to your brother for the offer he has made me, and shall be exceedingly happy to have so delicate a negociation in such good hands ; and particularly so as I think some difficulties may occur, which will require a degree of conduct to get over. I need not I am sure mention to you how much it is to be desired, that I should have at least a few interviews with Mr. Chambers, before I make him any offers of a preference in my friendship, and he probably will think it full as necessary before he accepts them. Whatever may be his merit or his accomplishments, there are a multitude of little circumstances, difficult perhaps to be explained, but easy to be conceived, with which, before a connection is formed, one wishes to be acquainted, and of which a personal knowledge alone can enable one to form any judgment. What I should prefer, and what I apprehend there can be no difficulty in accomplishing, is, that I might have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Chambers, before he is in any manner apprised of what has past between us in regard to him ; and I should think that any proposal which might afterwards be made would come much more acceptably if it seemed to arise from an opinion I had conceived of his talents in consequence of an accidental acquaintance ; rather than from the information of others,

others, and from a plan which had been previously adjusted. For this purpose, if your brother will permit me (and if no opportunity should naturally offer itself, and none I believe will, of seeing that gentleman in London in the course of a few weeks) I will take the liberty of paying a visit to him at Oxford, which, if nothing else should be the consequence, will I am sure be productive of my passing two or three very agreeable days.—It may not perhaps be generally known that Dr. Blackstone will be made a Judge upon the first vacancy, and the condition of this promotion is that he should endeavour to obtain the Vinerian professorship for Chambers; but by the state of University politics, of which, though I am ignorant, your brother probably is not, I understand there is an apprehension that this project will be defeated. How far Mr. Chambers may chuse to sacrifice the chance he has of obtaining this object, or how far, if he did obtain it, the duties of it might interfere with the purposes to which I wish to apply him, being unacquainted both with the disposition of that gentleman and the nature of that employment, I do not presume even to conjecture. If his wishes are to be a man of letters and of retirement, and to emancipate himself only from the slavery of pupils, from whom, as far as I have observed, nothing very considerable has ever been obtained, except in the profession of the church, I should think it would be in my power to satisfy him. But if he means to be a man of ambition, of business, and of activity, it possibly may not.

R R

Permit

Permit me now, my dear Sir, to return an answer to the latter part of your letter; with respect to which you will find me full as anxious as about the former. If I understand your idea, it is this—Could a prebendary of Rochester or Bristol be secured for Dr. Burton, he would resign, and there would be a certainty of your succeeding him. I am not myself in a situation to make a direct request to any part of Administration. My inclinations, my opinions, and my prospects, having led me to decline the offers which have been made to me; but what I should propose is this, and which, if you approve, I will take any part you shall direct; and endeavour, that what I want in influence shall be made up in activity. If the attainment of the preferment for Dr. Burton, and your succeeding him as Master, could be represented to Lord Northington, not merely as your personal point, but as the point likewise of all the principal men who have been educated at Winchester within these few last years, and if it could be managed that a number of us were to apply collectively to him for such an object as you mention, which is of no great magnitude, I think it would not be easy for him to refuse us. I have frequently known points of this sort carried by these means, which could not be effected by any other. The person who confers a favour which is thus solicited, seems to oblige many by a single act. They, who solicit it, apprehend that, by being granted to a number, it does not take off from the pretensions each individual of that number may have

have separately and by himself. If you approve of this plan, I will apply to Lords Bruce, Eglington, and such others as I think most likely to promote the success of it. I avoid mentioning to you how very effectual the slightest application from Lord Bute would be; not only because it must have occurred to you, but because, if I recollect rightly, you once drop'd to me a hint of obtaining a prebendary of Winchester through that channel; and I conclude you are unwilling to exhaust upon the present occasion an influence which you think may be reserved for better purposes. This, my dear Sir, is what at present occurs to me. I see distinctly, and feel exceedingly for the very awkward situation to which you may be reduced, unless what you propose can be accomplished; and have suggested what I think the most likely method to accomplish it. You cannot make me happier than by pointing out any way in which I may contribute to facilitate what you wish, or convince you of the real sincerity and esteem with which I am

Yours most faithfully
and affectionately,

W. G. HAMILTON.

If Mr. Chambers has published any work, you will be so good as to point it out to me.

LETTER LXIV.

FROM DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Marston, near Derby, June 3d, 1765.

OUR journey has been pleasant beyond description, I only wish it could have been possible for you to have continued with us. It remains now to give you a slight sketch of it, and name the different places in the route:—From Lincoln to Newark (we thought of you in the rain); to Tuxford; to Doncaster, there we met with Mr. Shuttleworth's family, and both travelled and supped with them by invitation, and slept at Ferrybridge—Thence to York; there the first day we saw the Cathedral, which exceeds all our churches; staid a second day (the 29th of May); went to full service, heard Mr. Mason in residence preach, was found out by him, who drank tea with us the same afternoon, and insisted on our supping with him—He is the most easy, best natur'd, agreeable man, I ever met with, and I'll tell you another time how we came known to him—He is Præcentor; has an excellent house, elegantly furnished; that very evening he expected Mr. Gray to sup with him, on his journey Northward; but, alas! he did not come—He desir'd many compliments to you. From York to Leeds (a vast town); and thence to Wakefield, where we were kindly received by Mrs. T.—with whom we staid one whole day:

day: from thence, by Mr. Mason's direction and exhortation, to Sheffield, an entertaining place—and then through the wildest country, but the best roads, to Matlock Bath—of all earthly places the most exquisite and romantic, and beyond any possible description—staid one day—from thence to dinner at this place, Mr. Mundy's, where we stay two days, and set out a three days journey, on Friday morning, for Mr. Richardson's. Mr. Mundy's house is a most excellent one, and I need not tell you how cordially we are received. With the best love of my Wife, I am,

Dearest Tom,

Yours most affectionately,

J. WARTON.

LETTER LXV.

DR. JOHNSON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Oct. 9th, 1765.

MRS. WARTON uses me hardly in supposing, that I could forget so much kindness and civility as she showed me at Winchester. I remember likewise our conversation about St. Cross. The desire of seeing her again will be one of the motives that will bring me into Hampshire.

I have taken care of your book; being so far from doubting your subscription, that I think you have subscrib'd
twice:

twice: you once paid your guinea into my own hand in the garret in Gough Square. When you light on your receipt, throw it on the fire; if you find a second receipt, you may have a second book.

To tell the truth, as I felt no solicitude about this work, I receive no great comfort from its conclusion; but yet am well enough pleased that the publick has no farther claim upon me.—I wish you would write more frequently to,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER LXVI.

MR. MERRICK TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Reading, Dec. 21st, 1765.

As Mr. Holmes, when he was last at Reading, began an index to Porphyry's *Life of Pythagoras* (published in Fabricius's *Bibliotheca Græca*), I should be glad to receive back Iamblichus's *Life of the same philosopher*, by the Winchester carrier, having so many assistants in that kind of exercise that I am somewhat at a loss for books proper to be put into their hands. Dr. Gregory Sharpe has lately informed me that a young gentleman under his care is ready to undertake any work that I might recommend to

him. A youth of eighteen, now in Reading, has transcribed the whole of Xenophon's *Cyri Expeditio*, in order to an index, and has entered upon Thucydides, for the same purpose, as I have advised him not to cut in pieces his collections from Xenophon till his return to London. Another young man here has attacked Harduin's folio edition of Themistius; and the senior youths of Magdalen School in Oxford are jointly composing an index to the first volume of Dr. Battie's *Isocrates*. Could the first volume of Dr. Taylor's *Demosthenes* be procured in sheets, I should hope that four or five of the young gentlemen at the head of Winchester School might very willingly (instead of some other exercise) take each a share of the volume, and when it was transcribed, might join in forming an index to it. I have received from Mr. Harris, the author of *Hermes*, and from Dr. Lowth, strong expressions of approbation on the subject of this exercise; but how far it may be consistent with other more important employments established in any particular school, I can by no means say.

Give me leave to observe to you (what I knew not when I took the liberty of addressing you publicly) that experience has shewn us a way of saving much time (perhaps more than half of the whole time required) in transcribing an author for an index, by first transcribing all the words of a page, and then getting down the number of the page
and

and line after each word of the page, instead of adding the number immediately as each word is written.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mr. Holmes, and am, with all wishes of happiness to you,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

J. MERRICK.

LETTER LXVII.

DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Win. Jan. 22d, 1766.

I HAVE caught a moment to converse a little longer with you on paper:—Akenside enquired much after you; thought highly of Lowth's letter, but that he had been a little coarse in places: Lord Lyttleton seemed to wish Lowth had gutted the letters, and given the substance of them, but not the real correspondence: Garrick was furious about publishing the letters. I only dined with Johnson, who seemed cold and indifferent, and scarce said any thing to me; perhaps he has heard what I said of his Shakespear, or rather was offended at what I wrote to him—as he pleases. Of all solemn coxcombs, Goldsmith is the first; yet sensible—but affects to use Johnson's hard words in conversation.

We

We had a Mr. Dyer, who is a scholar and a gentleman. Garrick is intirely off from Johnson, and cannot, he says, forgive him his insinuating that he withheld his old editions, which always were open to him, nor I suppose his never mentioning him in all his works. Coleman I saw at Garrick's; there has been a coldness, but cured now. His Comedy comes on in a month.—I called neither on Coleman or Thomson, but wish'd, had time permitted, to do it.—Akenside has highly commended the late Oxford pamphlet on Shakespear—Whose is it?—I hope soon to hear from you.

Most affectionately yours,

J. WARTON.

LETTER LXVIII.

DR. FARMER TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Eman. Nov. 19, 1766.

I AM very glad that Joshua (*r*) is safe arrived at Oxford,—his notes I suspect will not figure greatly, but you will smile at his identification of *Homer* and *Solomon*: Pope (if I remember right) has a hint at this curious performance, tho' others have doubted it's existence.

The old Theocritus is at your service, if it be worth having.

(*r*) Joshua Barnes.

S s

I forgot

I forgot to note in it that the usually accurate *Fabricius* led me into a mistake about it, except I have misquoted him. There was an edition at Rome, 1516. We have in the public library a most beautiful copy of the 1st edition, Ald. 1495; and among the archives Harry Steven's *Poetae Gr. Principes*, with many MS. notes (on *Theocritus* among the rest) by *Isaac Casaubon*; whether they are exhausted in his *Lectiones Theocriticae*, I could not make out upon a slight examination—so cursedly are they written; if however you have time, I think I can get a particular friend of mine (our Greek Professor) to examine into this matter. Isaac's name is a tower of strength, whatever becomes of *Joshua's*.

Prof. Taylor's Lectures on *Theocritus* are in the hands of a Rev. Mr. Driffield, of Chelworth near Hadleigh, Suffolk. Some years ago he talked of printing them—but that seems to be blown over: I cannot find any body at present that has any acquaintance with him—Suppose you throw away a letter at him yourself.

Don't imagine that I shall be impertinent enough to say any thing more about Editors and Commentators, which you are certainly sufficiently acquainted with. Pray remember to translate $\epsilon\lambda\xi$ in the 1st Idyllium by a less ambiguous word than *Capreolus*—by which unfortunate one Master *Creech* is detected of translating from the Latin.

With respect to the History of English Poetry, I flatter myself I can be of much more service: let me know your plan, &c. and command me as you please. When I have
a little

a little more time to spare, I will make you out a pretty large Spenserian packet.

You talk of being idle in the summer—I wish I had been so too—my business has been solely *swearing* at *engravers*. Poor *Shakespear* lies upon the table.

Your's most affectionately,

(Raptim)

R. FARMER.

P. S. This scrawl has lain by these two days, to wait for a note to Mr. *Huddesford*—but I am now determined, with Master Dogberry, “if I was as tedious as a King, to bestow it all on your Worship.” You may remember, that we talked of a transcript of names from the Latin of Leicester MSS. but I think we may be contented with the preamble, about the *Classes*, or somewhat to that purpose—for these sort of things have grown upon me *marvellously*: but I must trouble one of you to look at *Dugdale* in the *Ashmolean*, 6502. 12 F 2. Page 327. When I looked at his account of our Abbey, I thought it proved in the *Monasticon*—but if my memoranda be right it is not. This therefore (or what part of it, *you* or *either* of you think proper) I could wish to have copied by my former amanuensis. I remember it is very legible. Can I ask likewise, at somebody's leisure, for a peep at the said *Dugdale* MSS. Angl. 292. N°. 6491.

LETTER LXIX.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Committee Room, May 8, 1767.

I HAVE a thousand thanks to return you for your kind letter, and for the elegant verses that came with it, in which I think the author has shewn his genius both in the invention and versification. The verses on the same subject by Mr. Ansty have much merit also, and prove what I have always been convinced of, that every real genius is equal to the sublime and serious as well as to the humorous and gay. Hence Shakespear, Plato, Cicero, and a hundred more, prove the truth of this opinion.

I can send you little public news, the practice of the times being to put off and procrastinate. We have talked about the two Indies, and regulations relative to them, these four months, yet nothing hitherto has been done with either. To-day we deliberate on East India matters, where Government and the proprietors seem at open war. Government sent them a proposition that they should not divide above 10 per cent.—they immediately upon this voted a dividend of 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Dr. Morel is about to give an edition of Eschylus's Prometheus; 'tis said too he will publish Nicander, with the notes of Bentley, a work belonging to Dr. Askew. Dr.

Sharpe,

Sharpe, Master of the Temple, has just finished his edition of Hyde's work, *de Religione Veterum Persarum*, to which will be added several Tracts of Hyde, as yet unpublished. A handsome dedication is prefixt, to Lord Bute.—In the exhibitions of pictures—a portrait of the Queen and her daughter, by Coates, is universally admired—the historical pictures of West, both for colouring and design, are excellent—so are the candle-light pieces of Wright of Derby—so are two large battle pieces by Casa Nova, and the landscapes of Zuccarelli and Wilson.

Present my own, my Wife's, and Daughter's, compliments to Mrs. Warton; and believe me to be, dear Sir, amidst the hurry of a Committee where I am now writing, as much as in my library enjoying my speculations,

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES HARRIS.

My Son is well at the Hague, but soon proceeds into Germany.—If you write, I am still at St. James's Street.

LETTER LXX.

MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

St. Martin's, 21st April, 1767.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 7th Feb. last, concerning the MS. but it has not yet come to hand. I suppose you have put your amanuensis to work again. I am sorry I should give you so much trouble.—I am glad to hear of your edition of Theocritus.—I had some thoughts once of publishing that author myself.—But I wanted that assistance which the Bodleian will amply afford you. I have been looking over my papers, and find Mr. Reighe has been before me in some of my suspicions. However I hope I shall find some things which may merit your attention, and be no discredit to the University, of which I was once a member. What I have to say on one or two of the Idylliums, I will draw up in the form of a letter, which you may add to the foot of your notes, or preface, just as you think fit. It may contain perhaps seven or eight pages—So that you will let me know when you put your notes to the press, that I may send it up in season. I should be glad to know likewise what MSS. of Theocritus you have consulted, and what other assistances you have met with in the libraries of Oxford. Have you consulted Dr. Askew about it? He wrote me lately that he had in his library 300 Greek MSS.

but whether any of Theocritus I know not. I wish he would give us a catalogue of them. He is a learned man, and I hear my late friend Dr. Taylor has left all his papers to his care, in order to finish his edition of Demosthenes; but, I fear, Dr. Askew has something else to do.—I shall thank you for a letter at your leisure, for really I am in pain about the Epigrams, not on your part, but for fear they have miscarried. I am, Rev. Sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

JO. TOUP.

You will be so good to add the *Scholia* and *Notes* to the copy: and I should be much obliged for a further account of Mr. *St. Amand*, whom I am quite unacquainted with.

LETTER LXXI.

MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

St. Martin's, July 30, 1767.

I HAD a letter from Mr. Nourse the bookseller, dated the 20th inst. in which he wrote me that he had sent you a copy of my *Critical Epistle*: so that I hope you have received it by this time. I suppose Mr. Fletcher had the care of it. It contains a good deal of Greek learning, which will be entertaining enough to such as have any taste for those

those things, and to such only. When you have read it, you will give me your thoughts ingenuously about it.

I was in hopes Mr. St. Amand might have collated afresh the Paris MSS. of Longinus, which Bishop Pearce chiefly follows. It is wrote in such a character that I much question whether the former collection may always be just and accurate. I wish we had one from St. Amand, whose ability and fidelity might be depended on.

When you write me next, I should be obliged if you would favor me with your thoughts of the late pompous edition of the Oxford Marbles—how many volumes, at what price, by whom sent out. If well executed, I should be willing to purchase them.

I wonder the University has never thought of republishing *Hudson's Geographi Minores*. They are become very scarce, and so scarce that I never was able to procure a copy, tho' I have seen them in some libraries. They might be reprinted with additions, according to the method pointed out by the late learned Mr. Wasse.

I must beg your pardon for being so tedious, and am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obliged
and obedient servant,

Jo. TOUR.

P. S. I shall take care to send my notes on Theocritus in season.

LETTER LXXII.

LORD LYTTLETON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Hagley, Aug. 15, 1767.

As you know how much I value your approbation as a critic, I need not tell you that your letters give me great pleasure. It particularly pleases me that you distinguish that part I labour'd most, the account of laws, manners, arts, learning, &c. during the times of which I write. I could have made it more amusing, if I would have treated it more superficially; but if the Historic Muse will search for truth among the ruins and cells of Gothic antiquity, some dust and cobwebs will stick to her, and she will not look so fine as if she had been only gathering flowers, or skimming cream. The most entertaining period of my history is still to come, viz. that which contains Earl Strongbow's achievements in Ireland; the conquest of that island by King Henry the Second, or (to speak more accurately) the submission of it to him; the revolt of his wife and children; his victory over the rebels; the King of Scotland's captivity, and the subjection of his kingdom to the sovereignty of England in consequence of that event; the relapse of Henry's eldest son into another rebellion, and his death-bed repentance; the loss of the Holy Land, and the Crusade for the recovery of it against the great Saladin;

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and lastly, the new treasons of Henry's children against him, which caused his death. These bright parts of my subject, which will be comprehended in the last volume, admit of more eloquence, and a higher dignity of style, than any of the foregoing; and, if God grants me health and leisure, I hope I shall finish that volume to your satisfaction in about a twelvemonth from this time. The greatest delay will be from what I have still to write concerning the courts of justice, and the criminal law of that age, at the end of my fourth book. The investigation of these matters is tedious and difficult; but I must go through it, or leave the work incomplete. The favourable judgment you pass on what is already published will not a little animate me to proceed in my task. I hope your Brother is well, and shall be proud if his suffrage agrees with your's; for he too is a critic of whose approbation I am very ambitious, either for my verse or my prose. But I give notice to you both, that you will find some inaccuracies, not only of the press, but the style, in the first edition, corrected in the second, which I hope will soon come out. I am, with great truth and esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

LYTTLETON.

LETTER LXXIII.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Sarum, Sept. 7, 1767.

I AM greatly obliged in the favour of your letter, and am much pleased with the news it brings me as to my young man. I hope he will be careful as to behaviour, on which subject he shall not want advice from me.

Nor am I less pleased with what you tell me more immediately interesting to yourself—the tranquillity with which your late College transactions have gone off, and the justice and equity which have done you so much credit in your election.

I hope for the future the dignity, and I may add (tho' it be an odd word) the gentility of the school will still be maintained upon a parity with its two sisters; and this I say, being fully convinced we have charity-schools enough already, without sinking so respectable an institution as that of Winchester into that inferior and plebeian class.

I have no literary news to send you, tho' shall be most thankful for any that you shall at any time be so good to send me. Toup is a most admirable scholar, a second Bentley for sagacity and erudition—he was not to blame, when he took the motto that he did to his last book—the door ought certainly to be shut upon the profane, and so

it certainly will, for never can they pass those tremendous barricadoes of Greek that defend all the avenues.

I was unfortunate in not seeing your Brother when in this neighbourhood, as I was then absent upon my tour to Hagley. We spent five or six days there most luxuriously with its elegant and excellent owner—we feasted all day, but not like aldermen—his cook provides well for the body, but other cooks may equal her; his own mental repast no one can provide but himself,

O! noctes, cœnæq; Deûm.

Accept from Mrs. Harris and my Daughter their compliments—present theirs and mine to Mrs. Warton and your Brother. Believe me with great truth,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

We had a letter this day from my Son, who is perfectly well at Berlin, but soon proceeds to Poland.—Billy Earl returned to his friends in health and spirits last Saturday.—Lord and Lady Temple have just left me, and are gone to Stow.

LETTER LXXIV.

HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 30th, 1767.

I SHALL be very thankful for a transcript of the most material passages in Mr. Beale's pocket-book, and of Hollar's letters, if you will be so good as to employ any person to transcribe them, and let me know the expence when they are done. It is unlucky, with regard to the former, that Mr. Beale's article is printed off, and several other subsequent sheets, for the second edition. And I must not expect that so trifling a work should go any farther. The sight of the pocket-book will, however, gratify my own curiosity, tho' I am much ashamed to give you so much trouble, Sir. You will permit me, I hope, in return, tho' a small one for so many favours, to send you a most singular book, of which I have lately been permitted to print two hundred copies (half only indeed for myself). It is the Life of the famous Lord Herbert of Shirbury, written by himself. You will not find him unworthy of keeping company with those paladins, of whom you have made such charming use in your Notes on Spenser. Pray let me know how I shall convey it to you. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and
obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXV.

MR. MERRICK TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

I know not whether Reiskius (whose edition of Theocritus I have not seen) has taken any notice of Isaac Casaubon's remark on the (*s*) Δ εν *πρυτανείῳ*, which I enclose; if he has, it is possible that he may have rejected it, as it is attended with a difficulty or two, which I have attempted to remove. Though I think the passage still somewhat doubtful, yet Casaubon's interpretation appears to me more probable than any other that occurs.

Mr. St. Amand once in conversation mentioned to me another passage of Theocritus, which he seemed to explain in a masterly manner. If you do not find it among his papers, I will endeavour to recollect his observation, and send it to you. It related to Idyllium the 2d, v. 33, 34:

— τὸ δ' Ἀρτεμι, καὶ τον εν ἄδρα

Κινησαις ῥαδαμαθθα, (*t*) και εἴτι περ ασφαλες αλλο.

He collected from the Scholiast, and from a passage in Virgil, that the true reading is ῥ' αδαμαθθα, which reading he also confirmed from an edition of Theocritus, omitted by

(*s*) Id est, το λύχρον εν πρυτανείῳ.

(*t*) Warton uses Ραδαμαθα, and brings forward the authorities on both sides, in an excellent note.—Vide WARTON'S Theocritus, Vol. II.

Fabricius, and printed, as I remember, in capitals. He supposed it to be the first edition of your author. It was I think in quarto.

In the margin of the London edition of Theocritus, 1729, octavo, I have, at the beginning of the 18th Idyllium, made the following remark with my pen: "Notat Dabuzius (in apocalyps. 1861) Scholia in hoc Idyllium per incuriam in plerisque Theocriti editionibus ommissa esse." Fabricius has, I think, overlooked this omission, in his account of the editions of Theocritus, and of the Scholia.

The two verses quoted in the Scholia on Idyll. 1. 124. Δεζετερη δ' &c. are taken from Apollonius Rhodius. Argon. 1. 769, 770.

Ἱερον (Idyll. 5. 22.) seems to signify Magnum, which sense of Ἱερος I have endeavoured to support in my notes on the Psalms. p. 1. 38. Idyll. 22. 39. Ἄλλαι (u), Ἀλλάλαι egregie rescribit Ruhrik. in auctario emend. ad Hesych. Σχῆμα gestus saltantis, Idyll. 10. 35. Vide St. Bergler in Alciphron. L. 1. Epist. 34. page 141.

Very probably you may already have met with all that is material in what I have written. Give me leave just to add, that Dr. Morell once informed me that he had composed a full index, verborum, for Theocritus: as Homer, Lycophron, Callimachus, and Dionysius Periegetes, have been pub-

(u) This emendation likewise gives rise to a learned and ingenious note in WARTON'S Theocritus.—Vide Vol. II.

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lished with such indexes, it might, I should think, be worth the University's purchase, if you are not already supplied with one.

I beg to be remembered most kindly to all my old friends in the College, and am, dear Sir, with the truest regard,

Your faithful humble servant,

J. MERRICK.

P. S. I have this evening hit on an expression of Theocritus, which, had I recollected it, I might have compared with the scriptural expression, the *fat of wheat*, in my notes on the Psalms—*πιανέλαι ὁ σαχὺς ουτως*, Idyll. 10. v. 47.

I know not whether the *επιζήροισι* of Theocritus, which seems to signify in vacuo, has been compared with an expression used by Callimachus concerning Erysichthon:

Ἀλλ' ὅτε τον βαθὺν οἶκον ἀνεζήροισιν ὁδοῖτες, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

DR. MORELL (*x*) TO DR. WARTON.

PARDON me, my dear Sir, for not acknowledging before my kind reception at Winchester. I was sorry to be reminded

(*x*) From my friend Mr. John Warton I have gained the following anecdote respecting the learned writer of this letter, and which, he informs me,
was

minded of it by the Bishop of London's informing me that you had been ill. I hope in the good old style this will find you better. And what can I say further to one of so short, tho' long-desired acquaintance? I wish you would give me a subject. Apropos: I sent the other day a conjectural emendation to Dr. Musgrave, in the Ion of Euripides—where Creusa, informing the old gentleman of the two drops of blood from the Gorgon, deathful the one, the other salutary, τὸν μὲν θανασιμον, τὸν δ' ἀνεσφορον ἰόσῶν, he asks her

(γ) Εἰς ἔν δε κρασθέντ' αὐτὸν ἢ χωρὶς φαρεῖς;

She answers,

χωρὶς κακῶ γὰρ ἐσθλὸν ἔ συμμιγνύσθαι.

All the books or manuscripts that I have seen, read it,

αὐτὸν ἰχῶρ' εἰσφορεῖς.

was repeatedly asserted by Dr. W. as a fact. When Dr. Morell visited Winchester, he in a casual survey of the College entered the school, in which some junior boys were writing their exercises, one of whom, struck no less with his air and manner than the questions he put to them, whispered to his school-fellows, "Is he not a fine old Grecian!" The Doctor, overhearing the expression, turned hastily round, and exclaimed, "I am indeed an old Grecian, my little man! Did you never see my head before my Thesaurus?" The boy, having made an awkward apology, hastily withdrew; and soon finding two of the Praepostors, repeated to them the stranger's words, who, aware of the dignity of their visitor, instantly came up, and, introducing themselves, offered in a most respectful manner to shew him the College: he accepted their offer, and after visiting every part of it with a view of discovering the information and attainments, as well as gratifying the politeness of his guides, parted from them highly pleased with the attention which had been shewn him.

(γ) In the quarto Cambridge edition of 1693, the line runs thus: *

Εἰς ἔν δε κραθὲν ταυτὸν ἰχῶρ εἰσφορεῖς;

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As I have not yet published my Philaethes (got up at the request of Dr. Davis), you will excuse my not having sent you one. You shall have it very soon, if you will promise me to look upon it merely as a school book, for it pretends to nothing more—from,

Sir,

Your most obedient and
faithful humble servant,

THOMAS MORELL.

LETTER LXXVII.

DR. HAWKESWORTH TO DR. WARTON.

My dear Sir,

Bromley, Kent, 8th March, 1768.

I SENT you some time ago some blank receipts for my Telemachus, which you was so kind to say you would endeavour to dispose of; such names as by your favour have been added to my list, I beg you would oblige me with in a letter directed hither as soon as convenient, for the book, being now printed, will be delivered to the subscribers on the day mentioned in the proposals, the 31st instant, or as soon afterwards as their names can be collected.

I was sadly mortified not to meet once with you when you was last in London; I missed you both at Mr. Reynolds's

nolds's and Mr. Colman's: shall we never meet till the world, that is now fading round us, vanishes like a dream for ever! Adieu. I am ever

Affectionately yours,

JNO. HAWKESWORTH.

LETTER LXXVIII.

DR. BARNARD TO MR. WARTON.

June 18th, 1768.

BELIEVE me, dear Sir, I have not neglected your commands. Upon the receipt of yours I immediately applied to Dr. Askew, and have been in daily expectation of an answer. But as he has not been pleased to take the least notice of my application, it is now proper to send you notice of it, lest you should have reason to accuse me of the same indifference.

To be plain with you, I do not think his collection a matter of much consequence—his own remarks, I am certain—nor do I recollect that Chancellor Taylor had any thing material upon that author. His namesake, your brother Professor of Trinity, was supposed to have intended an edition. Driffield, his executor, published proposals many years ago, but, I am inclined to think, without any intention to publish—I have never seen any MS. marginal

notes which were not taken from the animadversions of Scaliger, Casaubon, and Heinsius. What young D'Orville may have in his possession I do not know, but I am persuaded that it will not be worth while to delay your edition for any other assistance. Yours, dear Sir,

With great truth,

E. BARNARD.

LETTER LXXIX.

MR. PHELPS TO DR. WARTON.

Chart. Park, July 24, 1768.

I HAVE had many falls and risings since we parted at Bath, my dear friend! but the sea-water has been a sheet-anchor to me, and I am ordered by my physician to drink it on till Michaelmas. I find myself surprizingly recovered, since I entered into this regimen, and hope that by persevering

To his excellent and learned friend, the Bishop of Gloucester, the Editor is indebted for the following account of Mr. Phelps:

"Mr. Phelps was a good scholar. Of the just taste he had for simplicity, we may form an idea from his admiration of an epigram, which he would often repeat—It is that unaffected and pathetic epigram in page 13 of the collection by Johnson, entitled

Εἰς Δυσπραμίαν,

and ending with the line which is marked by a most expressive epithet,

Οὐδὲρος Ἀμύκτου καθάπερ παρ Καλλίου.

At a camp near Winchester, towards the close of the war which terminated in 1762, Phelps was either adjutant-general, or in some post similar to it.

He travelled with Mr. George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers.

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vering in it I shall thoroughly get rid of this tedious illness. I wish much that I had it in my power to take Winchester in my way to Herefordshire, to which county I propose to steer in a week or ten days, but hope to hear from you first.

I shall be much obliged to you if you will send me an account of the Roll as it stands at present, and as it is likely to be at the time of the election, casualties you know always excepted. You will naturally understand by this my desire of knowing whether there is any lad of real merit, who would lose his chance of New College for want of a vacancy. You may very probably have seen in the papers, that I am appointed Provost Marshall General to the Leeward Islands: this is an employment the emoluments of which are of a nature not to vacate my fellowship; but which puts me in such a situation that I cannot, according to my own way of thinking, continue to eat William of Wyke-

Coll. Winton. Regist.

Ricardus Phelps, de Eye, Com. Hereford.

Bapt. 7 Sept. 1720.

Adm. 1 Jul. 1732.

Coll. Nov. Regist.

Ric. Phelp. Aug. 29, 1740, A. B. Bis peregrinator et in sacris ordinibus tantum Deaconus, artem Militarem exercens, et sub Rege Conductitius ad 400l. per an. advitam Londinensem totum se contulit Collegii socius existens

Coll. Nov. Regist.

July 14, 1769.

Ric. Phelps R— i. e. resigned."

Warton in his Theocritus styles Mr. Phelps *Doctus quidam amicus*: and to the goodness of his heart the above letter bears ample testimony.

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ham's bread to the prejudice of any young man who would do his founder credit. If such is the situation of the Roll that an exceeding clever boy will by this means be provided for, I will make room for him before the election; but if that is not the case, I will make use of my fellowship, which is intirely in my own power, to push some lad of merit at the ensuing election.

I hope you know, my dear friend, that I am not a man of parade, and therefore will more readily comply with my request in keeping the contents of this letter entirely secret; I know you to be a man of thorough honour, justice, and discernment, who will consequently give me the truest light upon this occasion. Remember only that I do not mean to serve mediocrity, unless it is attended with superior merit of the heart: in this last case I would prefer it to the best head that ever stood on shoulders without it. In fine, I am sure that you understand me, and therefore, according to the Italian phrase, voglio levaroi l'incommodo.

Most sincerely and affectionately

Yours,

R. PHELPS.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Warton, and love to Tom: I hope he is quite clear of his ague.

LETTER LXXX.

HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 20th, 1768.

I RETURNED hither but last night from a tour into Yorkshire, Derbyshire, &c. and found your letter, from the date of which I fear you will have thought me very rude, and forgetful of the civilities I have received from you. You do me great justice, Sir, in thinking I should be happy to be of use to you, if it was in my power; and I may add that nobody can think what you desire more proper for you than I do. Your merit is entitled to that and greater distinction, and were the place in my gift, I should think you honoured it by accepting it. But, alas! Sir, my opinion and my wishes are both very fruitless. I should not deserve the honour you have done me, if I did not speak sincerely and frankly to you. I have no interest with the Ministry, I desire none, and have shewn by my whole life that I will cultivate none. I have asked no favour for myself or my friends. Being now out of parliament by choice, I doubt it would not help my interest. Mr. Gray's preferment gave me great pleasure; but I assure you upon my honour, Sir, that I knew not a word of it's being intended for him, till I saw in the papers that he had kissed hands. I believe, Sir, you are
acquainted

acquainted with him, and he would confirm this to you. It would therefore, Sir, be giving myself an air of importance which I have not, if I pretended I could either serve you, or would try to serve you in this case; I had much rather you should know how insignificant I am than have you think me either vain of favour I have not, or indifferent to your interest. I am so far from it, that I will tell you what I think might be a method of succeeding, tho' I must beg you will not mention my name in it in any shape. Mr. Stonehewer is a great favourite of the Duke of Grafton, and the person that recommended Mr. Gray. If you are acquainted with Mr. Stonehewer, who is a very worthy man, he might possibly be inclined to name you to the Duke, if the place is not promised, nor he unwilling to recommend a second time. Lord Spencer or Lord Villiers, if you know either of them, might be useful too. Excuse my hinting these things, but as I should be happy to promote such merit, Sir, as yours, you will interpret them as marks of the regard with which I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. The Duke of Marlborough might assist you, Sir, too.

LETTER LXXXI.

DUKE OF GRAFTON TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Grosvenor-square, Sept. 22d, 1768.

I SHOULD with great pleasure have laid before the King your request to succeed to the Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, if I had not known that it was His Majesty's intention to confer it on another gentleman. The character you bear in the world, and the just pretensions you have to such a mark of distinction and favour, would, I am persuaded, have justified any steps I might have taken towards forwarding your wishes on this occasion. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

GRAFTON.

LETTER LXXXII.

DUKE OF GRAFTON TO BISHOP WARBURTON.

My Lord,

Grosvenor-square, Sept. 23d, 1768.

I AM honoured with your Lordship's letter, and am sorry that Mr. Warton, whose merit your Lordship so fairly states, cannot on this occasion meet with that success which

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he is equally with any one entitled to. Many of His Majesty's servants, who had supported with their votes Mr. Vivian on a former occasion for a professorship at Oxford, joined early their solicitations in his favour for the vacant one of Modern History. This gentleman has undertaken to hold it on terms stipulated by the Vice-Chancellor, as the King had signified his intentions that this office should never any more be held as a sinecure. Though I have not the honour to be personally acquainted with your Lordship, yet allow me to say that this recommendation, from a person so eminent for his great knowledge as well as taste in literature, could not fail of having the greatest weight with me, who have the honour to be, my Lord, with the truest esteem and regard,

Your Lordship's
most obedient humble servant,

Bishop of Gloucester.

GRAFTON.

LETTER LXXXIII.

BISHOP WARBURTON TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Prior Park, Sept. 27th, 1768.

I BELIEVE this post will bring you two letters together from me—the first was written yesterday; and to-day brought me the inclosed from the Duke of Grafton.

You will find things go their usual train, to the exclusion of superior merit. The Duke and I give one another good words; they are all I expect from courts; and they are more than courts have any reason to expect from me. The only not unpleasing circumstance in my disappointment is, that it has afforded me an opportunity of shewing how much I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend and
affectionate humble servant,
W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER LXXXIV.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

St. James's-street, 7th March, 1769.

No one being a more sincere well-wisher to you and yours than myself, you may be assured no endeavour of mine shall be wanting to promote what you hint, and in the manner you wish it.

Lord Pembroke is now at Rome, and 'tis expected will be in Corsica some time this month, and return thence in the summer to Wilton. 'Twould be most desirable he should speak to me first, which may possibly happen; if not, I will endeavour, if I am able, to give my sentiments from
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myself

myself originally, nor have I the least doubt I shall find an opportunity.

The Duchess of Grafton's divorce has past the Lords.—Great encomiums are given to Lord Chancellor and Lord Mansfield, for their eloquent and decisive speeches in the Douglas cause, which carried the judgment in Douglas's favour without a division. Five Lords protested against this judgment, the Duke of Bedford, Earls of Sandwich, Bristol, and Dunmore, and Lord Milton.

The theatrical entertainments have been so crowded this year as to be hardly accessible—the houses are nearer upon a par than they used to be; and Mrs. Yates at one, Mrs. Barry at the other, exceed all the women that have gone before them.

I have lately obtained from the Vatican a collation of M. Antoninus, from which I hope some signal lights upon that incomparable author.

Bonada, a critic at Rome, has published a Greek and Latin Anthology, consisting of various inscriptions and epigrams, thrown into classes, with a dissertation from each class, suitable to its subject.

I saw a gentleman last night, who had read about sixty pages of Robertson's new history, which he much commended. I find the author takes up his subject with a general view of Europe during the dark centuries, from the extinction of the Western Empire.

There is a magnificent history in French of Kamscatska,
and

and the Northern tract, with most elegant cuts, that cost eight guineas.

Three new volumes of Voltaire are come out, besides a short piece subsequent.

Present all our compliments to Mrs. Warton, and believe me to be, with great truth, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate
and most obedient servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

My Son was very well at Madrid, the 16th of last month; and writes he is well pleased with his situation. The Princess of Asturias is pregnant. If she brings a son, they are to have a Bull Feast.

LETTER LXXXV.

MR. HARRIS TO CHANCELLOR HOADLY.

Dear Sir,

St. James's-street, March 14th, 1769.

I HAVE received your letter, and communicated it to our Dean, who has promised to pay a due regard to its contents, when the subject of a Master is agitated.

I am glad to hear you give a tolerable account of yourself, but we were all much concerned at our good friend

Mrs.

Mrs. Hoadly's illness, and most sincerely wish she may have no relapse.

I congratulate you on the marriage of your neighbour, Miss Chudleigh, to the Duke of Kingston; they are now gone into the country, but are in a few days to be presented. The ladies give most superb accounts of her wedding gown, flounced all over with point, fringed with pearl.

Report says, that all the Monks are expelled Portugal, but we wait for confirmation.

Last night was Mrs. Yates's benefit, and never a fuller; Pit and Boxes thrown together: she acted the part of Electra, in the Orestes of Voltaire, translated on purpose for her. For tone, and justness of elocution, for uninterrupted attention, for every thing that was nervous, various, elegant, and true in attitudes and action, I never saw her equal but in Garrick, and forgive me for saying I cannot call him her superior. She outdid, as our Longinus says, her usual outdoings; and fame reports her to have had interviews this summer at Paris with the incomparable Madame Clairon. She is soon to act Medea, for the benefit of her husband, when probably the house will be once more equally crowded.

Talking of Garrick, I am grieved to write he is said to be in a very declining way; should he drop, the world would lose a superlative genius.

Bishop Warburton preached before the King last Sunday, on the subject of salt having lost its savour. He applied
this

this to his own country, and shewed how its savour was lost in all ranks, beginning from the common people, and so on to the clergy, the patriots, and the ministers of state; saying something particular and characteristic as to each degree and order. Mason preached at St. James's, early prayers, and gave a fling at the French for their invasion of Corsica. Thus politics you see have entered the sanctuary.

My Son was very well at Madrid, as we heard by last mail.—All here beg their love to you and Mrs. Hoadly. Believe me, my old and worthy friend,

Yours most truly and affectionately,

J. HARRIS.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DR. BALGUY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

London, April 6th, 1769.

THE success of my Sermon has been just what I expected, and what every man must expect, who thinks for himself. My bookseller is wishing I may be attacked by Blackburn, which might (as he supposes) be a foundation for a controversy. But in this I should certainly disappoint him; not having the least inclination to enter the lists against such an adversary. I should be much pleased to know that you intend

intend to treat this wretched biographer with the same contempt. He may challenge, indeed, the thanks of the public, for the occasion he gives you of printing your second volume; but I hope no part of that volume will be wasted in refuting objections which have met with universal neglect.

I understand the Oxford professorship remains yet in suspense; and that the Dean of Christ church is bent on opposing Vivian, and another candidate, whose name I have forgotten. Both of them are accused of infidelity; and I am much mistaken if this charge be not pressed against them in a manner not easy to be resisted. The Bishop of Gloucester was with me last night, and seems to have the business much at heart. He told me he had written to Mr. Warton about it; hoping this incident might prove favourable to his claim: I should suppose the Dean has too much discretion to assert a thing of this kind, without good evidence of the truth of his assertion.

I have no news to give you. The madness of the people still continues; but I hope the 13th instant will restore our quiet, tho', it is to be feared, not without a parting blow.

The first volume of Robertson is by far the most valuable. But I thought his account of the feudal system trite and tedious; and in some respects erroneous. In the two last volumes, the story of the reformation in Germany is, I think, the best told. But you and I have agreed long
since

since that his manner is essentially bad ; and he has now added a fault he was capable of avoiding, *incorrectness* of language. Most readers too are disappointed in finding a *political* and *military* history, when they hoped for a *literary* one; or at least for a large mixture of the memoirs of learned men. He could afford but two pages even to Erasmus!

I propose to be at Bath on the 13th, and should have been glad to find a hint in your letter, that I have some chance of meeting you there in the beginning of Whitsun holidays.

Miss Drake and Mr. Drake, who are both here, join in compliments to Mrs. Warton and the family with,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and
affectionate humble servant,

THO. BALGUY.

P.S. Perhaps you observed in the papers, that Mr. Drake is elected Fellow. I cannot forbear adding, that he owed his success to his own merit full as much as to his connexion with me. I am the less scrupulous in saying this, because it implies a just acknowledgement to those who laid the *foundation* of *all*.

LETTER LXXXVII.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. WARTON.

My dear Sir,

London, June 29th, 1769.

I SENT the books, as you desired, by the Oxford coach. I have no metrical romances (I mean old ones) but those which I hope are now in your chambers.—It gives me the greatest pleasure to hear of your intended work—it is a performance we much want; and if I were to wish for the public in this matter, or pray for myself, it should be, that the History of English Poetry should be so taken care of as it most certainly will be—I wish from my soul that the Ode I am to speak at Stratford came from the same quarter. If I can be of the least service to you in your undertaking, I shall be proud and happy to obey your commands. I am,

Dear Sir,

Most truly your friend,

and very humble servant

D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick presents her best compliments.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

DR. WARTON TO HIS BROTHER.

Dearest Tom,

Brighton, July 5th, 1769.

I RECEIVED your letter, and answer it as soon as I can. I must own, the more I see of this place the better I like it. I never miss bathing in any weather, and it agrees with me admirably. The company encreases daily. Lord and Lady Marchmont, Lord Percival, &c. are arrived. On such a day as this the water is so smooth that it resembles a sheet of glass, and the view of the passing vessels is extremely striking: Calm, however, is not the characteristic of this shore. From such a genuinely idle place the least object that stirs is a topic. I daily meet more and more people that I know, and on this spot it is mightily easy to begin an acquaintance. To-day I have breakfasted with Dr. Poole, the physician of this town, who has a very pleasant house, and is an excellent man. We have, amidst other strange characters, a *bathing divine*, perpetually clad in silks and sattins, and solely employed in playing cards with the furring dowagers and superannuated old maids. Derrick is likewise here, rich in ridiculousness. Also a Mr. Jennings, once an officer, who says he dined with you and me at Mr. Blackett's, in London. He is now an high character, has travelled eight years, and is full of professed taste—Poole enjoys him extremely.

This morning we have been reading, at one of the book-sellers shops, "The Oxford Sausage."—I suspect you have had some hand in that roguery; some of the prints I like much—I see there are all your smaller things—and truly I see *my* verses to *you* as an Antiquary, and Frampton's version of the Epitaph: how should they come by these—I shall keep your secret, but is it not so?

I hope to hear from you as soon as I get to Winton. We all join in best love, and are, I am happy to add, very well.

Dearest Tom,

Yours most affectionately,

J. WARTON.

LETTER LXXXIX.

DR. HURD TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Thurcaston, Sept. 15th, 1769.

EVER since the receipt of your kind letter (which, by being directed to Lincoln's Inn, came somewhat later to my hands than it should have done) I have been enquiring after Mr. Gray, and have only heard, by the last post, that he is rambling with some friends in the North of England, and does not return to Cambridge till the end of October. I shall then apply to him for an account of the plan (z)

(z) See MANT's Life of Warton.

he had projected of such a work as yours, and have no doubt that he will readily oblige us with it. You give me great pleasure in letting me see that you are so much in earnest about this noble design, which will be so acceptable to the public, and will do yourself so much honour. I agree with you entirely as to the merit of the Installation Ode. It is much above the common rate of such things, and will preserve the memory of the Chancellor when the Minister is forgotten.

You are very good to remember what I mentioned to you about Dante. If he has any hints to my purpose, I guess they are to be found in his *Pursalino*. The Greek poem of Theseus is a curiosity, and may be well worth your perusing; tho' you will scarce find it so masterly a performance as that of Chaucer or Dryden.

If this letter should find you at Winchester, pray give my respects to your Brother, and to our friend Dr. Balguy.— You say nothing, I perceive, of the professorship; and yet, from what the Bishop of Gloucester said to me, I concluded that that matter was not quite desperate. I wish you all success in this and every thing else which concerns either your interest or (what you have more at heart) your studies; and am, with great truth and respect,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

R. HURD

LETTERS OF

LETTER XC.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. WARTON.

My dear Sir,

London, Sept. 21, 1769.

I HAVE been in such a perpetual hurry all the summer, and still continue so confused and unsettled, that I have forgot ev'n those whom I love and honour most— Pray let me desire you and your Brother (who, I am told, is with you) to accept of this trifle (*a*), not as a proof of my genius, but of my great affection and esteem for you both. I am ever and truly

Your sincere friend,

D. GARRICK.

LETTER XCI.

BISHOP WARBURTON TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

My Lord,

Jan. 25, 1770.

My zeal for the interest of letters occasions your Grace this trouble. You may remember that last year I told your Grace that I interested myself very much

(*a*) His Ode on Shakespeare.

in

in behalfe of a very eminent person, Mr. T. Warton, of Trin. Coll. in Oxford, one of the candidates for the professorship of Modern History in that University; Mr. Vivian, for whom it was designed, hesitating on the terms; and that, tho' a stranger to the Duke of Grafton, I had taken the liberty to acquaint his Grace with the character of Mr. Warton; presuming I was in order, as a bishop, to acquaint the first Minister with a matter that merely regarded the advancement of literature. This I then told your Grace; and you was so good to assure me that you would second my endeavours. Mr. Vivian is now dead; and your Grace's powerful recommendation of this very learned man will be of the greatest service to him; and give the greatest pleasure to,

My good Lord, &c.

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER XCII.

BISHOP LOWTH TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Argyle-street, Jan. 27th, 1770.

You would do me so great an honour by setting my name at the head of your Theocritus, that how can one resist the temptation of so flattering an offer? You take off one objection which I should have had to your proposal, by choosing

choosing the form of inscription rather than that of dedication; panegyric is almost the essence of the latter, but is no necessary ingredient in the former; and it would but ill become either you or me. But cannot you think of some patron, that would be of much more credit, and of some use to you? You have yet time to consider; and I do seriously and earnestly recommend it to you. For instance, I have a notion that you are well known to Lord Chatham; a great man, a man of genius, of letters, and of your own College: is it not possible, that in six weeks time he may be in a situation to be of service to you?—Six weeks is a long term at any time in the life of a modern administration; and such an event is at least somewhat more probable now, than it was three days ago. I speak this in confidence; and be assured that I am very much in earnest in what I say. Hold yourself at perfect liberty; have no sort of scruple with regard to me: and at last, if you are at a loss for a name to fill up your blank page, for want of a better you are welcome to mine.

I saw Dr. Pye about a week ago: he mentioned to me, that Mr. Vivian was dangerously ill; but said nothing at all intimating that his brother would give up his former design. I was engaged to favour his pretensions, as far as it should happen to lie in my way, before I knew any thing of your intentions. The late Archbishop of Canterbury had applied to me, to find him out a proper person to answer some papers published from the Popish quarter. I recommended

Mr. Pye: he undertook it at the Archbishop's desire, and performed it to his satisfaction. On this account the Archbishop would be disposed to favour him on such an occasion; and I might properly enough apply to his Grace in his behalf. This was all that I could have particularly in view: but as my engagement to Mr. Pye was in general terms, you see it still holds good, if he should be a candidate. If not, I am at your service; not that I think I can really serve you. However, if you can point me out the way, I shall use my best endeavours. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate

humble servant,

R. OXFORD.

LETTER XCIII.

BISHOP WARBURTON TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Grosvenor-square, Jan. 29th, 1770.

I SHALL be very happy if the enclosed note, which flatters me so much, be the means of my procuring this lectureship for you. I suppose I shall soon hear the King's pleasure—who is much set upon abolishing the scandal of the sinecure. I have assured the Ministry that I know of

Z z

none

none so capable, nor none so willing as yourself to comply with his Majesty's purpose in this matter.

Dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. Since writing the above, I dined with Lord Mansfield, and he told me that Dr. Markham, Dean of Christchurch, had solicited the Archbishop, in favour of (I suppose) some Westminster man or other.

LETTER XCIV.

BISHOP LOWTH TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Argyle-street, Jan. 31st, 1770.

You do me too much honour by far in your last. I will say no more at present upon that subject; but desire it may still continue in the posture in which my last letter left it. I have now to inform you, that upon the Duke of Grafton's resigning, Lord North is at the head of the Treasury, First Commissioner; he is considered as the Minister; not pro tempore, but to carry on affairs upon the same plan as before, without any further alterations, which are not expected, at least at present. You must have some connection with Lord North; you know him personally. Apply

to him immediately; and strengthen your application to him by every proper method that you can think of. He can, and I think very probably will, do what you want at once. If he does so, Lord North must of necessity be the patron of Theocritus. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

R. OXFORD.

LETTER XCV.

DR. BALGUY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

London, Feb. 6th, 1770.

I HAVE but just time to tell you, that the Bishop of Gloucester went down to the House of Lords yesterday, on purpose to thank the Duke of Grafton for the obliging note he had received from his Grace; and to express his fears, that the purpose might be defeated by his Grace's resignation. The Duke answered, there was no reason to think that his resignation would make the least difference in the success of the application.

In my opinion, Mr. Warton should immediately procure *certain information*, whether Vivian *actually* gives up all pretensions; and, if he *does* quit, Mr. W. should not lose a moment's time, but come up in person, and lay the matter before Lord North.

Excuse the freedom I take in suggesting this to you; I mean it only as a thing fit to be considered by you and Mr. W.; who are certainly much better able to judge for yourselves, than I can for you.

You will also please to remember that what I have written, or may write on this subject, is *without the Bishop's knowledge*; who has already communicated to Mr. W. what he saw fit; and (I believe) has not yet an answer to his last letter. Of this indeed I am not quite certain. But I beg that no mention may be made of *my name*, when Mr. W. writes to the Bishop, lest I should have said any thing the Bishop might not chuse to have said. Tho' I have indeed no *particular* reason for such an apprehension.

The resignation itself is not yet understood; reports and conjectures are innumerable. Within these few days Lord Camden *asked* and *obtained* an addition to his pension.

I must not conclude without acknowledging the favour of your letter; tho' I confess this will hardly pass for an answer to it.—Believe me, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and
affectionate humble servant,
THO. BALGUY.

There was a furious Protest yesterday, signed by 41 Lords.

LETTER XCVI.

DR. BALGUY TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Williams's, in Warwick-court, Holborn,
Feb. 10, 1770.

THE Archbishop has given a very favourable answer to the Bishop of Gloucester's application on your behalf; and it does not appear that the change of the Minister is likely to make any material alteration in your prospect of success. But I fear the Bishop may be less inclined to prosecute this affair, if he does not *hear* from you, or *see* you very soon. I think I already discern that he is not quite satisfied, by your neglecting to write to him. If you have no thoughts of coming up to town (which I suppose may depend on the state of Mr. Vivian's pretensions) I could really wish you would take the first opportunity of acknowledging his last letter, if you have not already done it; and of telling him your thoughts on the matter.—I write this in *great confidence*; as it is altogether without the Bishop's knowledge.—It is reported that Lord Abingdon has been with Lord North, to renew his application for Vivian; but I hope this may be a mistake.—I know you will forgive the liberty I take with you, as you will easily discern that it can proceed from no other motive, but the sincere friendship and good wishes of, dear Sir,

Your's most affectionately,

THO. BALGUY.

LETTER XCVII.

DR. FARMER TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Eman. Feb. 13th, 1770.

I SHOULD have been particularly happy to have seen you at Askew's, as perhaps he has more matters worth your notice, than he himself in the multitude of his business might have time to exhibit—but I am sure he would at least be willing, for I know not a more communicative man in the world.

I wish I could give you a satisfactory account of *Leland*. They have no registers of *admissions* or *degrees* at *Christ's* before the last century: nor are there any matriculations remaining of Leland's time. All I find is, from an old Proctor's book, that Dr. Leland paid for the degree of B. A. in 1522: so far I could have written some time ago; but I waited from day to day for the Antiquary of the College (one Mr. Wall) who is just now arrived at Cambridge. I hoped he might have informed me somewhat about the fellowship—Fuller, I think, is the first who calls him *Fellow*: but here again I was disappointed: his list of Fellows begins only in the 22d of Hen. VIII. In truth, I find no reason to believe he was so: when he speaks of himself and the college, he would scarcely have omitted it—however if any thing worth notice should occur, you shall certainly

certainly have it. You cannot oblige me more, than by giving me an opportunity of hoping at least to answer your questions.—Have you no job in the History of Poetry for
Your very obliged and affectionate servant,

R. FARMER.

P. S. *Fuller* calls Leland Fellow of *Christ's* (as he pretends) on his own authority [Hist. of Camb. p. 91.] and quotes his *Vita Seberti*, [Sigeberti]; but if you turn to it in Leland de *Scriptoribus*, or in *Tanner*, you will see he only says, he had been a *member* of the college. Bale makes a distinct life of *Sigebert*, but Wall is certainly right, where he tells us there is no other than this.

(Calamo rapidiss.)

LETTER XCVIII.

BISHOP WARBURTON TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Grosvenor-square, Feb. 14, 1770.

I HAVE the favour of yours of the 12th this evening. You did well in getting the best intelligence you could from Lord Abingdon, concerning Mr. Vivian's views. Lord Abingdon certainly pushed his friend's affair with the Ministry very lately: which confirms me in my suspicion, that in the midst of all this confusion, they are in hopes that the
professorship

professorship may return back again to a sinecure. If the King be true to his purpose, they will be deceived. But we must be upon the *qui vive*. I shall be at the House to-morrow, and have hopes of seeing both the Archbishop and the Duke of Grafton there.

Were I now soliciting for some worthless fellow, I might safely trust to courts to do after their kind. But the great are as backward in paying their court to *Prince Posterity*, as if they expected nothing from him.

Apropos: you did extremely right in applying to Lord North. I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate friend

and faithful servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER XCIX.

BISHOP WARBURTON TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Grosvenor-square, Feb. 15, 1770.

I HAVE just now received your favour of the 14th. You will allow me to be, if no prophet, yet a good guesser. It is as clear as the day that Vivian hangs on the professorship, in hopes that these distracted times, and a shifting Ministry, will throw it into his hands, without the burthen. Your only hope now is the steadiness of the K.'s purpose.

I went,

I went, as I told you I would, to the House. I missed the Duke of Grafton, but found the Archbishop there. I acquainted him with the contents of yours of the 12th. He renewed his promises of zeal to serve me—Said that Vivian had got another Lord to solicit in his favour—I have forgot his name, and it is no matter. If Vivian will read lectures as required, without doubt he will have the professorship. If he will not read, and declines the condition, and the King insists on the performance, you will have it. If the report of Vivian's death had been true, I had secured it for you. But I am afraid one disinterested man will never be suffered by fortune to serve another. However, I will prevent if possible that neither Vivian nor his friends, with all their arts, play us a trick in this matter, by urging the Duke's honour home to him. I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate
and faithful servant,
W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER C.

DR. BARNARD TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Eton Coll. Feb. 18, 1770.

I REMEMBER in a conversation many years ago (a pleasure I have not lately enjoyed) you told me that you

3 A

had

had entertained a design of translating Apollonius. I have some particular reasons for asking, and I know you will excuse my freedom, whether you are at present engaged in that work, or have entirely dropped your design. A friend of mine (*b*) last week informed me, that he had finished about 1000 lines relating to the Medea, which he intended to publish. He seemed however to demur, when he heard that you might probably be engaged upon the same subject, and desired me very earnestly, when I informed him that I had the pleasure of being acquainted with you, to trouble you with the present inquiry: if you should have changed your mind, and have any thing to communicate upon that subject, you may have an opportunity of obliging a very ingenious man. I need not assure you how sensible I shall be of any attention which you may be pleased to pay to this application. Dear Sir,

Yours with great sincerity,

E. BARNARD.

(*b*) Dr. Ekins, the late Dean of Carlisle, a most elegant scholar, and truly worthy man.

LETTER CI.

BISHOP WARBURTON TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Grosvenor-square, Feb. 22d, 1770.

I HAVE the favour of yours of the 21st. You are a philosopher, as appears by your contempt of the caprice of fortune; and if one philosopher may claim the assistance of another, you have a right to my services, were it only for the heroically bearing your disappointment; when, had your first intelligence been true, you had been settled in your professorship by this time. I call it yours, because I have a strong fancy it will be so, ere long. I am told from good hands that Vivian has an ulcer in his bladder, which is likely to prove fatal to him in a short time. I am, with the truest attachment,

Your affectionate friend and

faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CII.

BISHOP LOWTH TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir, Argyle-street, Feb. 23d, 1770.

YOUR dedicating to Lord North will have the utmost propriety, in every respect. As a man of letters, your contemporary, your fellow-collegiate, your acquaintance; as a man of unexceptionable character, and at the head of the University: you could not find a better subject, or have a fairer opportunity of addressing him. I am very glad you are come to this determination, which I entirely approve of: it might have been a real concern to me, to have stood in your way on this occasion. I am, with great truth,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

R. OXFORD.

LETTER CIII.

MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

March 9th, 1770.

By yours of Feb. 28th, I apprehend that you had reprinted the leaf, and consequently should have omitted the

Postscript,

Postscript, which made me write you about it. But by you last, of March 2d, I find all is well, and that the two concluding notes will be added to the postscript.—I make no doubt but you have likewise taken care of my last note on Epigram 3, either by inserting it, or adding it as a detached article. It is, I think, a certain emendation. When you send the book, be pleased to send it by the Plymouth Machine from London, to be left with Mr. Robert Haydon, bookseller in Plymouth, for conveyance to me. As soon as I have it, I shall draw up an index to my Addenda; and if I observe any mistakes, shall set things right, as in my notes on Suidas, &c. When I receive the copy, I will write you again: in the mean time I am, with great respect,

Your obliged and affectionate servant,

J. TOUR.

P. S. The alteration of *lepusculus* into *lepuscula*, of which I wrote you last post, I suppose came too late. However it does not signify, for both *lepus* and *lepusculus* are of the common gender (*c*). Neither can I find *lepuscula* in any of my dictionaries.

(*c*) There certainly is not such a word as *lepuscula*: *Lepus* and *Lepusculus*, strictly speaking, are both masculine, nor will they be found, on any classical authority, with a feminine epithet: they cannot therefore be termed common; but epicene.

LETTER CIV.

MR. GRANGER (*d*) TO MR. WARTON.

Rev. Sir,

Shiplake, 13th March 1770.

I RECEIVED the honour and favour of yours, which I have taken the first opportunity of answering, though I have missed one post. I was at Oxford when it came to Shiplake, and was at that time in Mr. Huddesford's room, at Trinity College. If I had known any thing of my obligation to you, I should certainly, Sir, have thanked you in person, as I now most heartily do. It is a great satisfaction to me that my book has not been disapproved of by several persons of distinguished names, and I am very happy, Sir, in adding yours to the number. It has been received by the public with much more favour than I ever expected; but the sale, of *late*, has not answered the sanguine expectation of Mr. Davies the bookseller, who is by no means pleased with me for talking of a second edition, though he himself put the words into my mouth. He told me, but few months since, that he did not question but he must begin reprinting it within a year from the publication. But he is now

(*d*) Not the author of "The Sugar Cane," and translator of Tibullus, but an eminent and ingenious Divine, author of a very valuable Biographical History of England. His death was remarkable: he was seized with an apoplectic fit whilst administering the sacrament at the communion table, and died the next morning.

assured

assured that a second edition is at a much greater distance; and tells me that a great number of copies remain unsold in his hands, and especially in the hands of the booksellers, his subscribers. After all, he owns that the book has been well received, and has sold well, for a book of such a price, and says, that "the sale of 500 in ten months is no inconsiderable thing." He has very generously promised to give me a gratuity of 50*l.* besides his present of 13 copies, to say nothing of smaller presents. He is very much afraid that what I have said to Mr. Huddesford, and other gentlemen, in relation to a second edition, may be circulated to his disadvantage. I therefore think it incumbent upon me to check any reports of that kind, as they will doubtless prejudice the sale of the work. Mr. Davies tells me that the additional emendations will be printed by the Autumn.— I am, Rev. Sir, with very great respect,

Your most obliged, and
truly grateful humble servant,

JAMES GRANGER.

Mr. Davies wonders that the book has sold so much better at Cambridge than it has at Oxford.

LETTER CV.

BISHOP LOWTH TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Argyle-street, Ap. 3d, 1770.

I CAN no longer defer my request to you to accept of my best thanks for your Theocritus. I was indeed in hopes that by this time I might have been able to speak more knowingly upon the subject; but I find there is nothing to be done in the multiplicity of 'business and avocations of this place: I have only been able to take a taste in different parts, by way of specimen and sample of the whole: by which I find I shall be highly entertained and much edified, the first leisure I have for a more regular reading. As far as I have seen of what you have done, I very much approve: particularly, I think your second page has great propriety in all respects.

Give me leave to address one word more to you, as one of the Delegates of the Press. Some method to enable Dr. Kennicott to proceed immediately in the work of digesting the collations, and preparing the edition of the Hebrew Bible, is now under consideration. What plan is likely to be agreed upon, I cannot tell; but whatever method should be proposed, I most earnestly hope that the University in general, and particularly the Delegates of the Press, will readily and zealously concur in it. And I

must

must add, that tho' I have great regard for Dr. Kennicott, and the greatest zeal for promoting his work, yet in this, I assure you, my principal regard is for the University; as I am persuaded that their shewing the same readiness and zeal in promoting the completion of this work, with which, greatly to their credit, they at first set it on foot and have hitherto patronised it, is a matter in which the honour of the University is very nearly concerned. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

R. OXFORD.

LETTER CVI.

BISHOP THOMAS TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Chelsey, April 9, 1770.

THE care and industry which you have employed in giving us a new edition of Theocritus will tempt me once more to read over that author.

It may seem late and adventurous, at my advanced season of life, to renew an acquaintance with the poet of Syracuse; but the sweetness of his numbers, the simplicity of his style, and the music of the Doric dialect, can never fail to please, and may, for a time at least, make me think myself young again.

3 B

I am

I am extremely glad that you have inscribed your work to so excellent and virtuous a nobleman as Lord North, who is too true a judge of merit not to take delight in rewarding it. The sooner this happens, the greater pleasure will it give to me, who am,

Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

J. WINTON.

LETTER CVII.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Sarum, Nov. 8, 1770.

THE enclosed Sonnet is by *my* friend and *your* disciple, Poore, of Queen's College, and is in my opinion equal to any sonnet since the time of Milton, for taste, elegance, and genuine simplicity. When the author is considered, we have less reason to wonder, for I don't know his equal. Many have I heard called philosophers, but one that really was a philosopher I never knew till I knew him. In my receipt to make a philosopher, astronomy, physics, and chronology, are but poor and incompetent ingredients. This from,

Dear Sir,

Yours, ever truly,

JAMES HARRIS..

LETTER CVIII.

MR. COLMAN TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Warton,

London, Dec. 27, 1770.

YOUR Trinity brawn has made me happier than any present I ever received in my life, because it tempts me to flatter myself I am still in your memory. We hoped, however, to have had a laugh with you and your Brother this Christmas, but have heard nothing of him, and suspect that you do not mean to see London this winter. Mrs. Colman desires to be kindly remembered to you; and I am,

Dear Warton,

Very heartily yours,

G. COLMAN.

LETTER CIX.

DR. BALGUY TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

London, Feb. 21st, 1771.

I OUGHT long since to have acknowledged the favour of your letter; but I waited for an opportunity, which I have not yet found, of telling you some little news which might anticipate the accounts in the papers. You see the transactions with Spain have received the approbation

of Parliament; and they will probably be approved by all reasonable men, if the effect be *permanent*. Whatever good may arise is to be imputed however principally to the French. Lord Mansfield said in the House, that the Spaniards had determined to go to war with us; that they had provided an army, that their king had consented to put himself at the head of it, and that the siege of Gibraltar was to be the first step; that they had no doubt this place would fall into their hands in eight or ten days; and that they depended on receiving effectual support from France. But the desertion of France had disconcerted their plan; and there was room to hope it might weaken the family compact.

Mrs. *Cornelys* is supported in the manner of *Wilkes*. But the lady patriots, tho' equally unwilling to submit to the restraints of law, have not been able to contend with Justice Fielding. They held a committee regularly in the Red Room, agreed to make contributions, &c. and are now supposed to lie on the point of *petitioning*.

I doubt your friend Lord Lyttleton is by no means secure of success in the business of the Anglesea claim. Here is proof, not easily to be overcome, that the certificate of the marriage is forged. The House wait at present for some *living witnesses* from Ireland.

The pamphlet about the Buildings in London is by one of the Burkes: I fancy *William*; for it seems to me a bad *imitation* of his cousin's manner.

Mr.

Mr. Shipley acquitted himself at *St. James's church* with great reputation. I heard of his fame in several different places.—I dined with the Bishop on Saturday. It is well if one of the young ladies, Miss Betty, be not on the brink of a consumption.

As for my young man, I hope he will not contrive to make any ill use of the little liberty his present situation gives him; and if he does not, it will be just the same thing whether he sleeps in your house or mine.

Here has been some trying weather this winter: I hope no part of your family has felt any inconvenience from it. Pray give my best respects to Mrs. Warton, and believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and
affectionate humble servant,

THO. BALGUY.

P. S. After Mr. Shipley had finished his sermon, he received an application from two ladies, that they might be allowed to peruse the MS.—This report has just now reached me, and *may* be true for any thing I know to the contrary.

I believe I am more vexed and disappointed than you are; and not a little of my vexation falls upon yourself; or at least, would fall, did I not think you must needs be very indifferent about the matter. Perhaps, all things considered, you may have good reason for being so. I have your interest so much at heart, that nothing but that could console me for your ill luck. You are one of those few who if they cannot command success, have the pleasing consciousness of deserving it. Dear Sir, in all fortunes,

Most cordially and faithfully yours,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER CXI.

MR. HARRIS TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Suffolk-street, March 16, 1771.

I CAME home so late last night, that I could not send your Brother's letter till this morning. When my messenger carried it to the Somerset Coffee-house, the master of the coffee-house took the letter from him, and said that he would take care of it.

I am much concerned that it is not in my power to obey your commands with respect to your Brother. Before your letter came (which brought me the first news of your Brother's

ther's being a candidate to succeed Mr. Vivian) I had exerted all the little interest I have in behalf of Mr. Poore, of Queen's College. That being over, I have but one consolation left, which is to wish there may be no other competitors; and then, be the success as it may, I shall have reason to rejoice.

We all beg our compliments to Mrs. Warton.—The affair of the gross insult to our messenger, in the case of Mills the printer, will I fear be attended with turbid consequences.—Stocks are falling, and yet people can assign no cause.

I have thoughts of printing a third volume, consisting of two or three pieces, one on that strange subject, the Predicaments; another on the History of Criticism; and the third a short Essay on the Taste and Genius of the Middle Age. Health and leisure are the requisites. These I must gain, or nothing can be done. I think I have the idea of a good frontispiece, for Stuart to design for me. I rest,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged and

most obedient humble servant,

JAMES HARRIS.

LETTER CXII.

MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

April 10th, 1771.

I RECEIV'D a letter from Mr. Holmes the 11th of March, since which Mr. Ruhnkein sent me a Dissertation *de vita et scriptis Longini*, which, as it contains some things new, if the gentlemen of the University think proper, I would have printed before the text, by way of *Prolegomena*. It is a pamphlet of 46 pages in 4to, and will make an useful and elegant addition to the work. If the Delegates approve of it, as I make no doubt they will, I will write to Mr. Salgas, the Subpræceptor to the Prince of Wales, and desire him to send his copy to the University, which may be printed off while the index is forming, which Mr. Holmes will take care of. I wish you would take the first opportunity to talk with the Delegates, that this affair may not be neglected, but every thing may be got ready in season for the work.

As soon as the notes are printed off, I would desire Mr. Holmes to send me a copy by Mr. Elmsly, to be forwarded to me by Mrs. Haydon, bookseller at Plymouth,

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when

when I will form the index, and send up the rest of the apparatus.—I beg your pardon for giving you this trouble, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant,

J. TOUR.

P. S. I have wrote to Mr. Holmes this post, but have not mentioned the Prolegomena, so you will advise him of it.

LETTER CXIII.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

April 10, 1771.

I HAVE been ill off and on with the gout for near two months, and it still seems to leave my left foot with great reluctance.—I shall be very glad to assist any friend of yours—if he is in town he shall with pleasure collate any plays, &c. in my collection. I think that of Dodsley's might have been better, it is full of errors: but whether it will be worth Mr. Hawkins's trouble to reprint any of those in that collection, or publish a new one, must be left to his better judgment—Will it not in some measure be building upon another's foundation with Dodsley's materials? and

will not that be rather too inferior an office for a gentleman who deserves the character you give him? But this is really impertinent in me; I shall be ready to give your friend any assistance in my power. I am,

Dear Sir,

Most sincerely and affectionately,

D. GARRICK.

When are we to see a volume from you? My mind is very impatient.—I have mislaid your note you gave me, of the books I sent you from my collection—will you some time or other let me know again what they are, for I am about to print my catalogue at the end of some nonsense of mine.—Does not Mr. Hawkins think that the old plays are in general more matters of curiosity than of merit?

LETTER CXIV.

MR. MICKLE (*e*) TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Oxford, April 18th, 1771.

I HAVE enclosed a letter from Mr. Garrick, by which you will see, that if my tragedy merits your approbation, you have it in your power to do me the greatest service by

(*e*) Translator of the *Lusiad*.

your recommending it to him. Perhaps it may be some inducement to you to do it the more warmly, when I assure you that its being refused by Garrick, will be a severe disappointment. In the year 1769 I might have gone to the East Indies, on very advantageous terms. I have a relation an India Director, and there are two others with whom I have great interest—I mean Johnstone and Dempster. My conduct in neglecting such advantages appears to some of my friends as absurd and spiritless. But they mistake me. I am so far from disliking to venture abroad, that, should I fail of poetical success, to the East Indies I will certainly go; and it was only the hopes that my tragedy would enable me to indulge the strong bent of my inclinations, that in 1769 prevented me. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JULIUS MICKLE.

LETTER CXV.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

April 30th, 1771.

I WROTE to *you* only, but at the same time I mean to answer Mr. Mickle's part of the letter I received yesterday. You may both depend upon my good will to any performance I shall receive from either—but indeed the tragedy in question,

question, with some poetical merit, had no dramatic interest; and in my opinion the very names, and that particularly (if I remember right) of the principal character was very uncouth, and ill calculated for an English tragedy. I shall consider it now as a new drama, and with great partiality in his favour, as it comes recommended by you; but should I approve, as I wish, and expect, it will not be in my power to produce it the next winter; I am more than full for the next season—however, if the author will trust it with me, should it be thought fit for representation, I will bring it out as soon as I can; but unless some of my present engagements are withdrawn, it cannot make its appearance till the winter after next. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant and friend,

D. GARRICK.

My best compliments to Mr. Mickle—Has the Dr. at Winchester seen it?—A play underwritten by the two Wartons would certainly merit every attention.

LETTER CXVI.

DR. BURNEY TO DR. WARTON.

Sir,

Queen's-square, Bloomsbury,
Aug. 12, 1771.

HAVING received, from my friend Mr. Garrick, your kind communication of the contents of an old and scarce book on music, I hope I shall be pardoned for breaking in upon you somewhat abruptly with my acknowledgements. Indeed I am the more encouraged to risk this letter, as your voluntary offer of assistance, to a person wholly unknown to you, but by a feeble and hasty publication, which I never flattered myself could be worthy your perusal, must proceed from benevolence of disposition, from a cordial affection for the arts in general, and from a spirit of universal philanthropy.

Franchinus Gaffurius, or as the Italians call him *il Gaffurio*, was a very eminent and voluminous writer of the 15th and 16th centuries; and though I picked up last year in Italy several of his treatises, all which are scarce, yet I do not find the work you mention among them. Nor is the same edition of it as that in Winchester Coll. among the almost innumerable books in Padre Martini's library. This good father has however three different editions of the *Practicæ Musicae*—one printed at Milan, 1496; one at Brescia, 1497; and one at Venice, 1512. The work is frequently mentioned and
quoted

quoted by subsequent writers on the subject of music, and seems to be the clearest, and the best of his productions; as it will perhaps give an idea of the principles upon which the composers of his time produced such admirable models of good harmony. He was but a very few years anterior to the famous Preneſtince, the best writer for the church since the invention of the modern scale and counterpoint.

I have long been drudging through "all such reading as was never read" with more patience than profit, I fear; for the jargon, pedantry, and inanity of musical writers, cannot be matched in any other art. I have lately had occasion to consult a work by Gaffurio, which I found at Venice—*De Harmonia Musicorum Instrumentorum, Mediol. 1518*. In this he attempts to give an account of the modes and genera of the ancient Greeks with as much confidence and solemnity as the rest of his brethren, without knowing any more of the matter than about what kind of music is used by the inhabitants of terra incognita. We have the words without the things—well-sounding terms of art, de belle parole, without ideas. Rousseau says of Rameau's famous *Generation Harmonique*, that it is a book, qu'il a fait fortune, sans etre lu—this singular luck has happened to more books on music than one. I fancy it would be difficult to find among the admirers of Zarlino, the prince of musicians, as he is often called, a single person who has been gifted with perseverance sufficient to read his *Harmonic Institutions* quite through.

But

But to return to Gaffurio. In the work I just mentioned, he has been implicitly copied by other writers, ten deep: and among the rest, by Bontempi, who in several particulars is the best writer on music that I have yet met with. If therefore during the course of my Work I could with propriety be indulged with the loan of the book for a few days (of which, as it is a College book, I very much doubt) it should not only be taken great care of, but should be speedily returned with innumerable thanks. The rest of Gaffurio's writings that have come to my knowledge are, *Theoricum Opus Armoniae discipline*, Neapolis, 1480—Auct. et emendat. Mediol. 1492: et *Angelicum ac divinum opus Musicae maternae Lesigna Script.* Mediolani, 1508. After saying thus far, I venture, Sir, to add, that if, in the course of your extensive reading, and still more deep and refined reflection, any thing should occur relative to my subject, and you would interest yourself so far in my plan as to communicate to me, I should not only be highly flattered by it, but the Work would be greatly benefited by a few hints from so excellent a judge of every species of literature; indeed the undertaking which I have dared to attempt is so intimately connected with an art which you have so long and so happily exercised, that it is impossible to give a history of Music which will not necessarily include a history of Poetry. So small is my claim upon your leisure, that it grieves me to obtrude such a long letter upon you, but the opportunity our friend Mr. Garrick afforded me of answering your letter

to

to him, and of jointly thanking you for it, was too tempting to be resisted by one who has long been ambitious of assuring you that he has the honour to be, with the highest respect and regard, Sir,

Your obedient and most humble servant,

CHAS. BURNEY.

LETTER CXVII.

BISHOP LOWTH TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Cuddesdon, Sept. 14th, 1771.

I AM very well pleased with my Son's place upon the roll; and am much obliged to you and the other electors for your favour to him.

When I mentioned Gesner's edit. of Horace, did I speak of Heyne's edit. of Virgil? Mr. Heyne is a professor at Göttingen: non spurius Homo, sed doctus et acer; an able critic, commentator, and philologist. The first volume 800 l. (Eclogues and Georgics) of his Virgil was published in 1767. The second, half the *Æneid*, is just now come out; and he has honoured me with a present of it. The third, which will finish the *Æneid*, is in the press; and perhaps a fourth will be added, containing the poems, &c. By what I have seen of it (and I had the first vol. before) I believe it will be found perfectly well adapted to the use both of the

learner and the most learned, and give great satisfaction to both. He often makes honourable mention of you; and whenever he dissents from you or any one else, it is with candour and good manners.

I am very glad to hear that Dr. Burton goes on as well as can be expected in his case. Some account of him from you will be more satisfactory than what I commonly receive: I beg you to present my respects and best wishes to him.

I am glad to find Lord L. has not now forgot your Brother. I hope the preferment (*f*) will be agreeable and convenient to him.

Mrs. Lowth joins in compliments to Mrs. Warton and yourself with, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

R. OXFORD.

(*f*) The vicarage of Kiddington in Oxfordshire, presented to Mr. Warton by the Earl of Lichfield, then Chancellor of the University.

LETTER CXVIII.

DR. MUSGRAVE TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Plymouth, Dec. 15, 1771.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter, and am extremely flattered by the confidence reposed in me by the Delegates, that is, by the handsome compensation they have allotted me for a work as yet unseen, of the execution of which they of course can but very imperfectly judge. My fear now is, that when they do see it, it may not answer their kind expectations.

The notes are quite finished, and might be sent to Oxford immediately; but I presume it is intended that I should settle the text, and of course should furnish the press copy—Such a one I have already finished as far as the end of the Orestes; and shall now go on with it, unless I should in the mean time learn from Mr. Holmes (*g*) that it is unnecessary.

I will beg you to acquaint that gentleman, that I do not perfectly recollect the printer's marks, and should therefore be much obliged to him if he would acquaint me, whether

(*g*) The late learned, pious, and much lamented Dean of Winchester.

the following are right for the separation of words, and the separation or joining of lines :

|| Of man's first disobedience, and $\frac{1}{4}$ the fruit || of that=
= Forbidden tree, whose mortal taste - - -

I will beg you to offer my respectful thanks to the Delegates ; and believe me to be, with great sincerity,

Your very obedient humble servant,

S. MUSGRAVE.

LETTER CXIX.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. WARTON.

My dear Sir,

Adelphi, Dec. 29th, 1779.

It gives me great concern that I am prevented by a slight attack of the gout from waiting upon you ; and as I am obliged to post away into Northamptonshire, where I ought to have been on the 22d, I shall lose the sincere pleasure I have always in your company, till your next return to London, when I hope Mrs. Warton will attend you, and make Mrs. Garrick and me happy.—Mr. Gibbon called upon me, and has tantaliz'd me, by saying I might have met you to dinner at his house Friday or Saturday next : I will take care for the future not to meet with these mortifications : could I possibly have sent another excuse to the most amiable of women, Lady Spencer, I should have been

been tempted by that devil, Gibbon, who greatly allured me from my allegiance by the mention of you—but I have very philosophically withstood his snares, and shall set off for Althorp to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.—The warmest and most affectionate wishes of the season are most devoutly sent to you and dear Mrs. Warton, from the hearts of the Garricks.

Ever and most affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK.

I hope your lady got her flower-roots.

IT was the annual custom of Dr. Warton to spend his Christmas vacation in London: his partiality indeed was not less than that of Johnson for the advantages of the metropolis: he thought with him that there was a certain focus of intellect in a large and populous society; and that a man had far better opportunities of storing his mind there than in any other place. Independent, however, of the calls of private friendship, and the rich allurement of the Literary Club, Dr. W. felt no small gratification in conversing with professional men on their peculiar pursuits, a gratification to which his exhaustless store of general information rendered him highly competent. An ardor for military knowledge was a prominent feature in the family character; and it was no uncommon circumstance to see Dr. Warton at breakfast in the St. James's Coffee-house, surrounded by officers of the Guards, who listened with the utmost attention and pleasure to his remarks, were enlivened and rendered happy by his wit and good humour, and by whom he was treated with the most respectful deference, the most serious and attentive regard.

LETTER CXX.

DR. JOHNSON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

May 23d, 1780.

It is unnecessary to tell you how much I was obliged by your useful memorials. The shares of Fenton and Broom in the *Odyssey* I had before from Mr. Spence. Dr. Warburton did not know them. I wish to be told, as the question is of great importance in the poetical world, whence you had your intelligence: if from Spence, it shows at least his consistency; if from any other, it confers corroboration. If any thing useful to me should occur, I depend upon your friendship.

Be pleased to make my compliments to the ladies of your house, and to the gentleman that honoured me with the Greek Epigrams when I had, what I hope sometime to have again, the pleasure of spending a little time with you at Winchester. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and
most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER CXXI.

MR. GIBBON TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Bentinck-street, June 22d, 1780.

By this post I received a letter from a gentleman who subscribes himself Taylor, the subject of which he had previously imparted to you. It inspires me with a very favourable opinion of his learning, his liberal opinions, and his obliging disposition; but as I am not precisely acquainted with his address, I will trouble you to communicate to him the very sincere expression of my gratitude. By my own diligence and the help of some useful guides, I have gained access to the original documents (more especially his own works) that can illustrate the life of Athanasius; but I should think myself inexcusable, if I neglected any opportunity of availing myself of the researches and reflections of Sir Isaac Newton, on any subject to which he applied the powers of his understanding. From Mr. Taylor I learn that the paradoxes are in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, to whom I am entirely a stranger; and I should esteem it as a particular favour if you could point out any probable method, any proper channel of solicitation, through which I might hope to obtain the loan, or at least the sight of those valuable MSS. I will only add that I am in some degree streightened for time; the part of my second
volume,

volume, that relates to Athanasius, will go to the press very speedily; and any considerable delay would materially affect the operations of next winter. Yet I should be sorry to lose the benefit which I might possibly derive from such a private fountain of knowledge. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

E. GIBBON.

LETTER CXXII.

MR. BURKE TO DR. WARTON.

My dear Sir,

Charles-street, Feb. 16th, 1781.

YOUR constant and very flattering partiality to me has extended itself beyond me, and induced you to take notice of a brother who is very dear to me, and to whom I cannot wish any thing more pleasing than the honour of your friendship. He is much obliged to you for your kind enquiries about him both at Winchester and here, and equally mortified that he had not the good fortune of meeting you either there or here. He hopes to have shortly the pleasure of paying his respects to you personally on the next circuit; and therefore I take the liberty (for he does not think himself authorized to do it) to request that you will direct your servant to procure him tolerably com-

modious lodgings for the assizes at Winchester. How ardently he longs to be made acquainted with so much unaffected taste, and learning totally devoid of pedantry, you may conjecture by the value ever set on them by

Your most affectionate and
obedient humble servant,

EDM. BURKE. (*h*)

LETTER CXXIII.

MRS. MONTAGU (*i*) TO DR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Sandjeford, Sept. 17th, 1782.

To make letter-carriers of pigeons is an ancient practice; I shall improve on the invention, by not only sending
par-

(*h*) The author of the Pursuits of Literature deems the union of Johnson, Burke, and the two Wartons (when spoken of as the guides of public taste), to be a strange coalition. The claims arising from the *common-place book on Pope*, and other similar proofs of Dr. W.'s intellectual attainments, to such a distinction; the reader will estimate from his own judgment: it is however sufficiently evident, that neither Johnson or Burke would have shrunk from the connection. Let me add another remark, that it may possibly be doubtful how far the author of the Pursuits of Literature, with all his merit, has acquitted himself as a guide of the public *taste*.

(*i*) Independent of the Dutchess of Portland, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Carter, and the writer of the above letter, whose talents and information Dr. Warton held in the highest esteem, and with whom he frequently corresponded; the sex in general were partial to him: and the Editor has frequently seen the young, the handsome, and the gay, deserted by the belles, to attract the

partridges with my letter, but likewise making them furnish me with an excuse for writing it. You must know, my dear Sir, that at every chapter of your incomparable Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, I felt a strong impulse to express to you my delight and admiration; and at page 419(*k*) more strongly still the gratitude is excited: but

notice of Dr. W.; whilst he was, on his part, thoroughly accessible, and imparted his lively sallies and instructive conversation with the most gallant and appropriate pleasantry. He was a great admirer of beauty, nor was it in his nature to use a rude expression to a female. He had moreover a great tenderness and love for children, and fully exemplified the maxim, that wherever there are a uniform attention to the female sex, and an indulgent notice of children, there is a warm and feeling heart. His politeness to the ladies however was once put to a hard test: He was invited, whilst Master of Winchester, to meet a relative of Pope, who, from her connection with the family, he was taught to believe could furnish him with much valuable and private information. Incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterized him, he on his introduction sat immediately close to the lady, and, by enquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject; when the following dialogue took place:—Pray, Sir, did not you write a book about my cousin Pope?—Warton. Yes, Madam.—Lady. They tell me 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did not he?—Warton. I have heard only of one attempt, Madam.—Lady. Oh no, I beg your pardon, that was Mr. Shakespear; I always confound them.—This was too much even for the Doctor's gallantry; he replied, Certainly, Madam; and with a bow changed his seat to the contrary side of the room, where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin, such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness, as could be pourtrayed but by his speaking and expressive countenance. In a few minutes he quitted the company, but not without taking leave of the lady in the most polite and unaffected manner.

(*k*) "See the Essay on Shakespear by Mrs. Montagu, in which she has done honour to her sex and nation; and which was sent to Voltaire with this motto prefixed to it by a person who admired it as an exquisite piece of criticism:

—Pallas te hoc vulnere Pallas

Immolat."

Notes to WARTON on Pope, Vol. II.

I was

I was restrained by an apprehension that you would think any praise I could give to a work universally admired by the judicious, ingenious, and learned, to be more presumptuous than obliging. However, tho' few were qualified to make hymns to Apollo, all were allowed to bring offerings to his altar, so I determined to wait such an opportunity, to present my oblations, as should bear the proper character of humble gratitude and warm devotion. As your cook will want waste paper when she roasts the partridges, allow me to send a whole sheet written on all sides for that purpose; and as cooks as well as critics think no paper ought to be burnt that is not written on, let me have your leave to say how much I think the world obliged to you for a work not only so excellent in itself, but giving directions and inclinations to others to excel in various species and modes of composition—the best pattern for future critics, the best guide for future poets.

The literary world has, to excellence and perfection in writing, its heretics, schismatics, unbelievers, and bigots—cold infidels, and warm enthusiasts; and from these are derived many fanciful sects. Some of these affirm good writing to be the effect of chance, others that it is to be got from instruction alone, and direct you to the particular master or schools who teach it. Some are such rigid puritans, such severe reformers, as almost to prohibit the ornaments of fiction;—others are so great latitudinarians, they permit a strange jumble of things, and permit the poet to place

Jupiter Ammon on the altar of a christian cathedral; make the gentle, lovely Hebe cup-bearer in the hall of Odin, where the souls of departed heroes drank out of the bloody skulls of their slaughtered foes; or mix the gayest fictions with the gloomy superstitions of Ægypt; set the fairies to dance on the tomb of Osiris, and vest our simple Western bards in the wonderous hieroglyphic robe. By opening to us the original and genuine books of the inspired poets, and distinguishing too what is really divine in them, you lead us back to true taste. Critics that demand an ignorant submission, and implicit faith in their infallibility of judgment, or the councils of learned academics, passing decrees as arbitrary, could never establish a rational devotion to the Muses, or mark those boundaries which are rather guides than restraints. By the candour and impartiality with which you examine and decide on the merits of the ancients and moderns, we are all informed and instructed; and I will confess I feel myself inexpressibly delighted with the praises you give to the instructor of my early youth, Dr. Young, and the friends of my maturer age, Lord Lyttleton and Mr. West. Having ever considered the friendship of these excellent persons as the greatest honour of my life, and endeavouring hourly to set before me their precepts, and their examples, I could not but be highly gratified by seeing you place a guard of laurel round their tombs, which will secure them from any mischievous impressions envy may attempt to make. I do not love the wolf and the tiger, who assail the living

living passenger; but most of all beasts I abhor the vampire, who violates the tomb, profanes the sepulchre, and sucks the blood of sleeping men—cowardly, cruel, ungenerous monster! You and your Brother are critics of another disposition; too superior to be jealous, too good to be severe, you give encouragement to living authors, protection to the memories of those of former times, and instead of destroying monuments, you bestow them (*l*). I have often thought with delighted gratitude, that many centuries after my little essay on Shakspeare is lost and forgotten, the mention made of it in the History of English Poetry, the Essay on Pope, and Mr. Harris's Philological Enquiries, will not only preserve it from oblivion, but will present it to opinion with much greater advantages than it originally appeared with. These reflections afford some of the happiest moments to

Your highly obliged and
faithful friend and servant,

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

(*l*) The Editor derives the most solid consolation from a conviction, that however incompetent his Memoirs may prove to establish the reputation, and perpetuate the name of Warton, however he may merit the address of

“ Quò moriture ruis?—majoraq; viribus audes ?

“ Fallit te incautum piétas tua ;”

yet the testimonies he has given to the world, of those whose taste and judgment are incontrovertible, by the addition of the Correspondence, irrefragably fix the Doctor's station in the republic of letters; and are fully competent to correct prejudice, rectify error, and silence detraction.

LETTER CXXIV.

MR. STEEVENS TO MR. WARTON.

Sir,

Hampstead-heath, April 16th, 1783.

YOUR letters (I know not why) always arrive several days after they are due. Your last favour is dated on the 11th, and has not been in my hands a quarter of an hour.

All I have learned relative to the original from which the idea of Milton's *Comus* might be borrowed, I communicated to Mr. Reed, and you will find it in the 2d vol. of his *Biog. Dramatica*, p. 441. Only a single copy of his *Old Wives Tale* has hitherto appeared, and even that is at present out of my reach. Your quotation, however, may give Reed's book a lift. My name is not worth mentioning. Could I have foreseen your enquiry, I would have been better prepared for it.

Whatever the vegetable Spring may produce, the critical one will be prolific enough. No less than six editions of Shakespear (including Capell's notes, with Collins' prolegomena) are now in the mash-tub. I have thrown up my license. Reed is to occupy the old Red Lattice, and Malone intends to froth and lime at a little snug booth of his own construction. Ritson (*m*) will advertise sour ale

(*m*) See the humorous and excellent account of the black letter Dogs in the first part of the Pursuits of Literature.

against his mild. Lowndes has contrived a surreptitious brewing; and another, viz. our text without notes (your true critical hops) will also soon be in tap. *Suave mari magno*, &c. exclaims

Your very faithful
and obedient servant,

G. STEEVENS.

LETTER CXXV.

MR. BOWLE TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Idmiston, April 22d, 1783.

I WISH it was in my power to gratify your enquiry concerning the edition of Randolph's poems of the date of 1637, but have my doubts whether such ever existed. That year indeed produced the Masque at Ludlow Castle, of which I have a copy, and probably in the same were published the poems you enquire after, with the anticipation of the date. I am inclined to this opinion from possessing *Amyntas*, or the Impossible Dowry, Oxford, printed by Leonard Litchfield for Francis Bowman, 1638, in 4to. This is part, and, as I conceive, the conclusion of the edition you allude to. It begins in Number 114. This also concludes the second edition of the same place, in 1640, in 8vo. In which year appeared in the same size, at Cambridge, his comedie

comédie of the Jealous Lovers: which was retain'd in the same manner after the third edition in London, 1643. We are apt to overlook what is in our own hands. It escaped me that the Masque at first was not openly acknowledged by the author, nor did I consider Lawes (*n*) in the capacity of Editor, or recollect, which is obvious from Sir Henry Wootton's letter, that he had been presented by Milton with a copy of it. There does not seem, as far as I can comprehend, any reason to suppose that there was any edition of it printed at Oxford. As probably it appeared about the same time, though perhaps somewhat before Randolph's poems, they may have been bound together, which might mislead the knight. The Masque must be considered as a very noble effort of genius; being expressly wrote for the particular persons who were to exhibit in it. The Lord Brackly and Mr. Thomas Egerton played the two brothers, Lady Alice Egerton the lady, and Lawes the attendant spirit: but who Comus we are not told. Lawes was himself a versifier, and there are some lines of his worthy of being known, which you may see in his book of Psalms, in the Bodleian. There is a copy of verses by him prefixed to Cartwright's poems, and I think another of his among his Ayres, in 1653; but having mislaid the

(*n*) Henry Lawes, a truly celebrated musical composer, educated under Giovanni Coperario (as supposed by Fenton) but really an Englishman, under the name of John Cooper, at that time much patronised by Edward Earl of Hertford. See notes to WARTON'S Milton, where the character and attainments of Lawes are fully mentioned.

book,

book, cannot speak with certainty. I could beg of you to consider at your leisure the line I once mentioned to you :

(o) *Arthurumque etiam sub terris bella moventem*, in Milton's *Mansus*; and must wish you better success in your search than happened to me in my endeavours to trace the origin of the story of the same king's being converted into a raven, thrice mentioned by Cervantes, and which raised the curiosity of our common friend, Dr. Percy. Would it anyways interfere with your plan to give a facsimile of Milton's *Ode ad Joannem Rousium*, which is in the Bodleian, as is also a letter of his writing to the same, in a collection of his prose pieces, presented by him to the said library. I shall be glad to meet you any where, but here particularly, as I think my mental larder is furnished with some provision that would hit your palate. I am

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BOWLE.

(o) "The *Indigenæ Reges* are the ancient kings of Britain. This was the subject for an epic poem that first occupied the mind of Milton. King Arthur after his death was supposed to be carried into the subterraneous land of Fairie, or of Spirits, where he still reigned as king, and whence he was to return into Britain to renew the round table, conquer all his old enemies, and reestablish his throne. He was therefore "*etiam movens bella sub terris*," still meditating wars under earth. The impulse of his attachment to this subject was not entirely suppressed; it produced his *History of Britain*. By this expression, "*revocabo in carmina*," the Poet means that these ancient kings, which were once the themes of the British bards, should now again be celebrated in verse."—Notes to WARTON'S *Milton*.

LETTER CXXVI.

MR. BOWLE TO MR. WARTON.

Dear Sir,

Idmiston, May 18th, 1783.

I SEND you two poetical jewels, for I esteem them as such, the Masque at Ludlow-Castle, and the *Justa Edovardo King, Obsequies to his Memorie*—the last poem of which is the *Lycidas*. The list of the contributors, and their respective houses, may I think be depended on. Christ's College you will see furnished 11 of the 32 copies.—At Croft's sale, where I attended some days, I had at times much converse with your friend Stevens, who informed me that your opponent, Ritson, who was also there, had just publish'd another work in the same Zoilistical spirit that distinguished his former, in which he came in for a tolerable share of abuse, among many others. Mr. Nichols has postponed a paper of mine, in which I have greatly corroborated what you advanced concerning sheriffesses, which he tells me will appear in his next. I remain

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BOWLE.

LETTER CXXVII.

DR. WARTON TO MR. HAYLEY.

My dear Sir,

Winton, March 12, 1792.

THE sight of your hand-writing gave me a true pleasure; and I must assure you I have greatly regretted that it is so very long a time since we met.

I add a thousand to the thousand things you say we might have to talk about. And I am at present not a little mortified, that I cannot answer the only letter I have had from you, during so long an interruption of our correspondence, in a manner more satisfactory than it lies in my power to do. I have no materials about Erasmus; and take for granted your friend is well acquainted with Dr. Knight's *Life of Colet*, where Erasmus is so often mention'd, and with whom he was connected in a long and intimate friendship. Erasmus lived so much, and had so many friends and patrons in England, that I am clearly of opinion that he may claim a niche in the *Biographia Britannica*.

I am extremely glad to find the splendid edition of Milton will be adorned with a life written by you. All that poor Mr. Warton had collected about his life, you will find in the *second* edition of Milton's poems published just after his death, as he had finished it before; and in which I thought it improper to make the smallest alteration, tho' I own, I

always differed from him in this opinion of Milton's prose works, which surely have much energy and strength, both of reasoning and style, and also wish he had softened some of his censures on our divine Poet's politics. What honour is doing to our great bards, by these splendid editions!— At any leisure I get busied in finishing the last volume of Mr. Warton's History of Poetry, which I have engaged to do—for the booksellers are clamorous to have the book finished (tho' the ground I am to go over is so beaten) that it may be a complete work. Need I say how I should rejoice to see you here; but you stay at home like a school-master. I call'd at Mr. Romney's at Christmas, hoping to find you, and left a card. Believe me, very faithfully and affectionately, Dear Sir,

Yours,

J. WARTON.

I cannot forbear adding how fully I agree with you about Mr. Cowper's genius.—Mr. Warton left *notes* on *Samson Ag. & Par. Regained*—but these we are under some engagement one day or other to publish in a 2d vol.

LETTER CXXVIII.

DR. WARTON TO MR. HAYLEY.

My dear Sir,

Wickham, Dec. 29, 1795.

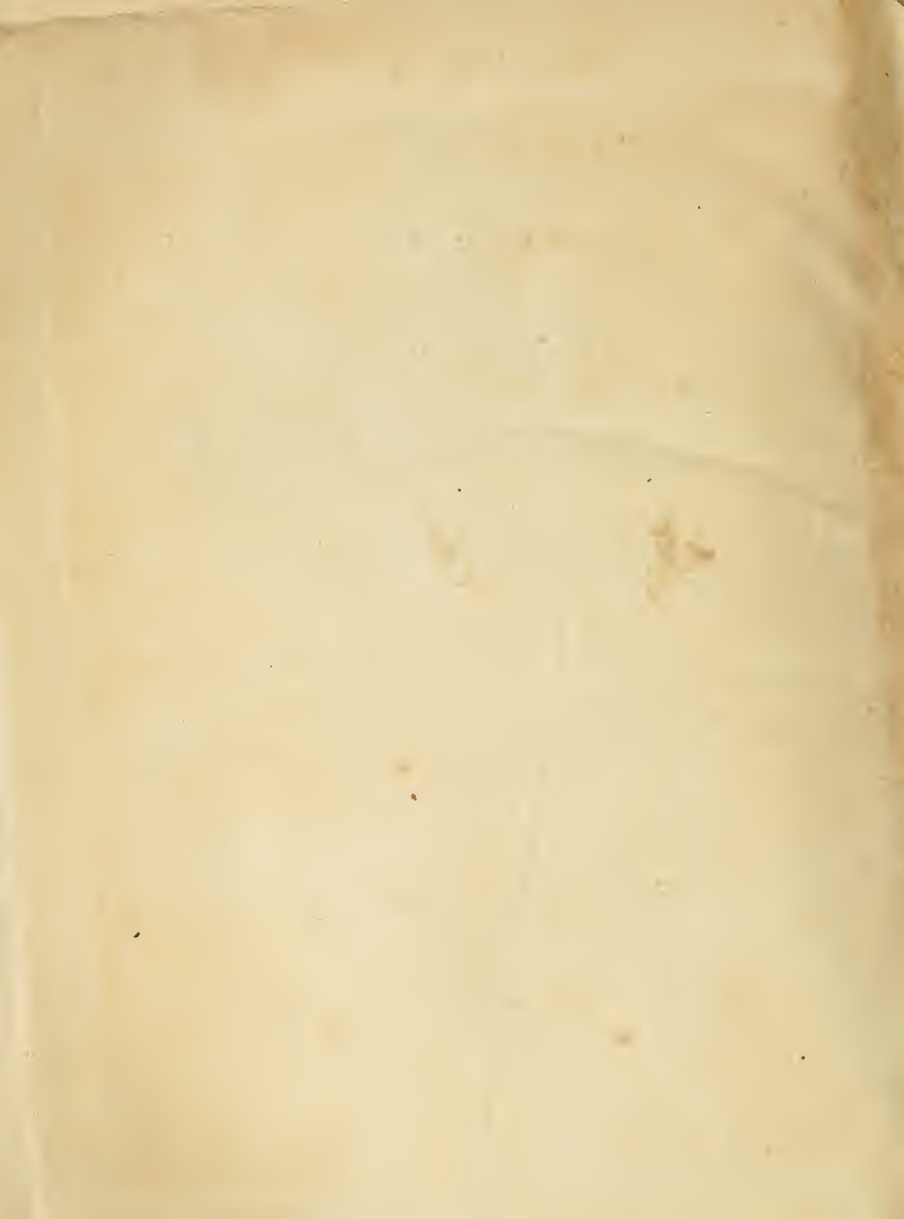
I HAVE a thousand warm and cordial thanks to return you, for the honour you have done me in addressing to me your *Life of Milton*; an honour as invaluable as unexpected, and which must be attributed solely to your friendship and partiality. I have read your *Life* with equal pleasure, attention, and information. You have candidly and completely vindicated our unrivalled bard.—I almost wish you had quoted the *next* stanza in Akenside's Ode, in which he accounts for what is called Milton's acrimony against Charles 1st. I know there was such a poem as *Angeleida*, but, having never seen it, wish you had given a specimen or two. I have no doubt of Milton's having seen it. The assigning the invention of artillery to the infernal agents is I think a decisive proof: tho' this artillery is mentioned also by *Ariosto*. The Poem of *Lancetta*, which you have brought forward, is indeed a very great literary curiosity. I never heard of it.—Rejoice with me, my dear friend, that I have finish'd my labours on Pope for the press, and we have begun to print. But this is a sort of work in which there can be little curious matter on so known and beaten a subject.

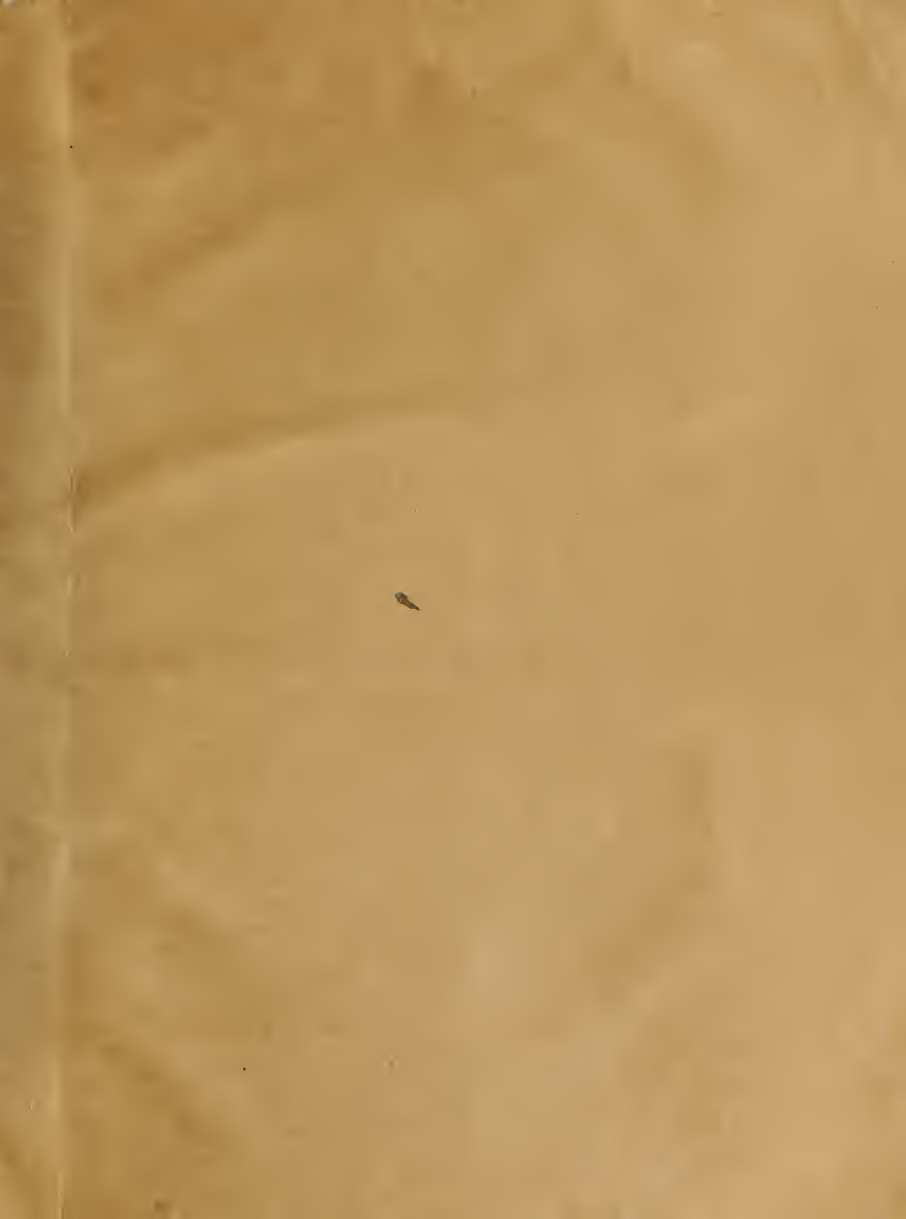
subject—and no very correct writer can be a good subject for criticism—to be always commending is tedious, and almost as bad as always censuring. I have been forced to give *hard blows* to the marvellous absurdities of Warburton. I thank you for the friendly delicacy in which you speak of my Essay on Pope. I never thought we disagreed so much as you seem to imagine. All I said, and all I think, is comprehended in these words of your *own*, “He *chose* to be the Poet of reason rather than of fancy.”—Of this and a million of subjects I long to talk with you. When and where can we meet? I am always,

Dear Sir,

Very affectionately and faithfully yours,

J. WARTON.





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